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Hizzoner Big Bill Thompson

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BIG BILL THOMPSON
(CARICATURE BY CARRENO)

BY JOHN BRIGHT

Introduction by Harry Elmer Barnes

Hizzoner
Big Bill Thompson

An Idyll of Chicago

NEW YORK

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH

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Ollivier Historical
Survey

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO
MR. WALTER LIPPMANN

“ . . . Here and there some have found a way of life in this new world. They have put away vain hopes, have ceased to ask guaranties and are yet serene. But they are only a handful. They do the enduring work of the world, for work like theirs, done with no ulterior bias and for its own sake, is work done in truth, in beauty, and in goodness. There is not much of it, and it does not greatly occupy the attention of mankind. Its excellence is quiet. But it persists through all the spectacular commotions. And long after, it is all that men care much to remember.”—*American Inquisitors*.

BIG BILL THE BUILDER

A Campaign Ditty

*Scanning hist'ry's pages, we find names we love so well,
Heroes of the ages—of their deeds we love to tell,
But right beside them soon there'll be a name
Of someone we all acclaim.*

CHORUS

*Who is this one, Chicago's greatest son?
It's BIG BILL THE BUILDER,
Who fought night and day to build the waterway,
To stem the flood he stood in mud and fought for all he's
worth.
He'll fight so we can always be the grandest land on earth.
BIG BILL THE BUILDER, we're building with you.*

*—Milton Weil **

* Mr. Weil became widely known as the mayor's bard, sustaining the reputation symbolized by the slogan of his music publishing firm: "Worth Weil" songs. He was an assistant member of the state commerce commission in the latter days of William I.

PREFACE

Following the usual custom, these lines of explanation and acknowledgment are written after the finishing touches have been given to the manuscript. And the cursing and perspiring contingent upon any artistic enterprise suspended, a mellow mood settles upon me. Weeks of setting words on end, reading, clipping, revising and blaspheming have expelled most of the pretentiousness I had at first blush, and doubt seeps in to fill the vacuum. Bill Thompson, after all, is but an average man, one of universal interest to be sure, but in his essential impulses and ideas just another American. Of course, he has often occupied the High Places, even gained the first page of the *New York Times*, but this eminence is more the result of certain sequences of circumstances than any intrinsic uniqueness in Thompson—so why glorify him further with this detailed biography? The answer quickly emerges to justify my preoccupation with his tale for so many moons: this droll person's field of operations has been, largely, politics, and getting into and retaining public office in a democracy requires such strange conduct, is such a crazy-quilt of shouts and moans, that any investigation of its inner workings and outer manifestations should be fascinating and instructive.

Wherever the intelligent snout is poked it detects politics: in business, in amour, in sport, in education, in churches is it present as one of the prime determinants of change: there isn't a pants factory, a country club, a sodality of Odd Fellows where politics is not played. And

in government politics finds its most overt expression. And in municipal government politics finds its rawest and most flamboyant expression.

Patriotism is usually attended by a kind of awed respect for the machinery of the federal government: it is assumed to be Better, Finer, More Efficient than the state and city governments. As a general assumption this is true, and holds up until some particularly creditable state administration, like that of New York under Governor Smith, is compared to a disreputable reign on the higher level, such as Harding's. But because the United States Supreme Court is a more competent body than the Kansas or Arkansas Supreme Courts, because Congress is slightly more enlightened than the legislature of Tennessee—it does not follow that the Republican National Committee is any more than the sum of its parts. And if some curious son of a patriot wishes to find out how Presidents are made, let him commence with an examination of the tactics of the alderman in his ward. Dr. Hoover may sling a mean statistic, but you may be sure Mother Work and Jim Good and C. Bascom Slemple talked the coldest turkey with dozens of men of no great acquaintance with the Quaker ethics.

This volume, however, is not intended to be a serious contribution to the literature of political science. I would be vain and presumptuous indeed if I aspired to improve upon the works of scholars who in the past have focused trained minds upon various phases of the American political scene. There are didactic nuances, but in the main my purpose has been to present significant facts, some of which are grotesque and almost unbelievable, and let the reader theorize for himself.

This book was conceived and executed, I hope, in the

spirit of objectivity Mr. Walter Lippmann believes to be the principal requisite of adulthood. I have no axes to grind; not one politician mentioned subsequently is my personal enemy or friend; and I have plighted my troth with no political party extant. It seems to me, though, that one must have a faith in the democratic process equal to Mussolini's belief in himself to withstand the insinuating empiricisms of Chicago's political history, especially when the gaze is extended to taking in other choice national sights: the Anti-Saloon Legrees lolling on the federal benches, the Smoots and Fesses outvoting the LaFollettes and Couzenses in the Senate, and Andrew Mellon the greatest secretary of the treasury since Alexander Hamilton. If one is caught in the bog of melancholy disenchantment at this point, let him be reminded that it is the penalty of all who smoke the opium of Rousseau and wake up in modern America.

William Hale Thompson has been noisy in Chicago a long time: all through the eras of William the Hearty, Woodrow the Snobbish, Warren the Generous, Calvin the Economical and Herbert the Precise. His story, as I have indicated, is one of an average man who was able to obtain high political preferment by exploiting the anthropoid mind with leather lungs and imposing manner. Left alone he might have given the town tolerable administration: executing the job of mayor of Chicago does not call for more than the talents of a capable business man. But, intoxicated with absurd ambitions, corrupted and seduced by flattery, he ran amuck and has been jeered into the limbo of the ill-famed. Despite its juicy humors there is an obbligate of pathos perhaps not obvious in my clumsy counterpoint. For evil can stand on its own feet and take it on the chin; weakness should call forth pity.

This book has not been the product of one mind. Incalculable assistance was rendered the author, however, unknowingly, by the astute and often witty judgments of many political writers for the press—Mr. Jack Lait, Mr. Parke Brown, Mr. Oscar Hewitt, Mr. Charles Wheeler, Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Paul Leach, Mr. William Stuart, Mr. Duncan-Clark and many others who unfortunately remained unidentified.

My thanks are herewith proffered to Professor Charles E. Merriam and his colleague, Dr. Carroll Woody, for their advice and the wisdom inherent in their works.

My gratitude is profound for the cogent criticism of Professor Harry Elmer Barnes. Without it, and the introduction he has so generously written, I would have lacked the audacity to aspire to the climaxing conceit of publication.

Several books, dealing with specific phases of the political spectacle in Chicago, have been shamelessly used to considerable advantage. Particular thanks are extended here to Professor George S. Counts for his "School and Society in Chicago," Dr. Woody for his "Chicago Primary of 1926," and to Mr. Walter Lippmann for his "American Inquisitors"; the rest may be found in the bibliography.

Most important of all, certainly, has been the relentless and persecuting presence of Mr. J. J. Glassman, a drug-gist by sour economic compulsions but a philosopher by temperament and inclination. He has been my colleague in research and critic in creation, and only his modesty prevented his name from joining mine on the title page.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Chicago, Illinois.
July, 1929.

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INTRODUCTION

At the close of March, 1927, the writer of this introduction was lecturing for a week in the city of Chicago. It was at the height of the famous mayoralty campaign of that year, which turned on the question of whether the great metropolis of the mid-West should become a fief of the occupant of Buckingham Palace. The atmosphere was that of Boston during the protest against the Stamp Act and the Writs of Assistance. At times two solid pages of advertising in the *Chicago Tribune* carried a gigantic picture of George Washington, accompanied by a text in bold face type demanding forthright of Chicago citizens whether they intended to remain loyal to the principles of the Father of His Country or proposed to turn their fair city over to the agents of the immaculate descendant of the German Tyrant, against whose forces Washington and his men had fought and bled. There was much more lavish paid advertising in similar vein. Chicago decided by an impressive majority to remain true to the "principles of '76" and retain the independence which our forefathers had won.

Three years later all this had changed. George V, weak in convalescence from a near-fatal illness, was no longer able to strike terror into the hearts of the citizens of Chicago. The situation no longer resembled Boston of 1765. It had come, as Professor Paul Douglas has well observed, to duplicate much more closely Central America of 1910. The city was in debt some \$200,000,000 through borrowing on two years of anticipated tax collections. Teachers and other city employees were going unpaid, and some branches of city administration faced a complete shut-down. A system resembling that of ancient Rome in reverse had demoralized the assessment and tax collec-

tion system of the city. Whereas Rome farmed out tax collections to the politicians and their henchmen, Thompson and his friends farmed out tax reductions through political leaders in the form of reduced reassessments granted to the favored ones who came through sufficiently handsomely. Hysterical efforts were being made to borrow money outside of Chicago to meet the running expenses of the city. A committee was put to the humiliating necessity of visiting the rival metropolis of New York in an effort to float adequate loans. Such was the shadow and the substance of party history and municipal politics in the domains of "Big Bill" Thompson in less than three short years. Meantime, Big Bill himself had shrunk from the position of a popular gladiator to an obscure scapegoat for the collective evils of Chicago politics which had accumulated during a generation.

The current financial crisis in Chicago has drawn the attention of the public to this city to a degree unmatched since the campaign of 1927 and the textbook inquisition which followed, where Dr. Thompson attempted to link Professors Van Tyne, Muzzey et al. with Benedict Arnold. It is as fortunate as it is timely that at this moment we should have placed at our disposal so competent and lively biography of Mayor Thompson as that which has been prepared by Mr. Bright. But the book is far more than a biography. It is a social history of our times and a clinical picture of municipal politics in contemporary America. In these respects it will remain a permanently valuable addition to our historical and governmental literature long after Mr. Thompson has become an even more ephemeral figure than he is today.

He who looks upon the book solely as a satirical sketch of a colossal buffoon in his grotesque and colorful setting will be missing the more important half of the picture. It is in reality the presentation of a vast and wild pageant with a pointed focus. It is the epic of the application of democratic ideals and party methods to a rapidly evolving economy and a growing urban community, complicated

by issues of race, nationality, religion and cultural diversity. Inseparably interwoven through all this is the "noble experiment," with its innumerable and labyrinthian ramifications in the mazes of police corruption, special racial or national talent for crime, the debasement of judicial ermine and the collusion or paralysis of the public prosecutor. A political jungle indeed. It is the merging of the era of the common man and of the melting-pot.

As we have indicated, the permanent value of the book consists in its remarkably vivid instruction in the real nature of American municipal government, with the mechanics starkly bared. The political methods of "Bathhouse John" Coughlin and of Bill Thompson are to Chicago what Tammany Hall, with John F. Hylan and Jimmy Walker, have been to New York City. Only the background of the Chicago pageant is rawer than that of New York and the story more colorful. Those who interpret the situation in terms of Mayor Thompson as the personality who created and directed the events during much of the last two decades in Chicago, after the manner of a Carlylian conception of the trend of history, will miss most of the lesson. Mr. Thompson could not have succeeded if his methods had not been adapted to his public and his purpose. The material presents the story of every day American democracy at work in a major city community.

Thompson possessed the qualities which bring a man to the top in contemporary party politics. His arrested adolescence was captivating to the masses. He was a boy emotionally along with the majority of the voters. His stimuli and responses were theirs also. His eminence as a sportsman provided the basis of a vast popularity in any American group, where Babe Ruth or Red Grange is known to a million for every one who has heard of Willard Gibbs, Albert Michaelson or Herbert Osgood. It also gave him the reputation for being "he-mannish" which, combined with his youthful playfulness, made him irresistible as a

campaigner. Added to this was a positive genius for publicity which enabled him to hypnotize the mob with seductive stereotypes, shibboleths and catch-words that aroused loyalties, stirred hatreds and fanned the fires of prejudice as the occasion demanded.

As Graham Wallas pointed out long since in his "Human Nature in Politics," it is not cerebration, statistical thoroughness or impeccable logic which counts in party success in a democracy. It is the ability to catch and hold the imagination of the mob. For this Mayor Thompson was perfectly equipped by nature and experience. And we need not doubt that he amplified his native equipment by no little study of his raw material and of the play which was needed at any particular moment. He did not succeed wholly by sartorial originality, bellowings, jibes and gesticulation. Mr. Victor Yarros has given us a severe but roughly accurate picture of Mayor Thompson and his methods in the following words:

The truth regarding Mr. Thompson can be stated in a few words: he is indolent, ignorant of public issues, inefficient and incompetent as an administrator, incapable of making a respectable argument, reckless in his campaign methods and electioneering oratory, inclined to think evil of those who are not in agreement or sympathy with him, and congenitally demagogical. He can make extremely effective speeches on the lowest of political planes. He can capture audiences and make them feel he is one of them—but there are few thoughtful people in his audiences. His charges against opponents are wild and often preposterous, and it is sometimes felt and said that no sane man would descend to the billingsgate and the depths of absurdity that mark his utterances.

We may well doubt if one could better formulate the ideal prerequisites of a successful political campaigner in a democracy. If Big Bill had faced no other responsibilities than continuous electioneering he might have remained an eternal success and a perpetual celebrity. Unfortunately for him and his like, being a mayor of a great modern metropolis imposes not only the duty of getting

elected but also that of administering the office. And administering Chicago demands talents which are not evoked in the rhetorical defiance of the reigning representative of the House of Hanover. Here is the clue to the transformation of Chicago in three years from a magnified Boston Commons defying the Stamp Act to a financial replica of Venezuela or Nicaragua of two decades ago.

Yet when all is said and done regarding the political methods and results of Thompson and his outfit in Chicago, many of his more high, mighty and publicly virtuous opponents are hardly in a position to cast the first stone. When the writer was in Chicago during that momentous week of the early spring of 1927 he was astonished to find that some of his most intelligent and progressive friends proposed to vote for "Big Bill" in preference to Mr. Dever. Inquiring with astonishment into the reason for such an apparently incredible decision, the answer came forth unhesitatingly that Thompson and his crowd grafted for the common man, while Dever and his polished associates grafted for the great traction interests and the public utilities. Between the two types of graft it was believed that the Thompson brand was less menacing to the permanent well-being of Chicago and was far more equitably distributed. It was exactly the same answer which the writer had received with equal astonishment just ten years earlier when he had asked some clear-headed friends in New York City why they supported the muddled and illiterate Hylan rather than the gifted John Purroy Mitchel.

We need not here take up the question of the accuracy of the charge of dignified but colossal grafting against the associates of Dever or Mitchel, but the attitude involved furnishes the clue to a type of support which men like Thompson and Hylan are able to draw from a group as far removed from the Chicago mob as Charles Edward Merriam or Paul Douglas. This point also throws a flood of light on the reason why academic and white-collar reformers are able to make such slight headway in the

face of a system presided over by a Tammany Hall or by the machine of a "Bath-house John" or a "Big Bill." What the reformers forget is that these practical politicians are engaged in a homely charity and comprehensive helpfulness which no social work agency has ever been able to approximate or duplicate. Loyalty to a party machine is not begotten wholly by sonorous phrases or slanderous charges during a campaign. It rests in part upon an unending and ceaseless devotion to getting a job for Tom, taking care of Dick's sick mother, and getting Harry out of the clutches of an over-savage or vindictive public prosecutor. Until the academicians and professional social workers grasp this vital truth they will continue to stare blankly at the election returns.

One of the most amazing and arresting phases of Mayor Thompson's career was his attitude towards the World War and its issues. That will remain a standing tribute to his record and that of Chicago centuries after the devotees of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson will hasten to soft-pedal this phase of the career of their hero. It may long remain a standing puzzle why the uninformed Thompson came far closer to the bull's-eye of war issues than the learned and statesmanlike Charles Edward Merriam or the erudite archivist of the University of Chicago, Dr. Bernadotte Schmitt. Whatever the reason, Thompson was the only conspicuous American in public life, outside of Senator La Follette, who sized up the situation in a manner consistent with the facts which have been subsequently established by scholars and publicists in all civilized lands. When the writer remembers his own fervid polemic on "America's Peril from Germany's Aggressive Growth," prepared at the behest of the National Security League, he must bow down in humility before the Sage of the Sherman House.

Though he recognized the hokum in the "war aims" rhetoric of Woodrow Wilson and in the ragings of a Roosevelt, Mayor Thompson flawlessly executed his duties as a patriotic city executive once we were in the War.

One of the most amusing and instructive anecdotes of the period relates to a visit made to Mayor Thompson during the War by a great Chicago magnate of British birth and at that time still of British citizenship. The Chicago Midas had been instructed to call and inquire of the Mayor as to whether he intended to administer his office in keeping with the honor, dignity and interests of American citizens. Big Bill referred to his long American lineage with no little pride and reminded his visitor that, as Mayor of Chicago, he would act in accordance with the interests of Americans and not solely in behalf of those who were thinking in terms of relatives dwelling on the banks of the Thames. No further questions were asked.

While the writer does not share the viewpoint of those who regard the British menace as the chief bane of modern world politics, it is necessary to remember that "Big Bill" gained no little portion of his national reputation from the fact that he was the most articulate spokesman for millions of his fellow-countrymen who shared his avowed suspicion of our mother-country. He took up and voiced the wide-spread prejudice which sprang from generations of instruction in American history out of the pages of eagle-squawking textbooks. It is well that British propaganda was so effective and omnipresent during the World War, if we desired to coöperate effectively with our Allies.

Nor must we forget the significance of Mayor Thompson in fixing the attention of foreign observers upon us and in shaping their impressions of our national opinions and spokesmen. Not a few of the false and distorted notions which prevail abroad relative to the international thinking of Americans are due to the reverberations of "Big Bill's" lusty challenges to George V.

The above are only a few of the arresting themes and issues which may be extracted from the volume which now lies before the reader. But the outstanding contribution which it makes, it may be well to state again at the

expense of repetition, is its gorgeous and lavish display of clinical material relative to democracy at work in the second largest, and perhaps the most typically American, of our metropolitan centers.

The style and conception of the book departs as widely from the solemn conventional treatise on government or history as does its subject-matter. To say that the work reads like a novel is to record a characterization as trite as it is inadequate. Let the reader judge for himself.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

ONE

BIG BILL: PERENNIAL BOY

CHICAGO is one of the bell-wethers of the present industrial civilization and a symbol, in many important respects, of the cultural direction of modern man. It has been the subject for millions of lines of newspaper copy, hundreds of magazine articles and books, and has engaged the attention of multitudes of thinking people. It has been referred to as "the railroad center of the United States," "the Hog Butcher of the World," and once, by a famous critic of letters, as "the literary capital of America." Its poet laureate is Carl Sandburg, its liberal Clarence Darrow, its plutocrat William Wrigley, its philanthropist Julius Rosenwald—and its politician is Bill Thompson.

Perhaps the most obvious difference between Chicago and New York or Frisco lies in its inferior sophistication. Now this can or cannot infer a deprecation, according to one's philosophy, religion and blood count; but it does imply, by the very nature of the term, a difference not only in finesse and slickness but in adulthood as well. And in all the cultural manifestations of Chicago there is present to annoy the Oxonian a certain comparative puerility, a certain wistful ingenuousness, a certain adolescence of spirit. Lake Michigan's biggest daughter is a bit awkward, conscious of the redness and largeness of her hands, and there is a faltering quality in her loud voice. Carefully though she combs she cannot rid her blonde hair of the traces of hayseed, and underneath the eau de

cologne may be detected the faint odor of manure and fresh milk. Her suitors embarrass her. She's not quite a grown up lady yet.

Into this atmosphere Big Bill Thompson blends as well as Jimmy Walker fits gracefully into Times Square. Each is the logical political hero of his town. To philosophers concentrating on such things Thompson is a Pungent Force synthesizing and correlating other and relative Forces, but to more earthy and possibly astigmatic observers he is simply the kind of fellow most Chicagoans like and respect. And that is the chief reason for his election to the city's principal office three times. Other and not inconsiderable factors intrude to complicate matters: factional and party issues, maneuvering of diverse machine bosses, economic and social phenomena like Prohibition, the World War and unemployment, and the personalities of Bill's associates in public service—but whatever the shibboleths and distempers of the moment, and however the local politicians behave, William Hale Thompson is always dear to a majority of the citizens of Chicago. There is nothing false in the cheers welling up from the populace for him, for he is liked unaffectedly.

This personality is not complex. It is not a case for Dr. Freud or even possibly for Dr. Köhler. It presents no morbidities to enthrall the psychiatrist and his audiences of furtive old ladies. It is at once healthy, robust, simple and unafraid. Not profound and shot through with subtle traits and fine nuances, just breezy, forthright and immensely good natured.

His size has a great deal to do with his popularity. As he towers above his audiences, hoarsely and smilingly soliciting votes, he looks so dependable, so worthy of respect and confidence—like a successful uncle. He commands their regard because in all the efforts that seem important to them he is successful: he is a millionaire, a

sportsman of wide fame, an impressive public office-holder. Hence when he talks of remote and awesome problems—international capitalism, international intrigue, wars, pogroms, monopolies, plots—they feel sure he's right, like Henry Ford was right when he called history bunk and science a fraud. And after gaining their respect he obtains their love by talking in their language, vulgar, slangy and alive; never is he dull or didactic, rather is he vivid, pyrotechnical, abusive in his addresses. As a result he is one of the best showmen in America, and one of the best shows. And this is the land of Heflin, Billy Sunday, Aimee and Mabel, Nicholas Murray Butler, Morris Gest and Bill Borah. Beating his breast and waving his arms before his public, Bill Thompson resembles a Don Quixote out of Rabelais: he's almost unbelievable.

Take the way he wears his cowboy hat. Calvin Coolidge wore one too for a while, but there are enormous differences in cause and effect between the two gestures. Cal did it grudgingly, sourly, as a sop to the free American's lust for versatile demigods. The idea flopped sadly, for the country united in an immense guffaw: Cal did look terribly funny in that hat. But Bill Thompson looks quite natural in his picturesque top-piece. It suits him as Roosevelt's soft lid perfected that worthy and Al Smith's derby blended with his personality.

As every sophomore is aware, politics is the art of clutching and retaining public office; government the administration of that office. Thompson takes politics very seriously, for to him it is swell sport, and Americans are notorious for plunging into the sporting life with deadly vigor. Government, on the other hand, Bill looks upon as a boring and depressing contingent upon his lively vocation, like road-work is to a prize-fighter. So he tries to make it all interesting and tolerable by all kinds of diversions, like the Pageant of Progress and picnics and fairs,

into which he pours all the boyish energy of a campaign.

To be sure, he tackles the puzzlers of municipal administration with enthusiasm too. But unfortunately youthful enthusiasm is not adequate in solving the ticklish problems of an adult world. If it were Theodore Roosevelt might have been a great general and Edgar Albert Guest a fine poet. Hence it must be admitted that Bill isn't the most efficient of mayors.

But he is a luxurious leaven. In an age and a country that produces two Presidents of the United States in succession unable to smile, it is refreshing to behold a chief executive of a mighty metropolis who places the result of a yachting regatta higher in importance than the disposing of the sewage dilemma. For its own good health this nation has too many Coolidges and Stratons and too few Tafts and Thompsons.

It is widely held that Mayor Thompson is a good business man, that he has a gift for large-scale promotion, that he is the essence of good fellowship. Then why does it not follow that he is adequate for the mayoralty of Chicago? Perhaps Mr. Walter Lippmann had Bill in mind when he wrote that "it is possible to be a sage in some things and a child in others, to be at once precocious and retarded, to be shrewd and foolish, serene and irritable." Mr. Lippmann goes on to point out that genuine maturity depends on "a breaking up and reconstruction of those habits which were appropriate only to our earliest experience." And whatever a man's technical equipment may be he is lost without the character of an adult.

Bill is imaginative but his imagination is not lofty and refined, like that of a Shelley or a Newton, rather is it adolescent, like that of a Wilsonian or antivivisectionist. Sometimes he thinks in terms of low comedy or burlesque, but usually it is in terms of melodramatic hyperbole: wars, alarms, fires, plots, heroes and villains,

virgins and whores. His patriotism is that of a bright grammar school child, a confused and excited panoply: Old Glory, Washington, the Constitution, Lincoln, the Union Indissoluble, Jefferson, Hamilton, the War for Liberty, the War Against Tyrants, the War To Protect Weak Nations, the Spirit of '76, Farragut ("under whom my father fought"), the Declaration of Independence. It is an idealism slightly tipsy and noisy—like an Elk in his cups boasting of his wife.

No, his virtues are not those of the intellect. But he has many admirable characteristics. Above all he is loyal to his friends, unshakably so. And they will never lose him, not until the biggest funeral in the city's history fades into a scarlet-gray memory of the past. To them he will always remain a "swell fellow," a sympathetic and thoughtful pal, a drinking and cabaret partner of exceptional prowess and force, and a vote-getter and mob-master of magnificent proportions.

He likes people, most people. When he rides in his open car over the city he waves to lowly cops and bridge tenders—and this gesture is not merely political hokum. He really likes people.

He pities them too. When a macabre tale is told him, the usual narrative, say, of the widow with sixteen kids driven by sickness and despair, he shakes his head soberly and utters sentiment full of vague fatalism and sympathy. Everyone who knows him speaks of his big heart. Many, many times pal Gene Pike has phoned him of the plight of some family on the west or south side and Bill will dig his big hand down into his pocket and order coal, food and clothing to "give them a break." And as he is a bit ashamed of his chicken-heartedness, most people never find out his frequent acts of charity. In this rôle, anyway, he prefers to be anonymous.

He obviously is pleased to be alive. Further, he likes

everybody around him to have a good time too. There is nothing of the uplifter in him. His is a temper robustious and gay, not sour and green. The mundane blisses of life—good food, fine liquor, beautiful women, good clothes, fraternity—charm him exceedingly.

The racy, graphic nature of many of his speeches leads many people to imagine him coarse and insensate at home and at his clubs, forever telling dirty jokes. This is wide of the truth. Actually he is not profane, nor obscene, nor leering at all in his private conversation. He is, rather, courteous, somewhat mellow and sentimental. And he is capable of the utmost tenderness, as his behavior with his wife indicates.

Perhaps the best description of Bill Thompson, full of all sorts of flattering and damning implications when interpreted rightly, is that he is human—yes, Big Bill is very human.

TWO

WHEN BIG BILL WAS NOT SO BIG

BOSTON in the sixth and seventh decades of the last century was a quiet town. Back Bay had not yet been pushed very far back; the citizens seriously prayed for a Tory victory in Parliament; William James and Charles Pierce had not yet come to Harvard College to make ideational whoopie; and all seemed peaceful on the Charles. The abolition movement was dying of the gout, slavery having been successfully abolished in New England, and the textile mills were again humming a pleasant dollar-song.

Into these surroundings, all colonial serenity, was born a tiny baby on May 14, 1869. There was nothing distinguishing at all about the cute little creature. It was a boy, flushed and squealing—and it is extremely likely that he often wet the bed.

But Bill's life in the British province offers slender substantiation for the behavioristic thesis, for he only remained nine days. But in this fact, perhaps, lies the kernel of his passionate sedition of later years. Within a week after his birth he was repelled by the subservience his neighbors paid to the Crown and, as Dr. Edgar Guest, the eminent pediatrician, has said, "baby is czar" in all families. So he removed his parents, brothers and sisters to a city more democratic—and except for numerous proselyting forays he has been in Chicago, for this is the idyllic retreat he chose, ever since.

However evangelical fifty years later, Bill's beginnings

were certainly inauspicious. He spent the greater part of his first few years in quiet contemplation of the nature of the universe, interrupted by periodic and insistent demands for nourishment.

Mayor Thompson once let us in on one of the cardinal precepts of his life when he said, in a paper read before the American Philosophical Society, that the best way to bring about success in manhood is to put "a strong mind in a strong, healthy body." This is no mean assignment but evidently its idealistic author failed to realize the difficulties impinging upon his admonition for the simple reason that it has only been necessary for him to concentrate on the physical aspects of self-improvement, his own mind being adequate at birth for all the major problems arising in his long career.

However he enrolled in Skinner grammar school, where he led his classmates in history, geography and reading. The school was not far from his home on Sangamon Street and, as his lessons were facilely disposed of, he found ample time for running errands for the housewives nearby, and worked in Klinenberger and Yates' grocery store on Peoria and Madison streets. He didn't work all the time though. He entered into all the games of childhood with enthusiasm, that is excepting parchesi and flinch. As a small child he hated dolls but this animadversion was soon supplanted by an adoration of fires, which passion was nicely climaxed by his becoming one of the heroes of the tragic Iroquois Theater conflagration in 1903.

Of the small, important events in Billy Thompson's early years little is known. We do not know, for example, the circumstances of his first fist-fight, his initial beating, how he conducted himself at the marble ring, at the diamond, at duck-on-rock, run-sheepie-run, *et cetera*. It is

likely, though, that he was a leader among his playmates and was noted for his insistence on fair play and loyalty to the gang.

William Hale Thompson, Senior, Big Bill's father, was born in New Hampshire. In the Civil War he served under Farragut as his lieutenant commander, participating creditably in the Mobile Bay exploit, during which the doughty admiral lashed himself to the mast of his flagship and delivered himself of the inspiring bellow, "go ahead—full steam—and damn the torpedoes." When Bill employed the spicy phrase in campaigns decades afterwards, reminding Republicans of his father's part in making the democracy unsafe for Democrats, he towered above them titanically, the same brave blood flowing through *his* veins, *their* candidate. So by some confused sequence of exchanged personalities, thousands of meek little office-workers envisioned themselves lashed to antiquated flagships, shouting magnificent orders to disciplined sailors.

When the Union was safely preserved (or rather jellied), Jeff Davis awaiting hanging from a sour apple tree, and the whole business nicely rounded off by proper lootings and carryings-on and the martyring of Lincoln, William Thompson the elder returned home. He persuaded his wife, *née* Medorah Eastham Gale, to move west. In Chicago he interested himself in the real estate profession and the begetting and raising of a large family. He begot and raised two girls and three boys, Helen, Florence, Percy, Gale and William Hale, Junior.

Chicago was Medorah's home. Her father had been one of the first twenty-eight voters electing the trustees of the new town in 1833, and he had organized and captained the original volunteer fire brigade. His daughter was born in a tiny house on Dearborn and Washington streets,

almost on the site of the present city hall. You see it took just two generations to move across the street.

Thompson became quite a figure in the growing border city. He served in the state legislature and had the honor, dubious only to the unpatriotic, of nominating General John A. Logan to the United States Senate. Further, he had the distinction of serving as colonel of the second regiment of the Illinois National Guard, although the valor he had displayed under Farragut was not again called upon. He died too soon to distinguish himself in the hazardous war against determined and powerful Spain.

That Colonel Thompson had civic consciousness to pass on to his illustrious son is undeniable. He fought aggressively to prevent the introduction of elevated transportation lines and was as successful at this as was his boy in building a municipal subway later.

His civil life was a prosperous and happy one, as are the lives of all who are selfless enough to rise and defend their nation at war. He shrewdly bought many pieces of land, strategically placed, sat back and watched himself get rich. Hence he was able to leave a large estate to his wife and children.

Meanwhile young Bill had ideas which sharply contrasted with the plans of his parents. No, he wasn't a Young Intellectual at the sacrifice of papa's Republican peace of mind: he merely wanted to go west and become a cowboy, having earned enough money to take himself there. He had been attending the Fessenden Preparatory School as a prelude, so everybody thought, for Yale. But fifteen-year-old William didn't want to go to Yale. So his father and mother grudgingly yielded to his arguments, providing only that he return home each winter for additional schooling.

He landed in Cheyenne, Wyoming, with eighty cents in his pocket, but immediately cinched a job as a cook with

a cattle outfit there, necessitating the expenditure of half of his wealth for a cook-book. One day a cowpuncher was hurt in round-up and Bill got the fellow's position, and it wasn't six months before he knew most of the tricks of the trade. After the Metropolitan Business College had brought his knowledge of economics up to date (i.e. from Smith, Mill and Bentham to Keynes and Laski) he devoted his winters to acting as brakeman for the Union Pacific Railroad.

After being initiated into the esoteric mysteries of the round-up and the daily routine of fence-fixing, practical cow therapeutics, *et cetera*, at the 101 Ranch, he was filled with the laudable ambition to go in business for himself, although by this time he was a ranking foreman. He convinced a banker, in his forthright, direct manner, to back him in his first venture, which consisted simply in sitting astride a horse and driving a substantial herd of longhorns up the overland trail from Texas to the short-grass country, there to grow fat and lazy before taking their last journey to the great American dinner plate. The idea was not complex but it was sound and resulted in profit for both Bill and his "angel."

He worked on ranges of the Standard Cattle Company for several years, the life appealing to him thoroughly. Unlike Frank Harris he did not spend the long prairie nights in meditating the premises of diverse philosophers, for his education had been completed—he just lived, freely and happily. It was the most satisfying seven years of his long and active life.

By the time he was twenty-one he was worth \$30,000 and the manager and part-owner of 6000 head of cattle in Nebraska. His ranch was a little beyond the corn area, so that good munching abounded in summer and cheap fuel in the winter.

In 1891 his father heard his last bugle-call, dying one

of the most popular and respected men in Chicago. This compelled his cowboy son to return home to manage the large estate. He has carried on admirably in this capacity, the fortune swelling pleasantly each year until, when Bill decided upon Public Service, he was able to boast, with Andrew Mellon, that the most benign altruism actuated his entrance into politics, so rich was he.

Although patriotic pursuits kept him from his beloved ranges he never wholly severed his old connections. Tom Wilson and the rest of the boys have always been welcome at the city hall. And in the late nineties the fraternity recognized his inherent cowboyishness by electing and re-electing him president of the Live Stock Exchange. In this capacity he was able to meet and entertain the cattlemen on their frequent visits to market. It wasn't much for a man who loved the West—but it was something, surely.

THREE

ALDERMAN WILLIE AND COMMISSIONER THOMPSON

IN those days the second ward extended from the south branch of the Chicago River to the lake. It contained the residences of the snootiest millionaires in town, including the Thompson home; but it had a seamy side too, the southern fringe, which held a goodly number of colored folk and the district dedicated to the oldest pleasure of the race.

Bill Thompson was widely-known and well-liked in his region. His early success in business, his jovial personality and his flair for the sporting life favorably disposed people toward him. He was deferential with women; he dressed almost as well as Kitchen, the local Ward McAllister; and his adequacy with the whiskey flask was the envy of his friends. From Rector's to the Yacht Club everybody liked Bill, particularly because he was a good sport and a big spender. Certainly a logical person to enter politics with avidity and relish.

Yet young Thompson didn't want to. His pal, Gene Pike, was in the city council and wanted Bill to join him there, but Thompson resisted the arguments of his buddies for many months—until it was put up to him as a sporting proposition. One day the boys were sitting around a table at the Chicago Athletic Club, earnestly pleading with Bill to make the aldermanic race. Suddenly George Jenney reached across the table with fifty dollars in his hand, offering to bet Pike that Bill was afraid to take the leap. Before Gene's hand could bridge the dis-

tance Big Bill had clutched the money, and the bet was on.

Most men enter politics to further their careers in a fashion pleasing to their vanity and fattening to their purses; some drift into it from its side-door, the law; a scant few have the "messianic urge" to uplift, to cleanse, to do good. Bill Thompson strode into the fray as an adventurer, because a friend told him he did not dare.

It wasn't easy. He had to work as hard as he ever had on the ranges, for he was opposing Charles F. Gunther, one of the veterans of the council and a man smiled on by Mayor Harrison. Worse, it was a Democratic ward and the election machinery was in their control. At first Gunther was contemptuous of the young upstart, but when he saw the earnestness of the fellow's campaigning he began to worry and bawl for assistance. The mayor heard the noise and spoke in his behalf at Freiburg's Hall. He urged the amused citizens to tell "Willie Boy Thompson to run home and play for ten years" before entertaining such high aspirations.

"The first thing he would do," asserted the mayor, "probably would be to introduce an ordinance removing the tax of \$100 a year for the privilege of selling cigarettes. 'Deah Boy' Gene Pike passed a resolution that all lunch carts be ordered out of the second ward! Gunther was doing good work in the council when Gene and this other Willie Boy, Thompson, were drinking milk from a bottle. Are you going to send Willie Boy to the council? What would be the result? Why, if you went down to visit him you would have to send in your card by a valet on a silver salver and then wait until he was through chewing gum."

But this kind of raillery wasn't enormously effective. Despite his tender years, thirty-one in all, he was recognized as a success. But what put him over more than his personal popularity among his peers was his marshaling

of the negro vote in the south of the ward. By discriminating usage of Abraham Lincoln's charitable deed, and rich exploitation of his father's part in cutting away their chains, he packed them solidly behind him—and never lost them. In 1915 this entrenched position as the Black Man's Friend came in very handy. In 1900, running for alderman, it gave him a plurality of 403 votes, not much perhaps, but enough to put him in the council and win his bet with George Jenney.

There is a rumor about that has persisted for more than a decade to the effect that Thompson was sponsored for his first political office by Mathew Kent, later famed as a radical and then known as a militant foe of spoils tactics in municipal government. Also, gossip has it that Bill initially received the endorsement of the Municipal Voters' League. Both of these tid-bits may be true, and if they are the joke is on Mathew and the M. V. L. For Thompson lived and flourished after his tender beginning and two decades later witnessed the reform organization calling him the worst names any previous mayor ever endured.

Although breathing heavy council-chamber air was a novelty to the young politician he soon acclimated himself. He didn't find time to attend very regularly, but when he was present the G. O. P. had a valuable member in his seat. In his two year term he served on several strategic committees and was chairman of the committee for harbors, viaducts and bridges; and although apple-cheeked civics students are told by their schoolmarms that this honor goes to a specialist on harbors, viaducts and bridges, more sophisticated people can tell them differently.

Tipped off by a friendly editor, Alderman Thompson was the first to move for a municipal playground for children and influenced his colleagues to appropriate

\$1200 to experiment with one at 24th and Wabash Avenue, the first in America. Remembering his many friends in the prize-ring, and his own enthusiasm for boxing with his pals at the club, he moved for the establishment of an athletic commission to regulate this sport.

When he realized how perfectly suited he was for politics, vague and colossal ambitions began to form in his breast. He pricked up his ears when casually mentioned as mayoralty timber in 1901, but sat back when the boom failed to carry beyond the walls of his clubs, cognizant of the time it takes for a man to reach such a commanding height. But the seed had been planted in his mind and took but fourteen years to flower, and was ten or more years in returning to seed.

In Beverly Nichols' colorful and astute account of his visit to the mayor in 1926, he notes four pictures hanging in the anteroom, depicting Thompson at various stages of his career: one is of Bill the cowboy; another shows him with a football team; a third as a yachtsman; a fourth is a caricature of a gigantic Bill atop the city hall. Adjacent is a significant photograph of the White House at Washington. From these Nichols draws the inference that Thompson is a man of violent ambitions. Unquestionably true. But Bill the cowboy had no dreams of governmental splendor; and Bill the yachtsman was just the best sailor in town. But once he had tasted of the voluptuous and intoxicating fruits of election victory he secretly lusted for more. When he was alderman he dreamed of being mayor; when he got that he had hallucinations of donning a senatorial toga; failure to win this but spurred him to stranger illusions of grandeur: the Presidency, and using the power of this office to put John Bull in his proper place on his knees before the Greatest Nation on Earth!

But one has to begin somewhere. So he decided to move

into the first ward and contest with "Bath-house John" Coughlin for his place in the council. This was shortly after his own term had expired in 1902. But when the puissant ward committeeman, George Bibbs, indignantly objected, Thompson retired in confusion.

He was able to avenge his humiliation immediately, when he aspired to a squat in the county commission. Again he campaigned with gusto and skill. His reward was not only victory but victory of such an overwhelming nature that the boys of the racket raised their eyebrows over it. He led the entire ticket, with the sole exception of Fred Busse, who was the biggest vote-getter of his day, with a total of 129,130. And this without the overt help of any machine, his strength resulting entirely from his campaigning and widening personal following. It is amusing to note the recommendations of the *Chicago Daily News* at this 1902 election: among others it endorsed Clarence Darrow for the state legislature, Roy O. West for the board of review, Joseph Medill Patterson and William Hale Thompson. Twenty years conspired to shunt these four men down four widely-separated tracks.

On November 7, 1902, the following statement poured forth from the full red lips of the hero of this narrative:

I have no political ambitions—at least not so far as the mayoralty is concerned. I have been a member of the city council and have just been elected to another office. In my opinion, however, the time is ripe for Republican success in the spring. The public is tired of a negative government and that is what Chicago has been given by Harrison. This is a young man's age and if a clean, liberal, bright young man of broad ideas and with a desire to give Chicago a business administration is given the nomination in the spring he can be elected. While I am not a candidate I am more than anxious to do my part toward supporting and aiding in the election of such a man.

This is stumbling, clumsy expression—but the hint is unmistakable. In 1905 he was again boomed for mayor, this time with some little insistency. But it just didn't seem to click with the party bosses.

In 1907 Fred Busse wanted the nomination, and, as nobody doubted he would get it, Bill Thompson insisted he was just a sportsman, had but an academic interest in politics. But being a good party man he felt compelled to render Busse some assistance in the election. He organized the Young Men's Fred A. Busse Club with Eugene Pike. After Busse's induction Bill was rewarded with a key to the mayor's inner office, which meant influence and an easy access to the High Place. But in the winter of 1908 an incident occurred which offered fresh proof that Bill Thompson has always been a sportsman first and a politician second.

The story is that Mayor Busse, unpopular with his less uncouth acquaintances at the Illinois Athletic Club, was the victim of a frame-up in a card game. The ex-iceman couldn't see the joke and slapped back with a raid. This surly indecency made Thompson furious, and he instantly mailed back his key of special privilege. When the obscenities of the Busse régime were exposed by Charles E. Merriam Bill chuckled. Not because a mayor had violated public trust, but because Ananias was dying on the cross.

So in the winter of 1909-10 Thompson looked about him for another machine, in the tonneau of which he could ride comfortably. He hadn't abandoned his poorly-concealed wish to be Chicago's swellest mayor, born when he first smelled political fish a-frying in the council kitchen, and affiliation with a strong organization was the best method of realizing his dream.

The logical connection for him was the heavy-slugging outfit of William Lorimer, for Lorimer had noted with approval Thompson's fine flair for getting in the public

eye and staying there. Bill hoped to obtain the boss's sanction for the 1911 mayoral nomination, but all machine aspirants were doomed that year. Merriam's baring of the Busse derelictions somehow caused the primary plum to drop into his lap, and only Carter Harrison's superior organization prevented Chicago from having its best possible mayor.

As for Thompson, he had just stood aside and enviously looked on. But during this period he made a contact which eventually made his dream come true: he met and listened to Fred Lundin, the "poor Swede."

FOUR

A BOLD NOT SO BAD SAILOR

THE first few months after the death of his father, in 1891, young Bill spent in setting his financial affairs in order. But the life of investing and re-investing money, and studying land values and profiting thereby, soon palled. He was just a youth (tall as we see him today but possessing then none of the fat he later added by wearying devotion to the public weal) and he sorely needed an outlet for his boyish energy. So he turned to sports and games. He joined the old Marquette indoor baseball team, which boasted George Jenney, Bill York and the Pelouze boys (one of whom became Bill's brother-in-law), and assisted in its many triumphs.

The Chicago Athletic Association had been founded in 1872, but in the nineties it was still in its teething stage, so when such an enthused and wealthy fellow as Bill Thompson applied for a life membership in '92 he was welcomed graciously. In those virile days the large athletic clubs supported football teams. It was not until recently that they became effete and concentrated on track and tank activities. And football was made to order for Big Bill. He captained the elevens of '95 and '96 and in the latter year they won the championship of the entire nation. This aggregation included such gridiron luminaries of the mauve decade as Sport Donnelly and Doc Stewart, who with Thompson made up the formidable trio which brought about most of the victories on tour. Thomas Beer doesn't mention it, but that team was criticized up

and down the land as a "crew of ruffians," and after the game with Harvard they were almost lynched. Thompson's initial experience in the organizing and leading of men was a success, of the kind journalists call "signal." Furthermore, the club became nationally famous and has not pined for members or money since. That his football days are dear to Thompson is indicated by a remark he wistfully let drop a decade later. "I'd let all the political glories slide if I could wake up the C. A. A. and see the Cherry Circle winning football games once more." And he meant it. Bill's sporting blood has always been uppermost in his ample veins.

He was active in the C. A. A. until 1898, when he served as vice-president, then he became too absorbed in politics to give much time to it. In 1904, however, his political aspirations slightly dampened, he organized the Illinois Athletic Club with the aid of a few friends and fifty dollars in postage stamps, and acted as its president for the first four years. During his incumbency he promoted the building of the present million dollar clubhouse and shrewdly secured a 99-year lease on the property. It too is now prospering, having grown enormously since President Thompson gave it the initial push in the right direction.

But his favorite recreation for thirty years of his life has been navigation. For almost three decades his ruddy skin has frequently faced the breezes of lakes and seas. This happy predilection prompted his joining the Chicago Yacht Club and, later, the Columbia Yacht Club.

The C. Y. C. twice elected him commodore and he has done valuable duty as chairman of the executive committee. In 1912 he was elevated to the position of commodore of the Associated Yacht and Motor Boat Clubs of America.

His many honors at the hands of the sailing fraternity

have not been idle academic gestures, however, but have been, rather, recognitions of his extraordinary skill at the helm. With his beloved *Valmore* under him he won the Mackinac Race, the longest fresh water race in the world, three times in succession. All kinds of sailing and boating, save canoeing in the moonlight, appealed to him and he was proficient in the handling of every sort of craft. Throughout his sailing career his colors, black and gold, have always commanded respect.

As the twentieth century grew old enough to shed its diapers, the Thompson monicker gained steadily in news value. On May 13, 1908, one of the papers bowed to the public's curiosity concerning the great, and indicated the scaring vicissitudes of the sporting life thus:

Friends of William Hale Thompson, president of the Illinois Athletic Club, were alarmed yesterday by reports that his yacht, *Valmore*, sailed by himself and George R. Pease of Chicago, had foundered off New London, Connecticut. Telegrams sent by Mr. Thompson to his wife and his business partner, Dwight Lawrence, dissipated the rumors.

The storm raged two days around the *Valmore* and forced her into Digby, Nova Scotia, for repairs. However every one on board is safe and they will start for Quebec tomorrow.

While commodore of the Chicago Yacht Club, Thompson complained of the desuetude of motor boat racing as an international sport. So he planned a large feature for the annual aquatic of 1912: a series of races for the "championship of the universe." To interest foreign competition he went abroad for a month, visiting France, Germany, Italy and England for this purpose.

When the chief returned, the boys of the club gave a banquet in his honor at the University Club. He was showered with compliments for the successes of his trip, for it had brought about assurances of an international

scope to their approaching water festivities of August 10-17, for which William Wrigley, the cause of all the wagging jaws about, had donated a \$22,000 trophy. Charlie Burras was the captivating master of ceremonies and led in the singing. The following songs, bellowed by some, nasally noised by others, dulcetly crooned by a few, are illustrative of the esteem and warmth Bill aroused in the hearts of his fellowmen:

BILLY.

(To the Tune of *Kelly*.)

*We're all here for Bil-ly,
B I double L Y,
And everybody here knows Bil ly,
You'd know him by his smile,
For his heart is staunch and his word is true and he's a
Sportsman through and through.
We're all here for Bil-ly, for
Billy is worth the while.*

WELCOME.

(To the Tune of *Sailing*.)

*Welcome! Welcome! from over the bounding main,
Let every man here drain his glass for Bill is home again.
Welcome! Welcome! back to your native land,
We greet you like true sailors all, with warm clasp of
the hand.*

And a few drinks later (for this was before the Blight):

DEAR OLD BILL.

(To the Tune of *Dear Old Pal*.)

*Dear old Bill,
Jolly old Bill,*

*Always remember,
In June and December
That I am your friend,
And will be to the end,
No matter what happens to you.*

In 1915 Thompson endeavored to mix patrioteering with sportsmanship, for he had discovered that it mixes with almost everything in America. He proposed that a huge motor boat fleet be established on the Great Lakes to defend our northern boundaries from a possible foe. This magnificent stratagem was received with yells of approbation by the yachtsmen, a saber-rattling editorial being written about it in *Cruiser*, the club paper, but Secretary of the Navy Daniels and Admiral Sims did not appreciate its possibilities for national defense.

The pleasures atop the waves have consistently attracted Bill Thompson the most, but he has found time for dozens of fishing and hunting excursions, attendance at boxing matches, football and baseball games and numerous other manly exhibitions. In 1912 he was director general of the Sportsman's Club of America, but unkind aldermen and newspapers insisted that this was no sporting club at all but merely a political clique.

In addition Big Bill has somehow managed, without serious loss of sleep or neglect of his other duties, to participate in the doings of many lodges and fraternities: he is a Regent in the Loyal Order of Moose; a member of Hesperia Lodge 411, A. F. & A. M., Lafayette Chapter, Saint Bernadine Commandery; he is also affiliated with the Shrine (Medinah Temple), Odd Fellows, B. P. O. E., Woodmen of the World, the Maccabees and the Sons of Veterans.

For a man who has never been accused of morbid misogyny Thompson married rather late in life. There was nothing suggestive of Paul of Tarsus about the Bill of his twenties, but it is difficult to posit him as ever having been the breast-heaving, movie lover type. The boys at the city hall or the I. A. C. would hoot at the vision of Big Bill lyrically intoning Shelleyan odes, for the picture they have of him is playing a stiff hand of poker in his shirt sleeves, or issuing cryptic orders to an assemblage of precinct captains. No, the kind of affection Maysie Wyse engendered in the heart of Bill Thompson can hardly be described as analogous to the love of a D'Annunzio for a Duse, nor is it on the low plane of the feeling Dr. Warren Gamaliel Harding had for the miss who became his biographer; rather is it normal, healthy and genuine.

Thompson was married to Maysie Walker Wyse in St. Joseph, Michigan, on December 7, 1901. Thompson was thirty-two years old, his wife twenty-six. They were married in secret, only the bride's mother being aware of the breath-taking news.

Alderman and Mrs. Thompson hustled back to Chicago. When the story leaked out, as such stories will, they at first denied its verity, but finally gave in with defiant blushes. The honeymoon came later, the pair visiting Louisville, the bride's birthplace, and other points in the Confederacy.

For some reason the match has failed to result in what prosperous poets of the American Hearth quaintly call "tiny blessings." It is now doubtful if there ever will be a William Hale Thompson III to continue the chauvinistic tradition in the city hall in Chicago.

FIVE

BILL SITS AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER

AS has been indicated, the span between the time Thompson adorned the county commission until he became Chicago's most celebrated and celebrating mayor was not as bleak as "Who's Who" records. For in 1910 he joined up with the crew of William Lorimer. And this meant something in those ferocious days.

Lorimer smacked of Tweed and the unsung members of the Pittsburgh Mellon Gang. He had a vast contempt for honest, earnest souls in politics, even, forsooth, doubting the very existence of the gent whom Diogenes pursued so disconsolately. He was blandly innocent in public but cryptically cynical in private, and reminded one more of J. Rufus Wallingford than C. Evans Hughes in appearance and attack. He was sure of himself, energetic and ruthless. He asked for quarter but granted none. He despised reformers, the Chicago *Tribune* and all other people who opposed him. Dr. Harding's magnanimous attorney general, Mr. Harry Micaiah Daugherty, must have used Lorimer as his model.

He rose on Chicago's southwest side, surely a fallow field for lilies. Entering ward politics after an admirable apprenticeship in the stockyards, slaughterhouse, he shouldered his way into the party caucuses, finally managing to cadge a seat in Congress from his district. Subsequently he voted in seven congresses, pyramiding his strength by patronage, contracts and aggression until he became the "Blonde Boss," with Doc Jamieson, John M. Smythe,

Henry Hertz and Fred Lundin, the head of the most formidable machine in the state. Charles Yerkes, the traction "baron," held the money bags with Edward Hines, the lumber "king," and soon the crew descended upon the state legislature with blood in their eyes and a determination to push Lorimer into the United States Senate, this being before direct election made that august body pure and wise. The only opposition was the faction of Charles S. Deneen, governor of the state and boss of Chicago's south side, and a handful of independents. Pressure was exerted from all possible quarters. Finally, with the aid of Lee O'Neill Browne, the Democratic floor leader, a large enough *bloc* was effected, and Senator William Lorimer joined his friend Boies Penrose in Washington.

The dramatic poem of the investigation, exoneration, re-investigation and the climaxing expulsion is stirring and familiar, and will be dealt with here but sketchily.

What is immensely important about the Lorimer scandal, to those wishing to understand what has happened to their country, is the enormous difference in the attitude of the public and the press at the height of the probe into his election, and their reactions today to more ambitious corruption. All that was proven in 1912 was that Lorimer gained his seat by corrupting seven of the legislators at Springfield, using a \$100,000 "jack-pot" to turn the trick. When this slightly heterodox tactic was exposed the papers became as emotional as middle-aged opera singers, almost every sheet in the land forming a chorus of loud indignation with the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Record-Herald*. Hundreds of thousands of letters were written by the voters, and clubs and organizations everywhere published resolutions condemning Senator Cullom (the senior Senator from Illinois who voted after the first investigation for the vindication of his colleague) and the original whitewashing committee. For months the *Tribune*

devoted almost a complete section every Sunday to comment on the case, and for a solid year the din was febrile and terrific. When the New York *World* said, after the exoneration débâcle of 1911: "The Senate has vindicated Lorimer; now who will vindicate the Senate?"—it articulated the sentiments of most people in all literate areas of the country.

As a result of Lorimer's indiscretions he was ruined forever, and everybody connected with him had to send their skirts to the laundry.

On January 9, 1911, the United States Senate commenced an inquiry into the validity of Lorimer's election. This was brought about at the insistence of the Chicago *Tribune* and the Chicago *Record-Herald*. Senator Dillingham of blessed memory headed the committee, and after a cursory examination of some of the facts submitted a majority report vindicating their colleague of the Old Guard. This the Senate sustained by a vote of 46 to 40, Penrose of Pennsylvania bludgeoning all the regular Republicans and the timid Democrats into line. All the Progressives, headed by La Follette and Borah, and many of the Democrats, constituted the dissenting and accusing group.

The roof of the old *Tribune* building almost blew off when the news came over the wires. It immediately commenced a campaign of vituperation, bombast and polemic. Every day its front page flamed with the reflected ire of the people; editorials castigating Cullom, the Dillingham whitewashing experts, and the brazenness of Lorimer appeared frequently; on Sunday, as has been said, whole pages were given over to letters of aroused opinion.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, however, being controlled by Lorimer, chortled and clucked, not only at the victory of its chief but at the discomfiture of the *Tribune* and Victor Lawson's *News* and *Record-Herald*.

The Lorimer henchmen, quite naturally, kicked up their heels in undisguised joy, but there was an undertone of anxiety. In addition to the unpleasant publicity, the investigation, superficial though it had been, had brought many facts to light which they heartily wished concealed. And the most intelligent of them, Lundin and Hines for instance, must have smelled the ultimate disaster in the offing.

But Bill Thompson wasn't worried. Just robustiously exultant and happy at the verdict which exonerated his master. So he planned a mammoth celebration to receive Lorimer when the Senator arrived from Washington. Several of the boys met in his real estate office to work out the details and parcel out labor. Among other things they decided upon Bill as chief marshal and head of a committee of reception intended to include as many respectable names as possible. J. Ogden Armour's name appeared on the first published list, but he phoned hastily for its deletion.

On Sunday, May fifth, the "Blonde Boss" stepped off the train, and Big Bill's smiling face was the closest to his in the newspaper pictures of the next day. The ensuing celebration was pretentious and tedious. Bands, a parade of two hundred automobiles through the Loop and out to Lorimer's home near Garfield Park, and many speeches impressed upon the curious throngs the affluence and exuberance of the machine. Len Small, local federal sub-treasurer, represented the national government, and praised the maligned Senator highly; the conspicuous presence of prominent county and city dignitaries added tone to the occasion.

The *Tribune* account of the festivals was sour and foreboding. It doggedly stuck by its resolve to oust Lorimer from the Senate at any cost.

On June first the Senate re-opened the investigation

into the right of William Lorimer to sit and vote in that body. This revival of the ghost came about as the direct result of an editorial written by the publisher of the *Record-Herald*, a gentleman named Kohlsaas, which flatly set forth some hitherto unrevealed facts. This spurred the Great Body to action, for the ballyhoo of the past few months had made it nervous.

Kohlsaas hinted darkly of precise knowledge of the election, and told of the relationship of Edward Hines to the \$100,000 that put over the deal. He was summoned at once to Washington to submit to a thorough grilling. For some time he concealed the name of his informant. When the Senate threatened him with contempt, it received a telegram from Mr. Clarence Funk of Chicago, admitting his identity as Kohlsaas's little birdie and expressing his willingness to testify. He spilt what was left of the beans: that Hines had boasted to him at the Union League Club of the bought legislators which made Lorimer's election possible. The repercussion was instantaneous at the Union League Club: they tossed out their indiscreet brother, two books written in his defense by his attorneys being insufficient to save him. In Washington the investigation was propelled to a heated pace. Finally, on July 14, 1912, a reorganized and chastened Senate voted overwhelmingly to eject Lorimer, and this time Cullom voted with the majority. The pressure had been too great for the man.

When the Senate re-opened the old wound in June of 1911 the Lorimer crowd became worried lest all this publicity injure the fortunes of the machine locally, and determined to cover up their activities with some effective drape. So in the fall the Lincoln Protective League of Illinois was instituted. Until its collapse the following year it was the pseudonym of the Lorimer gang. William Hale Thompson was the chairman of the executive committee. Fred Lundin, whose idea it was, became nominal

and real head of the Cook County organization. The *Inter-Ocean* gave it much publicity, often printing applications for membership, with instructions to fill out and mail to William Hale Thompson, 120 W. Randolph Street, Chicago. The *Tribune* and *News* and the other opposition sheets gave the organization notices of a different sort, always referring to it as the "Lorimer Lincoln League," which was unkind but true.

Whenever some one took exception to the motives, or alleged motives, of the League, usually prefaced with a moan that the name of Abraham Lincoln should be exploited in this shameless fashion, Chairman Thompson answered the objector flamboyantly, usually with an attack upon the *Tribune*. On January 18, 1912, an open letter was received by the League written by Rev. W. T. McElween, the following excerpt of which indicates the attitude of the Better Element toward the League:

. . . No, the Tribune is not the designing agency that instigated me to criticize your use of the name of Lincoln. . . . Nobody, not even the Tribune, owns me. I am a free man of the kind Lincoln would glory in.

Frankly, you need therapeutic treatment. You have what the physicians would call an obsession: you see the Tribune everywhere. To your diseased mind it is behind every criticism of your leaders and your organization. Why, to you the Tribune is almost as omnipresent as William Randolph Hearst thinks he is. . . .

The Reverend McElween made a very penetrating observation about Thompson in the above letter. All his political life Bill has accused the *Tribune* of persecuting him, in fact every criticism or impugnement, however casual or innocuous, directed his way he thinks of in this light.

Immediately after its inauguration, with fanfare and

beery gestures, the Lincoln League prepared for the county primary election in February. In this campaign its chairman, Big Bill Thompson, cavorted in the biggest rôle.

SIX

THE ANGEL GETS HIS WINGS CLIPPED

IT must not be assumed that Thompson's advice was eagerly sought and religiously followed because his name was prominently connected with the Lorimer faction. Some historians and psychopathologists of the period sniffishly set him down as an "angel," one whose money and time were taken but whose rating was not quite as a professional; others say he was just jovial atmosphere, somebody Bill Lorimer kept around to cheer him up and tell him funny stories: a sort of court clown. This last opinion is not quite fair, however nicely it may coincide with the same people's attitude during the school-book débâcle. The first slant is true only in a very limited sense. Technically, an "angel" to a party or faction is one whose business interests are advanced by his favorite's victory at the polls: Samuel Insull, Harry Sinclair and Andrew Mellon are archetypes. Bill Thompson cannot be shoved into this category very easily. His business interests were not that important and, further, he personally lusted for office. There is much doubt that his tactical schemes, if he had any, were very assiduously carried out. Lorimer himself and Fred Lundin and Percy Coffin were the chief strategists of the outfit. Big Bill's exact status with the organization was that of a "front," an official glad-hander and prominent dispenser of sonorous balderdash. He was widely known for his sporting proclivities and inherited wealth; he had hundreds of friends of im-

peccable respectability; and his name lent warmth and the illusion of altruism to the machine he worked with.

From his point of view it was excellent sport. It kept him in the public eye, a situation unpleasant to few and a vital necessity to him, considering the size of his ambitions. Furthermore, his boyish instinct for melodrama revelled in participation in the dark intrigues of government.

Unfortunately for the measured sycophancy of our breathless young friend he was given his opportunity to perform for the Master at the wrong time, just two years too late. If Bill had been picked for the same office, with the same opponent, in 1910, he would have grabbed the prize with easy splendor, for then the Lorimer steamroller had everything its way. But in 1912 the sun was in rapid descent. For twelve months the boss had undergone savage bombardment by the press. And the public worm, long apathetic to machine exploitation, was beginning to show disturbing signs of turning. That it turned and crawled under the heel of another machine is but a tedious illustration of the biologic truism that worms have a motor sense but rather deplorable discrimination.

So poor Bill, at last given his Big Chance to shine for teacher, went down with the entire ticket in the Lorimer Repudiation Act of 1912.

But he didn't campaign with even the slightest suspicion in his lion heart that doom awaited him at the polls. He was the most optimistic and effective campaigner on the slate.

It was a shrewd move on the part of the faction bosses to push Thompson forward for membership to the county board of reviewers. This body reviews the justice in the tax assessments for Cook County and its verdicts are final. Bill's wealth lent plausibility to his plea: why should he wish to filch from the public cupboard?

The campaign during the winter of 1911-12 was admirably planned and executed and would have brought home the coveted bacon at any previous time. It bristled and stank with just the kind of accusations and bathos which delight and convince the voters, who apparently believe that if politician A calls politicians B and C "crook" and "blackguard" it follows that politician A and all his associates are avenging and irreproachable saints. And in this gas attack Bill Thompson, of course, manned the biggest and deadliest pump.

His first bid for public notice was in the form of a protest at being discriminated against, the hoary attempt to appeal to the American public's familiar sympathy for the mistreated. He instituted proceedings in the circuit court to force the county clerk to put his name at the top of the ballot, contending that Mathew Mills, whose petition came in first, had an unfair advantage over him. It probably never occurred to Thompson, and many of the voters too, that if he won his point in court he would then have the same "unfair advantage" he was moaning about. The court, unmoved by sentiment, monotonously intoned the law and the case was lost.

There were several candidates struggling in the primary for the honor of representing the Republican party in the election, but all but Thompson, the Lorimer choice, and Mills, the Deneen man, were merely wasted ink on the ballot. The reform group put up a gadfly named Blocki who irritated Mills by screaming the allegation that he was "the Coal Men's Choice," but the real contest was between the two big machines. Of the two the Lincoln Protective League was the strongest. They had most of the federal patronage, most of the county jobs not held by the Democrats, and registered heavily in Chicago. But, as mentioned above, Deneen stood to benefit by the current Senatorial scandal—and he did.

The Lorimer-controlled paper, the *Inter-Ocean*, endorsed the ticket of the Lincoln Protective League with no reservations, and opened its pages to numerous pictures, propaganda and the speeches in full of its favorites. The "news" write-ups of Thompson read very much like the encomiums of the New York *Herald-Tribune* on the Coolidgead. And the skillful cartoons of Harold Heaton captured the Chicagoan's sense of humor, the American substitute for thinking. The *Tribune* and the Lawson papers concentrated on flaying the "Lorimer-Lincoln League" slate *in toto*.

At the beginning Thompson gave off the conventional rubbish of the Lorimer crowd (and all political gents everywhere), but something occurred which he seized upon with the gusto of a Baptist jumping upon a copy of "Only a Boy," and which almost brought him victory. A representative of the League procured from the county assessor's files documentary evidence that Victor F. Lawson, who was militant in denunciation of Thompson and Lorimerism in his *News* and *Record-Herald*, had paid only \$17.32 on his \$1,500,000 residence on Lake Shore Drive, whereas he should have paid \$25,580 in taxes on his mansion!

Simultaneous with Thompson's braying of the sociological tid-bit in a speech was a spectacular exploitation of the same material in the *Inter-Ocean*, the feature of which was a first page spread, tabloid style, depicting the contrast in the assessment on the mighty publisher's property and that on some convenient widow's modest dwelling—with huge photographs of each.

The city was on fire from the allegation. Unshaved zealots harangued on the subject in the parks and on West Madison Street, and it was conversational fodder wherever the naïve congregated. Clearly it was up to the opposition papers to say something. The *Tribune* of the next morn-

ing refused to give the item display space, relegating their retort to the inside pages. It was headed: "An Exposure of an Exposé," and went on icily to remark that a "clerical error" was the cause of the under-assessment, Mr. Lawson having over-paid his taxes for the preceding year. The *News* carried much the same story, only it gave more space to its chief's defense.

Obviously Big Bill had discomfited his enemies by his charge. Their answers were weak and colorless and too technical and involved to repair the damage. Right or wrong, Bill Thompson had surely put over a fast one.

Noting the effect of his *coup*, Thompson and his managers lost little time in following it up with a bombshell almost as startling. Before packed audiences the next week he hoarsely accused the *Tribune* of defaulting on taxes as well, contending that it paid but \$5,500 on property worth \$10,000,000, when it should have paid \$167,000. He told the alternately gaping and cheering masses that "Mat Mills went to school with Bob McCormick, who owns the *Tribune*," and that Mills was hand-picked by the powerful corporations for the job of reviewer.

This kind of ballyhoo continued up until election day. Although the Senatorial scandal had made the betting fraternity on the Rialto chary of placing any real money on any of the Lorimer candidates, Thompson had been so successful in obscuring the larger issue with a smaller one that he was a favorite when the nags trotted to the tape.

On the morning of the primary the *Tribune* failed to endorse the Deneen men specifically, but gave them support of a negative sort by heading a column: "Do Not Vote For These Men: They Are the Puppets of Lorimer." The name of William Hale Thompson gracefully headed the list.

Big Bill led all morning and late into the afternoon, but when the ballots from the north and south sides of the

city, and those from the country towns, came in, Mills ran away from him. The final count was: for Mills, 62,053; for Thompson, 48,217.

The entire Lorimer ticket was buried, with the exception of one minor aspirant. Public morals, the *Chicago Tribune*, and Charles S. Deneen were sitting on top of the débris. The *Tribune* solemnly voiced the epitaph: "There is nothing left but the ruins and the odor." On the other hand, the *Inter-Ocean* offered another proof of the wearying commonplace that a good loser doesn't exist in politics, captioning a long wailing article, "In Every Election Contest the Candidates Holding the First Position on the Ballot Win When All the Votes Are Counted."

The following July William Lorimer walker dejectedly out of the Senate Office Building, his portfolio hanging limply at his side, his one-way ticket to Chicago in his upper-left vest pocket—a private citizen. When he arrived home a meeting of welcome was tendered him at Orchestra Hall. Most of his beneficiaries of the past were present to console the Blonde Boss, now boss no longer, but the rats who smelled cheese in some other pantry deserted. But Bill Thompson was no rat. He presided.

The following November The Republican Club of Illinois was born. It never was weaned. For its brief career, before it was smitten with infantile paralysis, Dr. John Dill Robertson was president, Fred Lundin was secretary and William Hale Thompson was treasurer. Lorimer and Cicero J. Lindly, former downstate dictator, were billed as stars of the opening.

SEVEN

A COWBOY CHALLENGES THE GODS

THE political situation in the spring of 1913 was anarchical. With the collapse of the Lorimer faction hundreds of ward-heelers, committeemen, aldermen, hangers-on and legislators were left stranded on the beaches of isolation. Some made deals with Deneen; a few went into business or the law, and tried to make an honest living; but most of them just sat tight and waited for something to happen. Deneen himself had been defeated, the previous November, for re-election as governor, due to his failure to support Roosevelt against Taft, making possible a Democratic victory in Illinois as elsewhere. But when the Progressive movement proved to be just sound and fury, and a schoolmaster had roundly caned an impudent Teddy, the Illinoisians who had rallied around T. R. at the expense of their Republicanism peddled their wares to Charlie Deneen, who gratefully enveloped them. Carter H. Harrison, the incumbent mayor, was making an unsatisfactory comeback with the public, although his administration was quite excellent. Strife and ill nature pervaded the Democratic ranks. Maclay Hoyne, the Democratic state's attorney, was a grand-stander given to fighting his cases in the papers, and was using his powerful office as a whip over the heads of everybody attempting to thwart his ambitions. Threats, indictments of police and underworld bosses unfriendly to him, and sonorous mouthings about the rampantness of crime, came from

him daily. The brazenness of vice and organized mischief was a favorite topic for perspiring editorial writers.

Still smarting from the trouncing he had received the spring before, Bill the Fighter looked things over with much patting of stomach and rolling of eyes. Susceptible to flattery, he took to heart the adulations of his coterie and gave two erect ears to their suggestions that he again run for office because this idea occurred to him independently. It was buzzed his way that he hurdle the intermediary jobs and run for mayor—sweet music to Bill. To be sure, there were many men about quietly nursing the same ambition, but few had the resources to finance a long campaign; and with the nomination a long way off, prying donations out of business men was not easy.

Thompson had money, and a willingness to spend it to reach his goal. So he was surrounded by friends, all of whom winsomely granted advice and encouragement. To sterilize what little scepticism Bill had, Lundin decided to feel out the public in regard to his candidacy. A parlor in the Sherman House was rented for Tuesday evenings and the bunch went to work. This was in the summer of 1914, eight months before the primary.

The Thompson board of strategy was a quartet: Thompson, Lundin, Pike and James A. Pugh. This last-named gentleman about town was widely known as a millionaire and sportsman. Bill had met him at the Chicago Yacht Club, and Pugh succeeded him as commodore. Of all the men associated with Thompson in the ten years he has been in office, Pugh was the least reprehensible. He was honest, sincere and a man of tremendous energy, a kind of epitome of the old spirit of the plains: they called him "Dynamite Jim." For his friend Thompson Jim worked harder than anyone else in the outfit, not even excepting the plotting Swede. He was insistent that Thompson's campaign photograph bring out all the vote-

cadging characteristics: benevolence, democracy, good humor, dependability, wealth without snobbishness. So he superintended the fancy camera work. More than two hundred pictures of Bill's visage were taken and rejected before the choice was made. Further, he labored like a Trojan to make a good public speaker of Bill. The big fellow's handicap in addressing his peers, strange as it may seem, was an all-pervading soberness: he could not smile when talking to a large crowd. Pugh and Lundin realized the lack was a damaging one, so they set about rectifying it. At all of the early meetings Pugh would sit in a front row, and every time he considered a smile or a laugh was an efficacious punctuation he dropped a brick on the floor. Bill would catch the cue and smile broadly.

In addition to his prodigious working, Pugh was the financier of the crusade. Excepting Lundin, perhaps, he was responsible in greater measure than any other man for the election of Thompson.

Toward the end of October names of possible entrees rode the winds of the Loop. Harrison had not yet received the consent of his wife to run for a sixth term, so the Democrats were in as great confusion as were the leaders of the party of Lincoln and Harding. Everyone of importance above the level of bailiff was mentioned. The defunct and nearly bankrupt Progressive party was trying to raise its gaunt head, its county committee of Harold Ickes, M. J. Dempsey and Charles H. Sergel listening prayerfully for the clarion-call which might join them with the G. O. P. regulars and the Non-Partisan League. It finally came and they hastened to answer it.

On November 10, 1914, the William Hale Thompson For Mayor Club broke into public notice. More than two hundred beaming and chattering men and women crowded into their headquarters in the Sherman Hotel, and heard the announcement that 110,000 persons had pledged their

support to Mr. Thompson. Loud demonstrations greeted the news, and when Big Bill and seven coadjutors spoke their thanks and promises, the mob became out of hand. Resolutions were subsequently adopted asking for a mass meeting at the Coliseum for December nineteenth. The formal opening of the campaign was also determined.

The Republican county committee decided, on December fourth, to call the ward committeemen together for a balloting the following Saturday, to ascertain the organization candidates for mayor, city clerk and treasurer. By a vote of 29 to 4 it was decided that the mayoralty candidate be chosen by a vote of twenty-four of the committeemen participating, the twenty-nine agreeing to enter a binding caucus. This resolution was entered by Edward R. Litzinger.

The friends of Thompson in the county committee opposed the Litzinger resolution, both on Wednesday and on the following Saturday, Mr. Thompson signing a formal letter of protest:

The Primary law in no way suggests or authorizes the committee as a body to select or recommend candidates. It seems to me that the Republican voters themselves should be given the opportunity to make their own nominations, and let the Republicans in letter and spirit give the direct primary law a true test. Permit every member of the committee to support his choice or the choice of the Republican voters of his ward.

By so doing the committee will eliminate from the successful candidate the taint of being a machine man. If the committee refrains from using its power as a committee, which power it should exercise to its fullest extent after the Republicans have chosen their candidate, then every candidate participating in the primaries must be honor-bound to support loyally and heartily the candidate receiving the greatest number of votes, and I pledge to this successful Republican candidate, the Republican voters of Chicago, and to your committee my hearty and loyal

support in the event of a defeat at the primaries on February twenty-seventh.

This was canny strategy. Obviously, Thompson had no objection to machine support, or aid from any quarter guaranteeing votes, but as Deneen's strength in the county committee was overwhelming, he was thinking furiously (i.e. Lundin was) to forestall any attempts of the others to give blanket endorsement to one of the stronger men.

On December twelfth the first formal caucus of the Republican party was held. Everyone was present, one committeeman from each of Chicago's thirty-five wards, and nothing much was done but trot out into the open, By a vote of 29 to 4 it was decided that the mayoralty candidacy. Thirty names were read into the minutes, the most important of which were:

Judge Harry Olson, chief justice of the municipal court.

Judge Marcus Kavanaugh.

Judge Theodore Brentano.

Alderman J. J. Fisher.

Congressman Martin B. Madden.

John R. Thompson, former county treasurer and prominent restaurant owner.

Alderman Charles E. Merriam.

Judge Kickham Scanlon.

Edward J. Brundage, former corporation counsel.

William Hale Thompson, sportsman, realtor, ex-alderman, ex-county commissioner, ex-candidate for board of review.

Some of the above, and all the rest, knew in advance that they had no chance whatsoever, but permitted their names to be entered as feelers, or to perpetrate the democratic illusion before the voters.

A few days of quietude followed, then Thompson flared

into public print by opening headquarters in the twenty-fifth ward, a locality recognized up and down the city as Deneen-Olson private ground. Verily, Thompson was challenging the gods, and many smart fellows shook their heads and muttered something about Bill being brash.

On Saturday, January seventeenth, the committee listened to the following resolution presenting Olson's name:

We, the Republican committeemen who vote this day in the caucus of the Republican committee, endorse the candidacy of Honorable Harry Olson, chief justice of the municipal court of Chicago, and recommend his candidacy to the Republican voters at the primary to be held on February 23, 1915. We believe that the old time Republicans should get together and support the candidacy of a man who is acceptable to a majority of the Republicans, Progressives and independent political organizations of the city, and whose ability and experience and knowledge of the city's life and needs will appeal strongly to the citizens of Chicago. We represent 1784 of a total of 3236 voters (precincts) of the Republican county committee of this city.

This sonorous attempt at steamrolling was signed by seventeen men, the name of Charles S. Deneen heading the list. Eight declared themselves for Judge Kavanaugh, four for Judge Brentano, one for Alderman Fisher.

The stumbling block in the caucus, and the direct cause of the deadlock, were the five who were recorded as present but not voting: August W. Miller, Chris Mamer, Morris Eller, George Hitzman and Charles Todd. This silent quintet was known to be openly allied with the candidacy of William Hale Thompson. Never voting on the candidates, they nevertheless came forward solidly to oppose all roll-calls to adjourn.

Eighteen of the committeemen, although bound to four different men, had one thing in common, besides a desire for Divine Grace: a strong disinclination for an Olson-

Deneen victory. So they stood together against all the frenzied efforts of the Deneen seventeen to shoulder their man through. An Olson man moved to adjourn the committee and permit each man to act in his ward as he saw fit. This was defeated, 18 to 17. Former-Governor Deneen then requested permission to retire his contingent to another room for fifteen minutes to effect a solution of the dilemma. This also was circumvented.

After the fourth fruitless ballot everyone was tired, and the motion to dissolve offered by Victor P. Arnold, an Olson man, was unanimously adopted.

Clearly a tactical triumph had been registered by the Thompson-Lundin forces. They had successfully prevented a blanket endorsement of Judge Olson without disclosing their hands. In the Deneen camp the result was the grim and presumptuous decision, laconically voiced by the boss himself, that as the majority of the Republican organization was for Olson, the workers should proceed at once to marshal strength in all the wards opposing him.

What is perhaps puzzling to the uninformed is the stubborn unity of the anti-Olson men. Here is how this solidarity had been effected.

Two evenings previous to the critical caucus described above, Homer K. Galpin, an ex-Lorimerite who had recently divorced himself from the regular organization, invited the eighteen men known to be antagonistic to Olson to his home. Chief among these was Elward Brundage. He and Thomas Curran were backing Brentano and Kavanaugh, respectively. In a deadlock over the speakership in the state legislature shortly before, Curran had maneuvered so skillfully against Deneen that a Lorimer-Brundage-Curran faction was created. Through the bombast of Brundage and the diplomacy of Curran, the differences of the eighteen were ignored, and they resolved

to fight the Olson candidacy to the end, and decide later what one man they would get behind.

Thompson chortled his glee in a signed statement, issued shortly after the caucus of the seventeenth:

In view of the stand taken by a few self-appointed committees and leaders presuming to represent the Republican and Progressive parties as to the selection of mayor and other offices in the approaching city primary election, I take the liberty of calling to the attention of the voters of Chicago the fact that whenever any clique of politicians or any faction of any party undertakes to use the official party committee as an instrument through which and by which to foist personal selections upon the electorate, they violate the letter and spirit of the direct primary law. . . . If these political cliques would refrain from using the party committees to serve their own ends and allow the voters themselves to nominate their own candidate, I feel sure that the people would choose the man in each party best qualified to serve it and in whom the majority have the utmost confidence.

It will cost the city of Chicago hundreds of thousands of dollars to conduct the coming municipal primary. Why should this money be taken out of the taxpayers' pocket . . . if the party committees or the self-constituted cliques are better qualified to select the candidates?

I am assured that the temper of the people is such at this time that no man stamped with the brand of a political machine can hope to win at the polls. . . .

Committee domination was the rock upon which the Republican party split asunder in the last Presidential election. Why repeat the same blunder again?

I do not believe the people should conduct the coming primary by proxy. They must thoughtfully examine the credentials of the candidates and make their own selections. . . .

This flamboyant pronunciamento rambled on for another page. It was the typical "beef" of the politician, one fat pot forever calling the stout kettle black.

Meanwhile both factions were busily calling the public's attention to their virtue and integrity, working to build up their machines in secret. Deneen's machine was by far the strongest, in fact Lundin hadn't much of an organization to work with at the beginning, but within six months he had patched up the old Lorimer aggregation to some semblance of harmony. Apparently, however, Thompson was an independent candidate, and the electorate swallowed this bait whole.

When Big Bill had formally announced himself as an active candidate for mayor on December twenty-third in the Auditorium Theater, the crowd yelled with joy at every utterance given off by him and his consorts, which surprised Thompson as much as it did the scouts of the regulars. Nobody thought he would click so well and so quickly. The theatrical mechanics were admirably planned by Lundin. Bands and marching clubs were planted conveniently to stimulate enthusiasm, and the stage was jammed with grinning servants of the people. Piled at one side of the proscenium were the petitions alleged to have been signed by 140,000 men and women.

Mr. Thompson denied the right of the Republican county committee to pick an organization candidate, and withdrew his own name from any consideration by that body, signifying his intention of going into the primaries with no strings attached. Consider carefully his speech.

In political contests, whether local, state, or national, the law of Illinois gives preference, recognition and legal standing to candidates regularly nominated by political parties in direct primary election, free and open to all who may desire to enter. In partisan affairs I am a Republican, and when party issues are properly at stake I rejoice in the victory of my party, but I desire to state plainly that I do not believe a candidate for the office of mayor of Chicago should use as a platform the achieve-

ments of a national administration. Our campaign is essentially local, and so far as I have influence it will be developed on local issues. (*Sic!*)

One of the most serious problems that confronts the mayor of Chicago is to break the alliance of politics and crime that now exists in the police department. The state's attorney, a Democrat, Maclay Hoyne, during the last four months has made the statement through the public press that many of the most important officials of our police department are working hand-in-glove with notorious criminals. He has procured the indictment of a number of prominent officials and promises to indict many others.

I promise you if the citizens of this city elect me mayor I will clean out all faithless police officials in high places in the department, and completely divorce that department from politics. The plan of sending honest patrolmen to the cabbage patches at the instance of some politician, who derives his income from protecting criminals, merely because they have performed their duty, will not prevail if William Hale Thompson is your mayor.

One of the most serious problems is the lack of proper transportation. During the year more than 500,000,000 passengers rode on our surface lines alone. During the rush hours these surface cars are crowded to suffocation. Not only are they overcrowded but, due to lack of ventilation, they are a menace to public health. The present laws are sufficient, if enforced, to remedy this evil and compel the street-car companies to give their patrons efficient passenger service.

I am a firm believer in the policy of home rule and if elected mayor will use my influence toward having the public utilities in which the citizens of Chicago are exclusively concerned under the control and direction of the city government and our own people."

This array of promises is printed as a guide to the behavior of Bill the Fighter after he secured his plum.

The Olson crowd had not yet gone in for theatrics but

they were stirring about, seeing more to organization than pervasive ballyhoo for the present. Deneen had been adroit in pocketing the echoes of the Roosevelt boom and Ickes, Dempsey, Sergel and Devine were out doing their bits for Judge Harry. When Professor Merriam realized the abortiveness of his personal candidacy, he too put his following behind Olson, and later stumped for him. The non-partisan units, headed by Alexander H. Revell, a wealthy furniture merchant and club brother of Thompson's, all scrambled for comfortable seats in the Deneen-Olson-Ickes bandwagon. Merriam, Deneen and Miss Jane Addams toured the city for Olson—which made it clear that this side was counting heavily on the more respectable and literate portions of society to win.

Willie, the foe of machine politics, hammered away daily at the forces of evil which were subverting and evading the letter and spirit of the direct primary law, and indicated time and again his complete preparation to enter the lists as an unsullied Republican. Fred Lundin must have grinned as he concocted this stuff.

Accusations flew about to cynicize the simple citizenry. Thompson accused Olson of being a Jekyll-Hyde, a judge by day and a machine politician by night. He supplemented this literary reference, which he feared might be too hifalutin for the bulk of the voters, with the charge that his opponent had made a deal with Anton J. Cermak, the Democratic chief bailiff of the municipal court, exchanging patronage for Tony's influence in obtaining him a \$2500 raise in salary. Also, he filed protests with the Bar Association declaring that Olson was violating their rules, which glowered upon judges participating in politics.

Alderman Buck, an insurgent barnstorming for Olson, threw vicious handfuls of mud on Thompson's record in the city council of fifteen years before:

Mr. Thompson is urged upon the voters of Chicago as a sportsman, a man of red blood, a square, frank, open, manly man who is willing to stand up and face that which faces him and deal directly. He has been in office before, so his record may be examined to see just how much of a sportsman he may be expected to be if elevated to office again. He, in 1900 to 1902, was alderman from the old second ward. On June 18, 1901, during his term, there came up in the council an ordinance as an aftermath to the notorious Ogden Gas Ordinance of 1895, making possible the sale of the Ogden Gas Company to the People's Gas, Light and Coke Company for a sum reputed to be about six million dollars. The Municipal Voters' League said of the ordinance: "The boodlers lined up solidly. Party bosses cajoled. The ordinance was passed but, however, was vetoed by the mayor and there died. This is the most serious blot upon the council of 1900-02."

Thompson created a flurry by addressing an open letter to Olson, which said in part:

. . . Is it not a fact that you have agreed that your appointments will be parcelled out by Mr. Deneen, your political boss, of whom Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the leader of the Progressive party, spoke as follows: "During the convention of 1912, I became convinced of his shuffling and double-dealing, and I grew to feel a very hearty contempt for him and entirely to mistrust his sincerity and loyalty to the people's cause."

Big Bill's exploitation of the Roosevelt remark about Deneen was clever, for Teddy was the kind of hero, in the eyes of his followers, that could do no wrong and be guilty of no smallness. In reality, of course, this remark had been just pique and bile because Charlie Deneen had chosen to be a faithful party man and support Taft rather than jump the fence with T. R.

Thompson's campaign buttons were red, with BIG BILL glaring from the faces. That the spirit of '76 was

not yet dead, even in this money-grubbing age, was indicated by the activities of a fife and drum corps of thirty members, instituted by the William Hale Thompson 25th Ward Club.

Most of these features were brain-throbs of Fred Lundin, the ex-patent medicine hawker who knew his public so thoroughly. As for Thompson, it gave him exquisite pleasure to strike the pose of the patrioteer. It was in this campaign that he first attracted notice as a leading American loyalist, dissipated a trifle by his war record, but flowering effulgently in 1927, when he routed the minions of Downing Street by exposing their insidious work in the school system.

As has been indicated, the division of labor was a quartering: Lundin occupied himself with unifying the old Lorimer machine, coined numerous slogans, wrote many speeches, and thought out the platform; Pugh scurried all over town getting money and attended to many of the details; Pike likewise assisted in the financial end, besides interesting the sporting element, with whom he rated highly, in the candidacy of one of their kind. Bill's wife was bustling about attending parties, teas, bridges and coffee klatches, and entertaining unceasingly at the Thompson residence at 3200 Sheridan Road. Maggie Hale, the talented household cook, materially aided her mistress, and hence her master's cause, during these trying weeks.

Harry Olson was having an easy time of it. He had a smooth-running and puissant organization behind him; the Progressives were being whipped into line by their leaders; the churches of the city rang with his praises; the press endorsed him; he even had the reform leaders massed behind his effort. He wasn't at all worried. Hence his campaigning was desultory. He postponed his début before the public until late in the contest, February

fourth, which was but nineteen days before the primary; and the last week he went out of the city, confident of an easy triumph and intent only on resting for the more strenuous campaign against the Democrats.

For the sixty days preceding primary day Thompson talked himself hoarse. He concentrated particularly on arousing enthusiasm in the ward organizations, and keeping it at fever heat. Lundin wanted Thompson to have personal contact with every voter in the city. And this ideal was almost realized.

Henry M. Hyde, a sagacious and cynical writer for the *Tribune*, wittily painted a picture of one of these ward meetings which may well be included in any comprehensive compendium of the workings of a democracy. It can serve for any large city in the United States.

"When surrounded by them that are near and dear to you, you go to bed in your humble domicile—no matter how lowly—and a thief or enemy breaks in; do you not awaken and yell, 'Where is the government?' And so, my dear friends, I say to you in all honesty, all candor, and in all sincerity that we should see to it that we should select as a candidate for public office only a man we hope much for, a man whose noble life is a public benediction, a man into the deepest depths of whose inmost heart the golden rays of God's own sunshine penetrates. When this man comes, his magnificent physique will awe the house, his financial acumen will go down into the archives of the nation, his touching voice will echo and re-echo and resound to the lofty dome above. It is needless to say that the noble candidate to whom I refer is——."

It should be quickly explained that nobody takes this effervescent spell-binder seriously. He is merely a curtain-raiser, kept to fill in time when the automobile which is rushing the candidates from hall to hall is for some reason delayed. He ranks no higher politically than the Murphy twins, two little boys in green tights who box three rounds between speeches. People who did not at-

tend the little ward meetings, held all over the city, twenty or thirty nightly, missed a wonderful opportunity to study democracy in action, with plenty of amusement thrown in.

The real proceedings begin when the motor car bearing the Men of the Hour pants up to the curb in front of the meeting-place. A noisy group of small boys, three of whom are honored by being allowed to hold sticks of red fire, mark the place.

Out of the auto steps three or four ponderous and solemn-looking men, their faces worried, their shoulders bowed. In the entrance and along the hallway are distributed about fifty young fellows with political aspirations and campaign cigars. The campaign luminaries tramp up the stairs and enter the hall at the rear. As they march down the aisle to the platform all the patriots looking forward to payroll appointments burst into hearty and unrestrained cheers.

The chairman reaches forward and plucks the coat-tails of the spell-binder. "In all candor, in all sincerity, in all honesty—I thank you fellow citizens and ladies." He sits down to beam and lead in the applause.

What the candidates say depends on their personality and the audience they are addressing. Here is a sample. He is a huge and heavy man. He clasps his ham-like hands before his stomach and clears his throat.

"You gimme a good vote before and I ain't had a chanct to thank you before. Much obliged. I hope you gimme as good a vote on Tuesday. In conclusion I hope you vote a straight ticket from start to bottom, so we can give you a business administration and furnish plenty of jobs for the boys who vote right."

More impressive and less to the point is the statesman.

"Fellow citizens, I am not ambitious to shine as an orator. But all my life I have been accustomed to hard labor. I began to work as a boy of nine years. I have been working ever since. If you will send me to . . . I shall continue the habits of industry which have become my second nature. In my own poor way and to the extent of my limited ability, I shall attempt to hold up the hands of our far-sighted President to the end that

peace, prosperity and contentment shall continue to prevail among all the people of these United States."

Big Bill Thompson had acquainted the common people with his personality, and they liked him. Olson's sloth, his snubbing of the masses and his icy nature cost him the nomination. The final count was: for William Hale Thompson, 179,048; for Harry Olson, 84,825.

Chicago was shortly to be introduced to a unique personality: a cowboy had challenged the gods, and gotten away with it.

EIGHT

THE CITY HALL GOES BURLESQUE

HE was flushed with his success at the primary. So was his quiet mentor, Fred Lundin, but the latter realized that the hardest lap of the race lay ahead. After all, it could be seen in retrospect how easy it had been. Olson was a capable man but almost utterly devoid of political "it." He was late in getting into his stride, and when he did he couldn't travel as fast or as effectively as Big Bill. Harry Olson was a good judge, and would have given Chicago a judicious administration. But he wasn't a promoter of votes. And Bill Thompson was.

In the election, however, Thompson was facing a different kind of opponent. The Democratic primary had been a bitter affair between Mayor Carter Harrison and the county clerk, Robert M. Sweitzer. The mayor had the support of Governor Dunne, but Sweitzer was directed by Roger Sullivan, to whom Woodrow Wilson owed his high place. Another boss of the faction was George Brennan, who later succeeded Sullivan and was primarily responsible for the prompt nomination of Al Smith in Houston in 1928. Fred Lundin was crossing swords with a crew of strategists worthy of his skill.

Further, there was little inequality in the personalities of the candidates. While Sweitzer probably had more administrative ability than Thompson, he was a great glad-hander, possibly a bit oleaginous but withal quite forceful in his appeal. Everything augured for a campaign that would be bizarre, noisy, lowbrow. Sullivan had just been

beaten for the Senate and was thirsting for a fat Republican scalp in retribution. To make the outlook blacker for the Lundin-Thompson fortunes, Tom Scully, a Democrat, was county judge, which meant that the election machinery was in their hands. From the tap of the gong Sweitzer was a 2 to 1 favorite in the betting.

Obviously, the first thing to be done was to sit down and think it all over. So after a few days at home, Bill Thompson took the arm of pal Jimmy Pugh and went to Mt. Clemens. Of course they didn't go alone. There was the usual crowd of super-strategists, boon companions, sycophants. Bill never did relish solitude and would perish as a Trappist. He needed a chorus to sing his praises, men, women and children to hail him as the conquering hero. Within twenty-four hours Pugh was able to transmit this message over the long-distance wires: "Bill is fine. The jaunt up here is doing him worlds of good."

The sturdy and combative Sweitzer didn't need a sycophantic choir but it was the part of wisdom to enjoy a short cabal; so the Democratic contingent—Sullivan, Brennan, O'Brien, Igoe, Sweitzer and a few others—retired to Hot Springs.

The Republican primary had been so invidiously fought and the result had been so unexpected and humiliating to the regulars that party amity looked doubtful. Deneen promised his support ill-naturedly, and Olson had signed a reluctant truce. Merriam was silenced, for he was coming up for aldermanic re-election, and as he was the leader of the refractory forces in the council he was unwilling to sacrifice his constructive program for the pleasure of assailing Thompson; besides, he didn't see much of a choice between Sullivan and Lundin. With Deneen, Olson and Merriam apathetic, the entire burden fell upon the broad shoulders of Big Bill.

Gaining the nomination had been expensive but the

Thompson outfit still had a comfortable war chest. Pugh continued to be financially behind his sailing companion, as was Pike, and one of the cogs in the machine, Bernard Snow, was on the Board of Trade and had good connections with several well-heeled gentlemen there.

The situation with the newspapers was disheartening to the group who wished to carry on the tradition of Alexander Hamilton in the Chicago City Hall. The sheets that weren't hot for Bob was indifferent to Thompson. The *Tribune* shelved its moral indignation and former loathing for everything tainted with the Lorimer touch and treated the campaign strictly as news. Evidently they looked upon a disciple of Sullivan as dourly as they did upon a graduate of Professor Lorimer's School of Fine Political Arts and Sciences.

But Bill got along with the boys of the press personally in fine style. Daily they carried his words of wisdom and optimism to the interested public. With the malleable memory of a true servant of the people, Thompson forgot the primary barrages of the "World's Greatest Newspaper" and wrote them frequent open letters full of sweetness and light.

These epistles were not awarded first-page space, however, despite their vital content. There happened to be a war going on in Europe, and—even more important for virile Americans—Jess Willard was training for his fight with the champ, black Jack Johnson, at Havana. Chicago is a good sporting town, one of the best, so the people were compelled to divide their attentions three ways: Johnson-Willard, France-Germany and Thompson-Sweitzer, the big contests of the hour.

The Republican campaign motto, drenched as usual with significance and purpose, was the child of Thompson by Lundin: "All for Chicago and Chicago for All." It was hollow enough to make a big hit with the electorate.

On March third Thompson sent the *Tribune* a signed message which stamped him as a man of unrelenting courage: "As the nominee of the Republican party for mayor, I believe it is my duty immediately to give evidence that what I said in the pre-primary campaign I said with sincerity—that I would not, if nominated and elected, use the power of the mayor's office to build up political machines." The evidence did not follow. We are still waiting for it.

The return of Thompson and his cohorts from Michigan and the Sweitzer wrecking crew from Arkansas took the campaign from the mails and brought it with a whoop onto the speaking platform. The fives were polished once more and the drumheads were tightened; the flags were unfurled and flapped their red-white-and-blue beauty to the winds—for ideals were at stake, and the best American wins.

Meetings were held by both sides with dizzying frequency. From morning until night the rival headquarters buzzed with the activities of political chicane. Professional orators, with visions of the pork-barrel setting them afire, took turns at impressing huge crowds of the merits of the respective aspirants. Bill's virtues as a sportsman, business man, husband and friend were bellowed nightly from convenient rostrums. They hurled the charge of Sullivanism at Sweitzer, which caused the taunt of Lorimer-Lundinism to rebound back. Sweitzer was accused of using his office of county clerk to further his political ambitions, and of using the taxpayers' money recklessly as well. Staunch Republican blood congealed when the haranguing hordes shrieked that a Sweitzer victory would mean the loss of home rule for Chicago, in addition to a city-wide business depression which was the inevitable backwash of the municipal application of the Democratic tariff. A full dinner pail for the working man. Work for Chicago's

150,000 unemployed. Removal of the police department from politics and the protection of the board of education from the vile corrupters. . . . The Thompson orators were a busy lot.

Clubs and groups were organized by hungry zealots and given space in the general headquarters. Special privileges were promised them. There were ethnic groups: Polish, Lithuanian, German, Italian; vocational divisions: doctors', lawyers', law students'; and theological categories: Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Catholic. Trade unions were exploited. Lodges and fraternal bodies were addressed. And Lundin placed special emphasis on the marshalling of the Negroes and the Jews.

On the south side, in the Sepia Sector, an open town was promised. Even the familiar flair of the Aframerican for crap games was exploited by speakers seeking to tempt the black man again to stand back of Big Bill, who had been the friend of the dusky for twenty years. In pale-face sections Thompson men went around calling upon the great god Public to strike down Sweitzer, the pro-Negro, the carpet-bagger.

The promised assistance of Deneen and Olson was slow in coming forward. Charlie himself was conveniently ill and was advised by his physician to stay at home, lest death relieve the state of Illinois of its most ardent servant. Olson, having neglected his duties on the bench during the primaries, suddenly realized the responsibilities of his exalted office and buried himself in repentance and catching up. Both of them, however, anticipated the day when they could lend their personalities and power to the cause of Big Bill's candidacy, for was not his crusade the concern of all loyal Republicans?

Sweitzer's Catholicism and Thompson's Shrinishness was bound to bring friction among the papists and anti-papists on this plane. A quasi-secret organization, pre-

tentiously calling itself the Guardians of Liberty, mysteriously came into being, and existed long enough to fan the flames madly underneath the boiling pot of the campaign. There was a prevalent notion among the Protestants that the public schools were being managed in a fashion unjust to their faith. And a lot of flamboyant Irishmen working for Sweitzer didn't relieve the tension of this question a bit.

Although many Republicans, disappointed at Thompson's nomination, were sullen and verged on the contumacious, a small but loudly vocal faction of Democrats almost filled the breach. The Jeffersonians had been split wide open in their primary, the Dunne-Harrison-O'Connell protagonists looking upon the Sweitzer-Sullivan victory dourly and with scorn, a few of them actually bolting the party and assisting Thompson. Among these the most sedulous was John Kantor, a man possessing the fetching and imposing appearance of the popular orator, and plenty of enthusiasm for Bill's cause. Announcing theatrically (in the proper locality) that he was of the Jewish faith and hence stood for racial equality, he would assail Sweitzer for his injection of the religious element into the campaign. Bearded Hebrews, grubbing for a living in the Maxwell Street markets, with the Cossack's lash still stinging upon their backs, were not difficult to persuade to vote for William Hale Thompson, Zionist and Friend of the Jew. Kantor labored so zealously and effectively that he was rewarded both politically and socially by Thompson, becoming a close friend of Bill and his wife for the years following.

Another vigorous person championing the Lundin-Thompson sodality was Robert E. Crowe, a former assistant state's attorney and Lincoln Leaguer. He did much to carry his west side ward for Bill, but it was not until

a few years had gone by, as shall be pointed out, that he received full reciprocity for it.

Post-election analyses revealed the two biggest issues of the campaign—that is, as determinants of the result—as the religious and racial issue and the public utilities issue. The Thompson speakers vociferously branded Roger Sullivan as the tool of the Interests, contending that he and his candidate reeked of gas and that Sweitzer received much financial backing from the large department stores as well. It is amusing to note in this connection that on July 1, 1914, Thompson was the recorded owner of 1,100 shares of Commonwealth Edison stock, the corporation controlling the gas company, although this juicy tidbit was not brought out until later.

When the campaign reached the final week the high potentate, Charles S. Deneen, made the supreme sacrifice, dragged his emaciated and illness-torn body up onto the rostrum, and managed weakly to articulate the urgency of the G. O. P. flag waving over the city on election day. Following his master's voice could be heard the frail seconding of Judge Olson, glancing up a moment from his bench.

The last abusive fling of the Sweitzerites was aimed at Thompson for his connection with Frank O. Lowden, potential candidate for governor in 1916. Lowden had married into the Pullman family, hence it was charged that Lundin and Thompson were being subsidized by railroad millions. This stroke was an effective one, but based on rather dubious assumptions.

The color and vigor of the Thompson-Sweitzer scramble is well illustrated in the following press report, published just before the campaign closed:

That the vote will be unusually large was indicated yesterday and last night in the rioting, smashing of heads, breaking up of

meetings, and general bedlam and turmoil that swept over the Loop district. This intense feeling and high tension, excitement gripping both men and women in all walks of life, means that the purpose of the red fire campaign has been realized: to get the voters to the polls on Tuesday.

Nothing in the political history of Chicago, not even the demonstrations of presidential years, approximated the unbridled uproar and rioting that swept over the downtown district in the closing hours.

Hatreds bred of the religious issue, injected into the campaign with no attempts to conceal them, burst forth in scores of places.

Downtown theater meetings were broken up at noonday by bands of rowdies. Clashes of the partisans were frequent on the streets, and even the police were rushed off their feet by mobs.

The Thompson parade of the afternoon, the biggest thing of its kind staged up to that hour, was featured with disorder. Banners were torn from the automobiles and crowds rushed across street intersections yelling for Sweitzer, breaking into the parade and pushing policemen to one side. Heads were smashed in both the indoor rallies along the line of the parade. . . .

The outbreaks of brutality and confusion caused grave fears among the party leaders as to probable trouble in the voting Tuesday. If the same hatreds exhibited on the last day of the canvas are carried to the polls, they say, both parties can expect to be disgraced.

The parade referred to above was an interesting commentary upon the Lundin tactic and its efficacy. It was led by three elephants, representing the three Republican factions, a bull moose representing the Progressives, and a donkey symbolizing Democracy.

Thousands of automobiles and a dozen bands supported thousands of men and women marchers in the parade. At one point it was blocked by a clash when a large truck carrying Sweitzer boosters butted into the line of march. The Sweitzer wagon finally won out and continued on its way.

One feature of the parade got by without a riot. It was a company of boys with a banner reading: "We Want More Swimmin' Holes."

Most of the marching women carried American flags, while others in automobiles fluttered handkerchiefs and Thompson bunting. Women from Lake Shore Drive and "back of the yards," from Michigan Avenue and the melting pot district, rode side by side in the cars and on the big floats.

The campaign had been an amusing one, replete with thumbing of noses and beating of breasts. Although both sides hoped for the votes of the Better Element, i. e., the men who did not whip their wives very often, they were better equipped for, and more desirous of, bringing out the gay and careless proletariat. One slick scheme of Lundin's in this latter regard was the detailing of two declamatory fellows to address the refused applicants at the McCormick Harvester Works between eight and nine o'clock every morning. This stunt proved so fetching it was used regularly at other large plants and factories. Naturally the unemployment gag was used in all speeches everywhere. The Thompson economics was sure to bring about a cessation of this lamentable Democratic condition, if only given the opportunity to operate. "A full dinner pail for everyone" worked as well as a slogan as it did for Mark Hanna, and it rang out over the heads of the largest army ever marshalled.

The campaign officially closed on the Saturday preceding election. Such terms of the Hooverian Golden Age as "static," "condenser," "tube" and "national hook-up" were not then integral parts of the popular vocabulary, so the public was given a respite of two days from the jabbering of the men whose lust for serving them induced them to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to obtain

jobs paying considerably less. Hinky Dink Kenna, Bathhouse John Coughlin, Barney Grogan, Morris Eller and the rest were admonished by their respective leaders to keep plugging out in the wards, but the candidates themselves shut up. On Sunday the pious of the citizenry went to church, and many were the prayers offered up, to a God probably not greatly concerned, begging for the victory of Bob or Bill.

It seemed as if the town voted *en masse*. The polls opened at 6 A. M. but long lines had formed before this hour. "A civic awakening," some journalist bitten with the democratic germ called it. As the sun ascended the activity increased. The cops were kept more than busy, whether contributing to the disorder or restraining it no cynic recorded. As had been predicted, violence was rampant, many enthusiasts carrying bruised bodies for weeks afterwards.

As the returns began to come in it looked close, but by eight o'clock the Sweitzer bosses conceded defeat. At midnight it became clear that a Thompson landslide had taken place. Randolph Street, from the Sherman House to Marshall Field's, was choked with a mob gone mad. The Sweitzer fans, bitterly disappointed, retired—but not quietly. Many of them engaged in acrimonious brawls with the boasting Thompsonites in the saloons and restaurants all over the city. They paid their bets grudgingly. It was tough to lose after confidently offering 2 to 1 odds.

Bill was expansively occupied all day. In the morning he voted for himself. In the afternoon he shook dozens of hands, smoked almost as many cigars, held numerous whispered telephone conversations with Fred, Jim, Gene, Homer and the rest.

The official count, made a few days later, was: for Thompson, 398,538; for Sweitzer, 251,061; but the result

was so lop-sided that nobody doubted the verdict that flamed from the extra editions at midnight of election day.

Big Bill arose early the next morning, donned his cowboy sombrero (which had never left his head during the campaign) and posed for pictures. The choicest of these was one with Mrs. Mary M. Conrad, Chicago's oldest voter, who although 102 had been greatly moved by Bill's cogent rhetoric. Then our hero went for a walk with the Missus, in the course of which he bowed 433 times and shook 77 hands.

While waiting for the official red-tape to unwind to make him formally the mayor-elect, Thompson accepted a few invitations to get off some speeches which lay undelivered in his chest. They were not articulated in the pitch that won him so many thousand votes, but in the solemn tone of a man who has heavy responsibilities and realizes them. He reiterated his promise to do much for the great city which had so honored him.

He attended the anniversary banquet and ball of the Hamilton Club as its guest of honor, and when he saw himself surrounded and respected by high Republican dignitaries he forgot he was soon to be mayor and dreamed of himself as Woodrow Wilson's successor in 1916! He wasn't alone in this hallucination.

The following Sunday he graced the pulpit of the South Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church at the request of its pastor, Reverend Brushingham, an emissary of God who had found piety and politics a congenial and remunerative combination. He was pleased when Bill spoke in his church, and with one eye on Heaven and the other on the city hall he rubbed his palms together in high satisfaction. The mayor-elect spoke on "Children First." After justifying his title by references to his record in behalf of the kiddies in the council, and a brief analysis of the crime situation, he closed with the following words:

"As mayor of Chicago I will do my best, as God gives me the light to see the right. I will be fair and just to all. I will keep my ear close to the ground to try to learn the wishes of the majority. Having learned it I will act."

The above is not re-printed in a sardonic spirit. Bill really meant what he said. The sincerity of his intentions is well borne out by an incident, passing unnoticed by the press, which occurred while he was taking the oath of office.

It happened on April twelfth, an unctuous and meaningless function administered by the city clerk. As James Pugh handed his friend the pen to sign the document pledging him to abide by the state and federal constitutions, the big moment of Bill's life so far, some hint of impending disaster must have flashed across his mind: "Jimmy, I know I'll have to make good now," he said. And while he signed, with ardent flourishes, he brushed away a tear with his large left hand.

Early the next morning he departed with a party of forty-six for Peoria, where the steamboat *Kabekoona* lay at anchor. The scheduled trip was down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to Memphis. Unfortunately, the boat, with its precious cargo, ran out of coal before it reached St. Louis. Mayor Bill reverted back to Commodore Thompson and ordered all hands on deck, and coming alongside some friendly coal-pile the bunkers were soon filled. Then, when Parke Browne, the *Tribune* correspondent, had telegraphed his daily story, the trip was resumed and all made merry. At Cairo William Nelson Pelouze, the mayor's brother-in-law, and Col. E. E. Racey got shore leave and hurried back to Chicago to prepare for the big doings planned for the inauguration a fortnight away. It had been planned, at one of their cabals, that a pretentious Prosperity Day parade impress upon

the populace the kind of leader it was getting. The idea was Lundin's.

Mr. Pelouze underlined his return by contributing stories to the press about the private life of Mr. Thompson, the first of which bore the quaint caption: "Mayor Jumps on Water-Wagon." He told the enthralled reporters that Bill had renounced the jug when the campaign started. "While not a drinker to excess, he couldn't stand the strain of campaigning and then a hard administration if he handicapped himself by drinking. He cut out smoking too while he had to make many speeches, but he smokes a little now." The public cheered at this revelation. They like their heroes to be sensible about such things, like Lindy. But as most of the impious know, a seat on the water-wagon is uncomfortable, except perhaps for a novel ride around the block.

The next person to leave the boys of the *Kabekoona* was Charlie McCullough, friend of the mayor and manager of the Parmelee Company. His objective was matrimony. The absence of women and liquor aboard had hastened his desire to have a wife and cellar of his own.

At East St. Louis Thompson and his party were accorded an elegant fête by the Elks, who were proud of Brother Bill. History records that Thompson made a speech, but is silent on the point of his turning his glass down. It is probable, though, that he stuck to his vow and drank lemon pop, with a sarsaparilla chaser.

He left immediately for home. The Prosperity Day parade was on April twenty-sixth and he had to be on hand to assist in the elaborate preparations. He hadn't yet learned to leave everything to his *oberleutnants*. Confidence is not so easily created.

NINE

BILL ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES

THE primary obligations of the mayor-elect to his public had been taken care of before he sailed away. He had been photographed with the thrilled Mrs. Thompson with his sombrero on, with it off, with cook Maggie Hale, with the frightened family canary bird, with his sleeves rolled up and with his sleeves rolled down.

Job-seekers gathered around him like hungry little sucklings about a sow. He told the reporters he was annoyed by these mendicants. The publicists snickered behind their fans. They knew he loved it.

Upon his return from the river voyage Thompson called together a body of two hundred business men to pass on the appointments he had decided upon. Being friction-despising fellows, like most gentlemen pledged to Service, and hand-picked besides, they endorsed his entire list with the spontaneity indigenous to their ilk. Most of the selections elicited no surprise, for the papers had been indulging in the usual "inside dope" speculations for a week, but the men of dollars were polite and cheered roundly.

Thompson had taken out a roster of his nearest and dearest friends, added a name or two for tone, and had written "Cabinet" in large letters at the top. Whatever derogatory may be said of Bill Thompson, no one can accuse him of failing to stand by his friends. Very often he was loyal at the sacrifice of the best interests of the city he was hired to serve. Not that he did not love Chicago, for he did, much as a boy loves his dog, heavily and senti-

mentally. But most of the time he could not see any difference or conflict between civic compulsions and the demands of friendship. Weren't these men his buddies, and hadn't they put him in office? Hence were they not capable men? And if the newspapers and the reform organizations attacked his appointments he laid it to "persecution." To be sure, he could not help realizing that many able men existed outside his clique, but that cognizance created no dilemma for Bill: it was fealty to his pals first, and usually he thought he was best serving the city by this adherence.

His reasoning completed, his conclusions convincing to him, he grunted and grimly prepared for the inevitable fight with the council to put his friends over. Like Harding, the first obligation was to the men who made his success possible. And to be charitable, they both may have considered this tantamount to living up to the faith indicated by their pluralities. To expect more is to be unfair to a fine yachtsman and a skillful poker player.

Before the altercations with the council occurred, Big Bill had to be inaugurated. Now Fred Lundin had a motto which illustrates his affinity with that other great exploiter of simians, Phineas T. Barnum: "When in doubt give a parade." Fred was not in doubt about anything but he did think a day of flubdub would properly impress the people with the new régime. So Thompson's inauguration day was the occasion for the Prosperity Day Parade.

Mobilization in Grant Park began at eleven o'clock in the morning. By two o'clock the parade was ready to start, aerial bombs and displays of fireworks setting it in motion. With approximately one-fifth of the city's population looking on in fascination, the twelve mile-long caterpillar toured the downtown district. There were 50,000 in the line of march, 350 floats, 6,000 automobiles, and all this took over four hours in passing a given spot. The ultimate objective for which all the participants were primed was

the reviewing stand on the west side of the city hall, in the center of which was the mayor's box. This was graced by Bill, his wife, his two sisters with their husbands, Pelouze and Burkhardt, Dr. and Mrs. William A. Reid, James A. Pugh and Frederick Lundin.

The spectacle was typical of America, of Chicago and of Big Bill Thompson. Hundreds of marching policemen led the way. Mounted cowboys and cowgirls from the stockyards yelled and ki-yied. Students from the Art Institute in grotesquely-daubed smocks pranced for Culture and Thompson. They were followed, appropriately enough, by clay and brick artisans, waving mortar-boards aloft. Then came the employees of the Illinois Central Railroad, riding in a great float resembling a passenger coach, labeled "Chicago. Big Bill, Conductor."

A thousand street-cleaners, resplendent in fresh white uniforms, strode along; and for fear some nervous horse might not remember this was a holiday, each man had a carnation in his lapel. There was a large cinnamon bear in a wicker cage, wearing a sign "My Name Used To Be Buster. Now It's Bill."

The water department was represented by a big water-wagon, giving Bill the gentle razzberry for his pledge of abstention.

Education was indicated to be an important complement to prosperity by the presence of a little red school-house, surrounded by children. Also in this section was a float bearing several girls in not very opaque white gowns, holding a banner which read, "The Chicago Schools—We Teach the Three R's to 331,567 Children." This was followed by a kitchen on wheels, with young ladies going through the motions of baking cakes and scrambling eggs for husbands in the offing. Another float, with lassies sewing industriously on quilts and unmentionables, brought up the rear of the feminine contingent.

The first ward, the Loop region, made a gay appearance with a flowery horn-of-plenty and a big money bag, typifying the wealth of its constituents.

The Protestant Women's League, triumphant that the Pope had been frustrated, walked proudly along, with a sour-visaged dame in purple leading, her eyes buried in the Holy Scripture.

The mayor's pals of the Illinois Athletic Club were out *en masse*. They presented a motley sight, for the swimmers were in bathing suits, the fencers in padded outfits brandishing foils, and the stars of track and gym in shorts and thin shirts.

A unique feature was a Chinese band hired by the Chinese Merchants' Association. Opera virtuosos from Chinatown, with attendants on horseback, nonchalantly tossed forth coins of the old régime.

There were floats from the large hotels. One showed a baby in a cradle, surmounted by a sign: "Prosperity. Born April 26, 1915, and Good for Many Years." Another, depicting a whale, bore the caption: "Who Says Bill Isn't a Whale?"

An entire circus passed by, menagerie and all. Slightly less grotesque were the Shriners and the Elks, in full regalia, and to these Thompson gave the high-signs peculiar to rituals dear to them.

Despite the absence of the recently supplanted mayor, Carter Harrison, who had a pressing engagement, Prosperity Day was a salutary success. Even the newspapers said so. If prosperity wasn't instantaneously inducted, what difference did it make? The purpose of the affair was to afford a lot of fun and excitement for the masses of grown-up children throughout the city. And Big Billy shook the biggest rattle.

Mrs. Thompson voiced the popular sentiment of the

day as she watched the vast procession file past before her husband:

"Isn't everyone enthusiastic though? See, there is an automobile filled with men and women I personally know opposed him. There are some Democrats.

"They're all Thompson men now. That's going to make prosperity come sure."

The charming wife of the new mayor was correct. Plenty was not long delayed in arriving. Five years later, following the example set by Chicago, the nation unseated a Democratic theorist and installed a practical Republican newspaperman in the presidency, with a realistic New England lawyer to aid him. By 1928 the country had become so impressed with the synonymity of Republicanism and prosperity that an even more practical man, an engineer, in fact, rode easily into the White House—and prosperity became a universal attribute.

William Hale Thompson was inaugurated mayor of Chicago at 8 P. M. of that day. From nine until after midnight inauguration and Prosperity Day balls celebrated the twin occasion.

But Mayor Bill didn't linger for all the festivities. The people's interests are above mere frivolous pleasure. So he left at 12:01 with a party of aldermen for Springfield, to appear before the public utility committee of the lower house of the legislature in support of the "home rule" bill. He was greeted with an excited demonstration there, and later dined at Governor Dunne's mansion.

Bill breezed into his new office at 9:13 A. M. His stride was elastic, his eyes sparkling, his "prosperity hat" on his head. A new mahogany desk, presented to him by the yacht club, awaited his leaning elbows. On it, among other things, was a telegram from Billy Sunday:

I believe a great wave of prosperity and religion is soon to sweep our land. I congratulate Chicago on the election of an administration that represents such high business and moral ideas. Having lived there so many years I know by reputation all of your cabinet and some of them personally. I extend to you my heartiest and sincerest wishes.

"Great little advertiser, Billy is," mused the mayor. "I wonder what he does with all his money. He won't do Chicago any harm when he comes."

Mayor Thompson's first act, the announcement of his cabinet, was an excellent intimation of the kind of service he was to render the city which had chosen him to lead it. Also, it commenced the large-scale abuse by the papers which became their habit for ten years. He was denounced as having "a low sense of official responsibility," of having "reverted to his previous self," of "betraying the public trust." He was accused of filling the city hall with Lorimerites.

What was more natural for a thoroughly average man like Thompson than to remember his friends at this time of exultation and first taste of power? To the three he owed the most he gave *carte blanche*. Pike, Pugh and Lundin made up the administration patronage board. Jim Pugh, it was reported, had invested \$50,000 of his personal fortune in the mayoralty campaign. Further, he was the co-endorser, with Pike and the Swede, of a \$50,000 note which was discounted during an urgent moment at the Harris bank. Just how much Pike gambled on Bill's political star is not known, but he was Thompson's most intimate and convivial companion and he managed as much of the campaign as Lundin allowed. As for Fred Lundin, everybody deferred to him, "the Sage of Lake County."

Lundin and Pugh were clever enough to stay out of the

cabinet, both feeling they could be of more service to "the chief," the party and themselves by advising from the outside. Pike however became city comptroller at \$10,000 a year. He was the first of the millionaires Thompson was to introduce to run the city.

Eugene Rockwell Pike was a year older than his friend Bill. He was one of the largest holders of real property in Chicago, using his large income therefrom to mingle in society and actively engage in sports. After graduating from Yale he had studied and practiced law some little time, but this was an avocation, his principal function being that of sportsman. Like Bill, politics appealed to him as an interesting and not too expensive sport, and he allowed it to usurp and finally demolish his law work. Back in 1898 he had been an alderman. Later he managed Busse's successful campaign for mayor. But despite his association with the graceless Fred, Gene Pike has always been a gentleman, and has had little relish for publicity and brummagem fame.

William R. Moorhouse, another son of Eli, a clubman and millionaire as well, received the assignment of commissioner of public works. Of him Thompson said: "He's used to big jobs. He's worth over a million dollars and was getting a salary of \$20,000 from a tobacco company. That's the caliber of a man *he* is."

The health commissioner plum fell into the ample lap of Dr. John Dill Robertson, an old timer of the Lincoln Lorimer League, in fact its president when it gasped its last. The pet protégé of Fred Lundin, he had been exceptionally industrious for the cowboy's candidacy, being in charge of the noonday rallies in the Loop. When his appointment was rumored, protests inundated the mayor, reform organizations joining with the Chicago Medical Society in indignantly denouncing this selection. But Lundin was especially insistent for Dill, "the only health

commissioner ever named after a pickle," as the *Herald* said; and Dill got the job.

Thompson had promised, with many flourishes, to separate the police department from politics. To this end he made Charles C. Healy chief of Chicago's coppers. Healy was a captain in charge of the traffic division, and had made a first-class record. He was probably as good a chief as a poor police department afforded, but was only the first of many incumbents in Bill's turbulent terms. He was let out before long because some one said he was a poor thief-catcher. In his defense it was said that "he couldn't strike too close to home." The official reason, as is customary, was bad health.

A position of trust and complicity very close to the mayor is that of corporation counsel. He shows the legal ways and means of getting things done or avoiding doing unpleasant things. At the insistence of Pugh, Richard S. Folsom was selected by Thompson. He was a fine man and a fine lawyer, having been the partner of James Hamilton Lewis, the general counsel for the board of education, and former master-in-chancery for the circuit court. This appointment agreeably surprised Bill's critics, for Folsom was a Democrat and had not lifted his finger to bring about Thompson's election. Unfortunately, though, he kept stumbling over the horde of assistants Lundin foisted upon him, and before eighteen months had elapsed he was removed to make way for Samuel Ettelson, a more agile and obliging fellow. (Just why Folsom and Lundin couldn't get along, and why Ettelson was chosen to take his place, will be told in a subsequent chapter.)

Thompson took a number of men out of private life into politics. Among these was his brother-in-law, William Burkhardt, who was known everywhere as "Little Bill." He had been confidential man and adviser to Bill for fifteen years. Earlier in his career he had been paymaster

for an express company. During the campaign he was the corpulent candidate's secretary and *alter ego*, and after Lady Luck kissed them he refused a big job in private life to become deputy commissioner of public works at \$5,000. It appears that the itch for public service will make men sacrifice money, private ambitions, everything.

Charles J. Forsberg had given up his aldermanic seat back in 1912 to further the reform campaign of the Lincoln Protective League. In the abortive campaign of that year he worked lustily for Len Small, the gubernatorial candidate, and William Hale Thompson, Lorimer's choice to give taxpayers full equity before the board of review. Undaunted, he delivered his Democratic ward in such fine style for Thompson in 1915 that he was rewarded with the city collector's position. He was a former business partner of Fred Lundin.

Michel J. Faherty, always present at alumni gatherings of the old Lorimer School, was made president of the board of local improvements at a salary of \$5,000. The family being large, son Roger helped sustain the household with his salary from the city prosecutor's office. Faherty was really a capable man and a prodigious worker, but, as the indictments later rather verbosely pointed out, he had a habit of closing his eyes at the right time.

William H. Reid, a dentist, was made smoke inspector. A former Salvation Army leader was given a high place in the health department, in open defiance of the civil service commission.

Charles Bostrom, associate in the building business of M. J. Faherty, was made building commissioner over the protests of the Illinois Society of Architects. A sport writer supplanted a university-trained engineer in another place.

Percy B. Coffin, a close friend of Lundin and high in

the old Lorimer pow-wows, was made president of the civil service commission, a strategic post for the Swede to control. Joseph Geary, another loyal Lorimerian, did service in the commission as well.

A brother-in-law of Lorimer, Gregori, became assistant superintendent of streets. Lorimer's stenographer became the court reporter for the legal department, a plum said to yield \$20,000 annually.

And so it went. Lundin had many men whom he thought were "right," and he succeeded in planting all of them in situations of affluence. These are but a few:

Morris Eller, committeeman from the 20th ward, old Lorimer man: inspector of weights and measures.

W. J. Keith, unknown to the electrical profession: city electrician.

H. B. Miller, active for Lowden and Thompson, close to Lundin: prosecuting attorney.

William Stocker, former superintendent of barns for West Park Board: assistant transportation supervisor.

August W. Miller, adept at running with the wind, lately with the Lundin breeze: member of the board of local improvements.

J. J. McComb, deliverer of the 15th ward: inspector of municipal piers.

George Fesser, who surged with the Lorimer spirit: chief clerk for the board of local improvements.

George Hitzman, committeeman from Lundin's ward: real estate expert (fee office).

Charles K. Todd, a plumber and committeeman from 35th ward: real estate expert.

John P. Garner, close friend of the mayor and guided by Lundin: public service commissioner.

George E. Nye, an ardent Lincoln Leaguer: boiler inspector.

Virtus C. Rohm, relative of Lundin, active Lorimer worker: city purchasing agent.

Charles Roloff, ex-Lincoln League enthusiast: city prosecutor's assistant.

John Richardson, young protégé of Lorimer's lawyer, Hanecy: assistant prosecutor.

Reverend Archibald Carey, who prayed for Lorimer: investigator in corporation counsel's office.

The list could be extended ten pages more to illustrate completely how well the boys were taken care of, but prolixity was risked above only to familiarize the reader with a few of the names of those who assisted Bill Thompson in ruling the great city of Chicago.

The merit law was rudely pushed aside, and within four months Thompson had made 9,163 temporary appointments—Lundin's method of circumventing the civil service requirements for his sheep. These temporary jobs were renewed indefinitely, that is as long as the holder demonstrated the proper loyalty. Another scheme that did much to strengthen the machine was that of doing away with a job and its occupant and creating a new title and new incumbent; in many cases this meant the disposal of an uncongenial competent in favor of a sociable incompetent.

Over in the real city hall, in the Sherman Hotel, Fred Lundin carefully thumbed his card indexes, in which were tabulated the names of worthies to be patronized and lists of the jobs at his dispensation. No department of the city administration was safe from his slim fingers. Even the municipal tuberculosis sanitarium, supposed to be run by an independent governing body, was invaded. And herein lay a moving tragedy, involving a greater loss to Chicago than a refrigerator car full of Thompsons, Lundins and Robertsons.

The raw deal handed Dr. Theodore B. Sachs is the darkest blot on the Thompson administration, and for the

ignoble rôle Bill played in it he should say ten thousand paternosters, or whatever the Mystic Shrine designates as a penance for an affront against decency.

This selfless gentleman, Dr. Sachs, after many years of medical research work among the poor at Hull House settlement, concluded that tuberculosis was a social disease and should be handled like other plagues. His researches were so exhaustive and intelligent that medical scholars everywhere recognized him as a leader in his field. At his insistence the Chicago Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium was constructed under the Busse and Harrison régimes, with the coöperation of Dr. W. A. Evans, then health commissioner and now health editor for the *Tribune*. Dr. Sachs was placed at its head, and for the many years of his incumbency his services were donated to the institution.

Shortly after Thompson's inauguration spoils politics began to interfere with the creditable work the doctor was doing at his sanitarium, judged by competent physicians and surgeons to be "the best of its kind in the world." Naturally, Sachs resented these insinuations of irrelevant elements into his project and protested vigorously. This led the Thompson crew to look upon him as "unfit."

Mayor Thompson delayed his reappointment in the summer of 1915 as long as he dared, but powerful agencies, professional and social, appreciated the scientist's value and exerted compelling pressure upon the mayor, who grudgingly yielded late in November of 1915. But evidently Lundin and Robertson were determined to push aside this obstacle to the enlarging of their dominions and persuaded Bill to assist them in ousting Sachs.

An aldermanic election came along in the early part of 1916, and Thompson campaigned for his favorites in the council. He seized upon Sachs as a fit and defenseless object for his vilification, just as he selected McAndrew later. He knew that the best target is one that can't, or

won't, fire back. "The appointment of Dr. Sachs is the worst one which I have made thus far," asserted the mayor. "The sanitarium is a one-man affair." He went on to score the doctor for extravagancies in administering his post, citing absurd illustrations to prove his case, as baseless and idiotic as his accusations of McAndrew.

"There are five hundred physicians in the city just as capable of holding down the position as Dr. Sachs. I have been led to believe that he had a cure for tuberculosis. As an actual fact, upon investigation, I found that he had no such cure. The last year Dr. Sachs has had 1,700 cases of tuberculosis, and his report shows he has not effected a single cure, and only fifty-five instances of arrested cases. Other people may know what an arrested case may be, but I don't."

While the mayor was thus mercilessly castigating Sachs, the doctor was preparing to leave the field to his enemies. He was primarily an experimental scientist, and in this capacity no difficulty could daunt him. But politics, with its brutal disregard for the higher interests of man, wearied and dismayed this gentle humanist, and he suddenly resigned. All he said was that "the institution was being made a political football by the administration," and quietly withdrew. Feeling ran high in the medical profession, and soon the public signified its annoyance. Health Commissioner Robertson attempted a justification of his boss and himself by instigating a civil service investigation. But Big Bill persisted in his badgering of his fallen foe.

Almost simultaneous with a particularly vindictive assault upon Dr. Sachs, just before election, the good man, his hypersensitive soul tried beyond endurance, took his own life. He died without having uttered a harsh word against his cowardly defamers. The simple letter that he

left behind closed with the statement that he had "conceived the sanitarium for the glory of Chicago."

All the newspapers were choked with denunciations of Thompson and his gang, clergymen, publicists and lawyers joining with physicians in expressions of grief and rage. The Jews were particularly incensed. The next issue of the *Sentinel* carried this dramatic editorial adequately reflecting the disgust of Dr. Sachs' race at the incident:

The rank and file of our people hear plainly the call to Chicago's decent citizenship to avenge the murder of Dr. Sachs, vindicate his memory and complete his task. . . . Let our people do their share in a demonstration to be held in the streets of Chicago which will scornfully recall the pretentious "prosperity day parade," the sop thrown to Chicago at the inauguration of the sordid Thompson administration to blind her to the evil designs that the promoters of that pompous spectacle had in view, which slowly, however, are coming to light. . . .

Mayor Thompson is the figurehead in this wretched business. However he cannot be overlooked. Let him never again be permitted to defile the high office to which the people of Chicago, attracted by his openness of manner, impulsively elected him. Let his name go down in the city's annals as that of a tin cowboy, fit rather for a rôle in comic opera than as director of the destinies of the world's greatest city-to-be. . . .

Dr. Robertson must not continue as health commissioner. A man who could lend himself to the base part assigned to him by the corrupt conspirators is not fit to serve even as the city's scavenger. . . .

One evil spirit remains, the malignant soul who is, after all, to blame for this tragedy, as well as for the confusion and distrust which mark the public life. Fred Lundin must be driven from the city of Chicago. The city's limits cannot harbor such a cunning foe of civic idealism. His harsh mandate that no consecrated public servant can hope to serve the city unless he first of all "take orders" from this diabolical spoilsman must be at once nullified by the city's decent citizenship. . . .

The tone of the above is, of course, Rabbi Wise in E flat; but the death of Sachs certainly was shameful, and even such florid eloquence as the *Sentinel's* was justified. The *Herald* voiced the epitaph and pronounced a coroner's verdict:

Mayor Thompson has one less "four-flushing reformer" to fight. Dr. Theodore B. Sachs is dead.

Dr. Sachs is dead. Dr. Sachs, the man who gave unselfishly and without price all he had—time, brain, heart, skill—to the creation of something for the public good, and whose only reward was crucifixion. . . .

Dr. Sachs is dead. His was the will to labor for humanity but not the temperament to bear slander and injustice. . . . He learned the oppression of petty larceny spoilsmen, the tyranny of a cruel political machine. . . .

Spoils politics has had its perfect work and its most damning revelation.

The following day all the Thompson-supported candidates for the council were buried. Bill's attack had been a boomerang.

To do him full justice, it is doubtful if Thompson realized the extent of the Lundin-Robertson machinations at the municipal sanitarium, or the effect his reckless and ignorant abuse was having on Dr. Sachs. To Bill the whole matter was just politics, and Lorimer-weaned, he proceeded to demolish what had been painted to him as a political enemy with all the weapons he could lay his tongue upon. Like many immature men, Thompson is easily convinced that some one is plotting against him. Lundin shrewdly noticed this quality and exploited it ceaselessly to gain his own ends. But even clever Fred hadn't anticipated the death of Sachs and the subsequent repercussion and defeat of the machine council aspirants,

and the fortified intransigent *bloc* caused him much trouble.

Six men stood solidly opposed to practically every measure bearing the city hall stamp: Merriam, McCormick, Buck, Kimball, Kennedy and Rodriquez. Ignoring patronage temptations, this group was legion when any bill or resolution arose which they thought was inimical to the public weal; and the opposition of these men was not political in kind; they were genuinely honest men. Merriam, for example, effected the academic-practical synthesis, teaching political science at the University of Chicago and sedulously applying his wisdom to specific municipal problems in the council, much in the manner of Professor Munro in Boston. His exposé of the Busse maladministrations in 1911 had swept into his surprised lap the Republican nomination for mayor, but he was defeated by Harrison in the election contest.

As Thompson submitted his appointments, the half-dozen rebels voted against them, one by one, skipping few. But they weren't strong enough to cause Hizzoner more unpleasantness than a little sweating and cursing. When Oscar Woolf's name came up for confirmation to the board of local improvements, the refractory six so vociferously delineated the extent of his shady operations in South Chicago that eleven more aldermen voted with them; seventeen were not sufficient, however, to invalidate the selection, for the rest jumped through the hoop.

The insurgents also bothered the mayor by carefully showing him how he could standardize the law department of the city, and save \$75,000 in salaries and fees the first year. They were sufficiently realistic to know that the suggestion would be refused, but they craved Bill's discomfort. But Thompson asserted his independence, and the majority admired his manliness by sustaining him.

When the board of education appointments were read

off for ratification the objectors were more effective. Such appointees are subject to investigation and have to satisfy several prerequisites: residence, educational background, *et cetera*. Alderman Merriam seized this opportunity and amused himself mightily by baring the shoddy quality of the Thompson "educators," and was successful in disqualifying all but one. They dealt similarly with subsequent lists handed in. Thompson considered the conduct of what he called "my opposition" highly reprehensible, in fact a personal insult, but the insulting aldermen weren't at all disconcerted by Bill's press denunciations and dragged out his board of education appointments until he was forced to compromise.

The following incident explains why the mayor disliked council meetings and avoided them whenever feasible.

Apparently Thompson's city boiler inspector, George Nye, had recently discharged Alderman Bergen's brother. Bergen arose in the council and informed his colleagues that his brother had been "made the goat in this board matter." "My brother was discharged," said Alderman Bergen, "because I would not promise Nye that I would support the administration. I don't know if this is attempted bribery or not. It is said you can bribe a man by other means than money. I want the council to know this, and also whether the mayor stands for appointees who use such methods to get support for the administration."

Mayor Thompson arose ponderously.

"The mayor should say something," he began. "I don't know what interest the boiler inspector could have in the financial affairs of the city."

"You have no right to address this council or to make a speech at this time," Alderman Bergen fairly shouted at Bill.

"I am trying to answer your question," said the mayor.

"I asked no question of you," Bergen said tartly, "so I don't want your answer."

"Had I not understood that you wanted me to answer I certainly would not have tried to talk," lamely retorted Thompson.

"Let the roll-call proceed. That's all I ask," Bergen said briskly.

The mayor of Chicago seemed somewhat crestfallen as he resumed his seat. He hated those moments. He felt too alone up there in the chair, so thick-witted before these barbarian hosts, many of whom made him appear ridiculous before the body every day. Inwardly he blustered. Wasn't he the boss of the town, and they but mere aldermen? But somehow he never could think of the *juste mot* to throw back in their grinning faces.

Thompson executed the same function for Lundin as he had for Lorimer a few years before. He was the "front man" for the machine. But unlike Deneen and West and Lundin he wasn't sagacious enough to keep his mouth closed when taciturnity was the part of wisdom. Whatever happened he had to blurt out some opinion, usually an injudicious one. On the occasion when the council defeated his plan for a special parks commission, he said to an interviewing reporter: "I am sorry the special parks commission has been knocked in the head. When there were citizen members we had a scheme worked out whereby public-spirited citizens could donate funds for playgrounds. The city council decided that the citizen members of the commission could have no vote, and the plan fell through. I don't know whether it's illegal or——"

"It was your law department, not the city council, which ruled that the citizen members could not spend the city's money," the newspaperman corrected.

"Oh, was it?" Thompson seemed a bit dampened.

"Well, I'm not criticizing anyone for it." And the interview ended.

When the real estate experts picked by that shrewd estimator of competence, Dr. Lundin, director of employment, sent in their first expense vouchers, the total was \$30,000. A reporter immediately located Hizzoner and asked for a statement. Bill opened his eyes at the figure and exclaimed: "Extravagance!" The papers carried his observation in flaring type. But this was just another illustration of his jumping at conclusions before analyzing the facts; for after a consultation with Lundin, he O.K.'d the voucher and the experts returned to their vital tasks.

What with all the routine of office and diverse obligations to the machine, Bill didn't have time for all the exercise of high idealism his spirit craved. But this facet of his soul was not neglected altogether: he accepted the honorary chairmanship of the National Choral Peace Jubilee, which had for its lofty purpose "to carry to every home the greater realization of the value to all humanity of peace." The N. C. P. J. took but three years to accomplish its purpose.

Thinking of jubilees reminds one of the debt Bill Thompson owes to the negroes of Chicago. Since the year they sent him to the city council they have steadfastly remained loyal to him. Charles Fitzmorris had been Mayor Harrison's secretary, and he had been retained by Thompson because of his knowledge of the routine of the office. When "The Birth of the Nation" was filmed, Fitzmorris, naturally, granted the exhibitors a permit to show it in Chicago. The dusky voters of the second ward raised a tremendous racket, alleging the screen epic fostered race prejudice; and they called on their great champion to rescind the permit. This Bill did at once. But the cause was lost, for the exhibitors referred their case to a nearby

judge, probably a descendant of Jefferson Davis, and procured an injunction.

A very enthusiastic negro thumper of Bill's drum was Rev. Archibald J. Carey. As spiritual adviser to a large number of his race, Carey had been able to do valuable duty for Lorimer in the past, and now was praying and getting votes for Thompson. Immediately after election the mayor discovered Carey's versatility; from then on he vacillated between his pulpit and the corporation counsel's office.

Rev. Carey, together with Louis B. Anderson and Edward H. Wright, the former the administration floor leader in the council by day and a mortician by night, promoted an ambitious mass meeting at the Coliseum to celebrate fitly the fiftieth anniversary of the day President Abraham Lincoln pushed the black man up to a political equality with the mint-julep-guzzling planter. Fifteen thousand colored folks jammed into the building. Mayor William Hale Thompson, whose father had so materially aided Farragut, the Union Cause and the American Negro, was the principal speaker and the guest of honor.

Rev. Carey made a short speech of introduction. Most governmental executives, it appeared, were guilty of ethnic discrimination in their appointments; but not so Thompson:

Whatever Mayor Thompson has done, whatever he will do, he will not do out of sympathy for the descendants of a race once enslaved, but for American citizens who have earned their positions. By his appointments Mayor Thompson is merely recognizing the worth of a people. . . .

William Hale Thompson may not be elected President in 1916, but I am sure he will be in 1920. I helped elect him alderman; I helped elect him county commissioner; I helped elect

him mayor—and my work will not be completed until I have elected him President!

In a solemn and dramatic voice the mayor began to read his speech. It was a review of the oppression of the negro in America, with final release from the yoke occurring in Chicago under the first Thompson administration. But he grew impatient with its didacticisms, threw it on the table, and finished extemporaneously:

My task is not easy. Prejudices do exist against negroes. Such expressions as this are commonplace: "Why, what do you think? The mayor has put some niggers to work out at the garbage plant!"

But to deny equal opportunity to the negro in this land would be out of harmony with American history, untrue to sacred history, untrue to the sacred principles of liberty and equal rights, and would make a mockery of our boasted civilization and justice and render meaningless the word "opportunity."

TEN

BILL SPITS ON HIS HANDS

THE Prosperity Day parade had been intended to keep the minds of the electorate from dwelling too morbidly upon the regrettable economic depression. But there were disturbing rumors of a walk-out by the street-car men, and the building trade had been tied up for weeks because the allied workers of that industry were insisting upon a higher wage. It was clear that Thompson must act soon. When the garment workers struck he was petitioned to attempt a settlement. He evaded them by saying: "It is not the duty of the mayor to settle strikes. It is the duty of the state board of arbitration."

As the traction magnates were not hastening to grant the transportation workers a greatly merited increase, the men convened to debate the feasibility of striking to obtain it. They turned for counsel to the man they had elected Chief Executive of the city. After carefully listening to their arguments, Big Bill threw them a pearl: he told them that the Prosperity Day parades and celebrations would be an annual affair.

Having impaired even his amazing vitality by devotion to the perplexing affairs of administration, Thompson badly needed a rest. So he accepted State Senator Clark's invitation to join the boys at his trout and mallard duck farm in Eagle Spring's Lake, Wisconsin. All the gifted officials of the state and municipal government were there. Fred Lundin's smiling face was much in evidence, and Jimmy Pugh, and Captain Percy Coffin, head of the civil

service commission which wasn't functioning much, and State Senator George F. Harding, and Harry Ward, former secretary to Lorimer, and Frank O. Lowden, the gang's choice for the next governor—all welcomed the tired mayor gayly. But it wasn't simply pleasure and recuperation for them. They had to plan a coalition which would beat Deneen, and land Lowden in the coveted gubernatorial berth in Springfield.

With the mayor's return all the boys around the city hall began to pack for their big trip westward. They all wanted to be in San Francisco for Chicago and Illinois days at the Panama Pacific International Exposition. But before leaving for the land of oranges, evangelists and injunctions, Thompson was to have a hand in an event which made him newspaper copy all over the land—the traction workers' strike.

Unable to satisfy their demands peacefully, the labor leaders had called their 15,000 men from the job. Traffic was tied up. That morning people got to work in automobiles, buses, carts, on horseback, any old way at all. The papers were full of the calamity.

Big Bill arose magnificently to the occasion. He loved it. He knew little about the financing of a transportation system, but he did have a sense of the melodramatic, and the situation thrilled him to the core. He sent out a ukase to the union heads, the employers and the transportation committee of the council, demanding their presence at his office. Before long an agreement was reached whereby the power of arbitration was to be vested in the mayor, if he was willing. And he was willing.

The session lasted all night. Bill locked the door, sent out for sandwiches, and told them to "go to it." The citizens of Chicago were not going to be discommoded another day, not while he was mayor—no sir!

For several hours both sides were obdurate and things

looked black for the strap-hanger. Suddenly Bill got an idea. He remembered reading somewhere about how Carnegie, or somebody, when faced with a similar problem, had taken the minds of the combatants off the difficulty, shunted them from stubborn monomania, by interesting them in some water-color sketches. So he and Jim Pugh turned on the water in the bathtub, and a miniature regatta was staged with toy boats, the warring factions losing their frowns as they wagered over whose craft would reach the end of the tub first.

Finally, by morning, the races were over and the settlement consummated. The workers went back to manning the public's vehicles after an absence of only fifty-three hours. Bill Thompson had been triumphant, a rip-roaring success as an arbiter.

Perhaps the real credit for the peace doesn't go to Bill at all but to diverse occult forces working for him. The mayor said so himself. Later, when asked how the strike came to an end so soon, he pointed to a grotesque and grinning idol on his desk, born in Siam but educated in Chicago.

"You see that? That's Billiken. When they couldn't agree I just rubbed him on my desk—and you see what happened. That was on the mast of my yacht *Valmore*, and she won every race I ever started her in."

Alderman Nance was not superstitious, nor did he admire the diplomatic skill of Thompson; he said the mayor had little to do with it, Busby and the strikers being forced into agreement by the council committee. Few in the council looked upon Thompson as a Talleyrand.

But in the eyes of his humble supporters the mayor was a hero. Hundreds of letters of thanks poured in. One of these, signed by "A Daily Rider," was typical: "I am a poor hard working girl and a daily rider of

streetcar and elevated trains. I thank you a 1000 times for ending the strike. I walked 2 days, so my feet were blistered. I think the public ought to give you a gold medal. I am willing to give a quarter toward it."

The migratory train to California included almost every important public servant in the state. There were three long loads of them. The first of these, the William Hale Thompson Special, contained, besides the mayor and his wife, Pugh, Pike, Lundin, Harding and over one hundred others. The second train carried the first regiment of the Illinois National Guard and the entire band. The third was heavily laden with the party of Governor Dunne.

The Thompson Special traveled slowly, giving village after town the privilege of seeing and hearing the famous Mayor of Chicago. Afflicted by the presidential itch, Bill was soothed by the cheers of the remote western masses.

If the town was proximate to a lake or river, Commodore Thompson, the intrepid sailor, addressed the throngs; if on the plains, the gaping clodhoppers heard Bill the Cowboy; if the town was sophisticated enough to boast a large organization of Elks, Bill the Elk horned in and drove around with his party in open automobiles. Many eyes throughout the Sears Roebuck Belt watched his train disappear across the prairie with moist regret. For most of them it was the one big thrill of the month.

In Los Angeles Bill was asked point blank about his candidacy for the Highest honor. The inquisitive journalist was modestly referred to Fred Lundin. The Swede's answer was characteristic: "Well, now, I don't know. He's big enough and he's good enough for the job, and if he tries it no doubt he'll make it—and be the right man for the position. But the answer must come from him. I can't speak for the mayor."

Before "Chicago Day" at the exposition gave Mayor

Thompson a fine excuse for rotund rhetoric, a tragedy occurred back home which propelled the shepherd east to his flock. A lake excursion steamer, the *Eastland*, wearily and groaningly resigned its buoyancy and flopped over on its side in the Chicago River, carrying more than a thousand passengers with it.

When the news came over the wires to the mayor and his party in San Francisco, the entire crowd forgot about "Chicago Day" and hustled home. Thompson announced his return by issuing a proclamation setting the next day aside as a period of mourning for the dead. All business was suspended and the whole city joined its mayor in praying for the souls of the departed.

It must not hastily be assumed by the irreverent that Mayor Bill was insincere. The jeremiads welling up from the people really reached his heart-strings. Fred Lundin didn't exist for a week, and Bill reverted back to the admirable selflessness which had characterized so much of his club and sporting life. Acting-Mayor Moorhouse had turned the city hall into a first aid hospital and morgue for the recovered bodies. When Thompson arrived he assumed full charge of everything. He organized a relief fund, promoting it strenuously until it reached happy fruition within a week; he ordered an investigation into the causal negligence behind the tragedy. Verily, Chicago thanked God for its humanitarian mayor.

Within a fortnight Bill was again in his political stride. Once more Lundin became his most frequent consultant, and the pair commenced preparations for pushing friend Lowden into the governor's easy chair at Springfield. And, as Fred Upham had had salutary success in obtaining the Republican National Convention for Chicago in 1916, Thompson decided to enter the field against Deneen's man, Roy O. West, for national committeeman.

Bob Sweitzer, like most metropolitan Democrats, had

been a wet, and during the campaign had said so with scant circumlocution. Thompson, due to his connections with the remnants of the wet Lorimer machine, had been looked upon as a somewhat dubious quantity by the temperance groups. But in those days they knew how to compromise. They accepted him as their candidate and gave him full support.

But the dries were insistent that the mayor live up to his campaign pledge of enforcing all the laws. So in the spring of 1915 Thompson appointed a commission to study the many-faceted hooch problem in Chicago. In response to certain inner compulsions and also secretly to the demands of the United Societies for Local Self-Government (an organization of militant wets headed by the most consistently drenched public figure in town, Anton J. Cermak), he picked nine wets for the commission of nine. The dries, of course, howled in dismay and redoubled their activities. They pegged away all summer, and on October 3 Mayor Thompson addressed the following message to the city council:

I have recently received communications from citizens of Chicago that liquor is sold in this city on Sunday in violation of the state laws. I referred these communications to the corporation council for an opinion as to what is the law in regard thereto.

He advises me that the state law provides that "whoever keeps open any tippling house or place where liquor is sold or given away upon the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, shall be fined not exceeding \$200," and that the city ordinance permitting under certain restrictions saloons or dramshops to remain open on Sunday does not and cannot nullify the state law.

This being the law, as I am advised, and it being my duty as mayor to take care, so far as lies within my power, that the law is faithfully executed in the city, I hereby direct that saloons or dramshops shall comply with the law and close on Sunday.

And the city collector is hereby ordered to notify in writing all persons to whom he has issued licenses for saloons and dram-shops that such persons must comply with the requirements of the state law.

[signed] WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON, *Mayor*.

This was the famous "Sunday Closing Order," and it was a bombshell that stunned everyone. The man who had fought with such moral fervor for "home rule" in public utilities was using his executive power to put teeth in a state blue law seventy years old!

In this decision, this tacit yielding to the enemy, Big Bill was actuated by two motives, both political. One, the least important to him, was a desire to quiet the pestiferous drys; the other was the frantic wish of Lundin to steal the rumbling thunder of Deneen. The latter usually received the favors of all the diverse reform and dry groups for his candidates. Normally, Roy O. West, a prominent Methodist, would be smiled upon by the Better Element leaders for national committeeman. But by this stroke Lundin diverted much of this support to Thompson. A minor consideration of Lundin's was the stimulation to his business, the manufacture of "Juniper Ade," a temperance beverage, bound to result from the saloons being dark one day a week.

The drys exulted. A parade of 10,000 human camels celebrated the first blue Sunday Chicago had suffered for many decades. The vanguard carried a large sign, "We Knew Chicago Wouldn't Stay Out in the Wet," while the thirsty stood by gloomily, cursing the mayor.

Concomitant with the order to the city collector, Thompson suddenly experienced the urge to travel. He didn't relish staying in town to face the angry wet leaders. So he left with a large party for San Francisco to attend the postponed "Chicago Day" at the exposition there.

En route he gave out two statements in answer to the flood of press and individual protestations at his action. One was official: "I followed the dictates of my conscience"; the other, casually and painfully murmured to a reporter, was: "Deneen made me do it."

One of the wet yelpings was in the form of a serious charge. The United Societies claimed that Thompson's ruling was in direct violation of a pledge he had given them; hence he was a "double-dealer" and a "double-crosser." Cermak published adequate proof of this contention, a paper signed by Thompson and drafted by Pike, who had wanted the officials of the society to "make it strong." This pledge embodied the following promises: (1) Opposition to all blue laws, especially the Sunday closing law, the signer believing the Sunday lid to be obsolete. Opposition to all laws tending to abridge liberty for the individual on Sundays. (2) Favor of special bar permits until 3 A. M. to reputable societies. (3) "As mayor he will use veto power" on any ordinance to curtail the rights of personal liberty or to repeal the "bar permits" ordinance. (4) Unalterable opposition to making Chicago "anti-saloon" territory. (5) No other pledges have been signed or given.

Below was the handsome signature of Big Bill.

This was hot news for the papers, and they eagerly gave first-page space to the photographed pledge. The *Herald* went to the trouble of wiring the mayor about it, eliciting the formal response of: "My message to the council is self-explanatory and answers your inquiry." But it didn't. So the *Herald's* Lincoln correspondent was wired to petition the uncomfortable Thompson further and more explicitly. The mayor, perspiring heavily, and praying for Lundin, answered: "All this talk of my having changed front in regard to the Sunday closing in Chicago is politics. All this row my order is causing is due

to politics. The whole thing is bosh and politics. That's all I have to say."

As the proof of his perfidy seemed damning, he didn't dare call Cermak a liar and the pledge a forgery. But calling the mayor names was the most the wets could indulge in. They had to drink their own tears, for the "tippling places and dramshops" stayed shut on Sundays. Despairingly they staged a parade a little later, but Thompson failed to attend it. Mrs. Grundy cackled and adjusted her hat.

By this time Bill's trips and vacations began to annoy the newspapers and the public. The *Tribune* referred to him as "one of Chicago's most frequent visitors," and City Treasurer Sergel complained that execution of his official duties was rendered almost impossible by his superior's absences.

One of the obligations of his high office, of vital civic importance, that the mayor was unable to fulfill because of his California trip was the formal opening of the Dixie Highway. But his wife came nobly to bat for him. A tableau was to be held in Grant Park to impress this significant occasion upon the minds of the natives. To supplement the æsthetic demonstration a "Miss Chicago" and a "Miss Dixie" were needed. Mrs. Thompson was of material assistance in selecting these two girls, so representative of Chicago and the South, by weeding out all but thirty-four. Two were then selected by the committee of judges for these honors.

While Mayor Thompson was in the movie state sounding the praises of his city, somber rumors flew about the Sherman lobby relative to the estrangement of James Pugh and his cowboy-sailor-politician pal. That at this time they were but idle gossip was brought out by a well-informed and sagacious person writing in the *Herald* under the pseudonym of "The Senator":

You say that you hear that Jim Pugh has thrown his cow-puncher hat in the alley? You need an ear trumpet, says I. Don't listen to half the stuff you hear in politics and forget the other half. But keep your ears open for the things they don't tell out loud. Jim Pugh and Fred Lundin and Bill Thompson have had no break. Jim's the guy who really made Bill mayor. He kept the fellows together when everything was going to smash. Lundin furnished the strategy and Pugh the juice.

After election Lundin hypnotized Bill. Pugh and Charlie McCullough and Gene Pike were high cards—kings and jacks and ten spots—but Bill treated Fred as the only ace in the deck. Fred became the sole patronage dispenser. Pugh and Pike were supposed to help, but had nothing to do. Appointments they suggested had to get Fred's O. K., and Fred kept his rubber stamp in his pocket.

Lundin is also the lad who dopes out all the political moves for Bill. He's got him mesmerized.

Well, Pike can't complain much because he's got a good job as comptroller which keeps him busy. Besides, he doesn't know politics, and is satisfied to learn the rudiments from Fred.

Pugh hasn't much kick over Lundin's disposal of the patronage, because Jim's line is big business rather than the piffing little details of precinct and ward politics. From the start it was supposed Jim would be the "outside man" to help on the big things that would loom up. He was very active in helping the mayor settle the street-car strike.

"The Senator" was accurately observing things when he wrote the above account in the fall of 1915. There had been no open rift between Lundin, Pugh and Thompson then. Minor quarrels, to be sure, there were; but Big Bill's hearty desire for factional amity ended these in a hurry. Lundin and Pugh were involved jointly in a \$20,000,000 mail-order-house business, and this temporarily compelled peace. But when the solicitors of this corporation became too raw in approaching prospects, Pugh fired them—and

this resulted in friction. They differed over an adequate working definition of decency.

Fred Lundin and Commodore Pugh never did have much love for each other. The former was power-drunk and Pugh resented the Swede's hold over his friend Bill. He was a man of character but he was also a good fellow. Attracted to Thompson originally by his robust personality, he was the best friend the big chap had for many years. But when Lundin seduced Bill into all sorts of sordid political bayous, Pugh was revolted and made ready for the break. When the Sportsman's Club went into receivership as a result of an altercation between the two, the Commodore began to pull up his stakes.

Pugh wanted the Sportsman's Club to justify its title, as Bill did at the beginning. But Lundin tried to exploit everything to his political ends, and influenced Thompson, who was its director-general, to make the club an adjunct to the machine. Pugh protested in nettled language. Hot words were indulged in when Thompson prevented a prize-fight from taking place there, because the proceeds were to go to charity rather than to the war chest. Finally, State's Attorney Hoyne, lusting for publicity, exposed the political nature of the club, and Pugh fell away from the administration in disgust. By the end of the summer of 1916 he had diminished into nothingness in the régime, his power seized eagerly by the insatiable Lundin. A little later he publicly denounced the Scandinavian in a long statement. When Thompson ran for reelection in 1919, Pugh had traveled so far away from his former sailing mate that he helped finance the campaign of Charles E. Merriam.

With Pugh's demise, and the replacing of the upright Folsom by a more amenable corporation counsel, Mr. Samuel Ettelson, the machine began to function with Mellonesque smoothness. But the loss of two old friends

and the constant harping of his many critics was beginning to tell on Big Bill, however nicely Fred Lundin was bearing up under it. Almost daily the mayor was confronted by such comments as the following, written by the severest and most brilliant critic the administration had—Charles Merriam:

I understand our mayor wishes to play the rôle of David against Goliath. To me he seems more closely to resemble in his character and action David's son, Absalom, who started out well, but fell into bad company, ran amok and came to a bad end. The mayor's real enemies are not the decent aldermen but his false friends, who are attempting to use the administration for their own evil ends. Fred Lundin, from his seat outside the city hall, distributes jobs and favors, performs the work no real mayor would designate to another. . . . The carnival of crime, the re-opening of the redlight district, the assault upon civil service, the levying of assessments upon officials and contractors . . . are bound to follow the abdication of the mayor's power in favor of the unseen boss, whose sinister activities are frustrating the hopes of Chicago for a real administration of city affairs.

On the heels of this came an open accusation, addressed to Thompson and written by the nine aldermen so often earning the mayor's curses by their opposition. One sentence must have seared its way into the very remotest sector of Bill's ample soul: "A cunning public enemy named Fred Lundin has taken from a slothful mayor the work and power of his office, leaving the title-holder free to orate and parade and boast of deeds never done and dream vain dreams of high political preferment."

To say that Bill was annoyed is to put it mildly. He said he was drawing up an answer to the aldermanic indictment, which he characteristically dubbed "rat poison for rats." But the reply was never forthcoming, probably because he couldn't think of anything fitting which

wouldn't shock his Presbyterian supporters. Lundin replied only with a grin, and returned at once to thumbing his indexes expertly.

A few nights after the aldermanic attack Thompson talked before the Rotary Club. "I get discouraged sometimes and wonder why in the devil I worked so hard to get such a tough job." Rev. Brushingham, a Methodist parson who had long shouted halleluliah from the tail of Bill's kite, became alarmed. His star was trembling in the firmament, and work loomed ominously in the offing. So he loudly declared that "the Thompson bandwagon is headed for the White House!" And the incorrigible optimists cheered and stamped their feet. Bill beamed. He was heartened. One good friend makes up for a hundred enemies, he thought warmly.

The following summer Big Bill took another respite from his arduous labors. In July, 1916, he left with a group of friends to attend the annual round-up at Los Vegas. Many of his old pals were there, and to them he introduced his new and more scholarly associates: Ettelson, Lundin, Len Small, Charlie Francis and some dozen others. No one recorded how well the cowpunchers reacted to the suave tenderfoot colleagues of Bill, but there was no doubt about their genuine admiration for the mayor. They honored the occasion by declaring it "Bill Thompson Day" and carried him around for half an hour on their shoulders, cheering and throwing their sombreros in the air when he told them that "in the days when I weighed a hundred pounds less I could throw a rope with the best of you," and that his heart was "still with them." That night he led the grand march at the Cowpunchers' Ball with the round-up queen, Miss Hazel Gerard. Out there, with no aldermen to embarrass him, no *Tribune* to spoil his breakfast, no *News* to interrupt his noonday siesta with pointed editorial finger, no job-seekers to force him

to look up from his yachting catalogues, no leers, insults, calumny—out there Bill was truly happy.

The same season Hizzoner escaped twice from the exhausting strain of his public duties. He spent two weeks with Gene Pike fishing in the Wisconsin lakes, and many was the fiscal problem the Comptroller straightened out with the boss while idly landing a bass. A month later he took his yacht *Tringa* for an excursion up Lake Michigan, with a party which included Pike and State Senator George F. Harding. Big Bill wasn't going to dissipate the constitution he had won, Roosevelt-like, on the blistering plains, by prolonged application to the public weal. He knew he could serve the people better and longer if he was feeling tip-top.

There was much obfuscation, cant and political tick-tack-toe in the ensuing campaigns for national committeeman and governor. In the former battle Thompson was successful, thanks to his gesture of desiccating the city on the Lord's Day, and Lundin's masterful generalship. The gubernatorial scramble was even more confused. Lowden's opponent was Colonel Frank L. Smith in the primary. (This is the gentleman who later followed Lorimer's precedent and, with Vare, was judged too corrupt for his seat by the beatific Senate.) Lundin and Thompson worked for Lowden in Cook County, and although some of the Swede's lieutenants bolted over to Smith, Lowden was squeezed into the nomination and later the chair itself. Once in, Lowden repudiated the Lundin-Thompson machine, and during the war to end war actually persecuted the boys, but nobody was shocked at this, for Lowden was a farmer; and are not husbandmen noted for their ingratitude?

ELEVEN

KAISER BILL

CHICAGO, in common with all the large American cities, is a melting pot that doesn't melt very well; or, when it does, the process is slow and provoking to the smug natives who implicitly believe that God will rest more easily in His Heaven and George Washington in his grave if only the immigrants can be transformed into images of themselves within a fortnight after arrival. For a century hundreds of thousands of Germans, Irishmen, Poles, Russians, Italians, Jews, Croats and diverse others had fled from adverse economic, religious and social conditions in Europe westward to a land holding forth an abstract charm of political equality and a panoply of golden opportunities concretely. A considerable portion of these hopefuls, drawn by friends, relatives and adventurousness, traveled farther than a stone's throw from Castle Gardens; of these a great number settled in Chicago, to participate eagerly in the perennial scramble to lift themselves by their bootstraps.

These immigrants, immersed in the brine of Old World memories, and disillusioned by the bewildering bustle of the dollar pageant spread out before them, steadily refused, or were unable, to become assimilated. They organized *vereinen*, clubs and social groups, not out of contrariness but because they were conscious of their anomalous position, and managed to preserve themselves as integral microcosms. This situation was viewed with alarm by such theatrical fellows as Lothrop Stoddard and

Madison Grant, but people with imaginations more cultivated, like Miss Jane Addams, realized that the important thing to be done was to re-orientate the foreigner, to equip him for life in this new land, not merely to trick him into hurrahs for Old Glory. As for the philosophy of assimilation, Mr. Horace M. Kallen, in "Culture and Democracy in the United States," has ably advocated the thesis that cultural pluralism is the rich reward of preserved political pluralism.

But there they were, and still are, these groups. In Chicago the German settlement on the northwest side consistently elects German-American politicians and spokesmen; the Swedes in a neighboring region do the same; the Irish likewise—and so on. Quite naturally, they feel their interests will be better cared for by men of their own race.

Robert Sweitzer, running for mayor, had gathered about him so many Irish Catholic leaders that he was able to poll almost the entire Irish vote. It was not difficult, for the metropolitan Celts have always been, following Tammany precedent, loyal disciples of Thomas Jefferson. Being himself a German of the Roman Catholic faith, Sweitzer was able to cadge the Bavarian ballots also. Thompson, with covert aid rendered him by many who later defied the Pope in white nightshirts, drew to his banner thousands of sturdy Protestants from Saxony, Prussia and the other German states more moved by Lutheran than Jesuit casuistry. Fred Lundin, elected originally to Congress by his blonde countrymen, was successful in diverting the Scandinavians over to his charge; and later, by shrewd dissemination of patronage, contracts and bathos, they were welded with the Germans into a solid *bloc* that was legion behind Big Bill and his fellow machinists. They knew that if they could keep the

Germans, the Swedes and the negroes shouting for them the future was bathed in pink light.

With the outbreak of the European War came demoralization and high feeling in all parts of the United States touched heavily by alien invasion. But although the arguments were bitter, a convincing majority was firmly opposed to American intervention, as Wilson's plurality indicated. But one by one the prominent national figures, infected with the fever from across the sea, catapulted their sympathies over to the winning side of the fence. Finally Wilson, forgetting all the wisdom he had learned at Princeton, sent his famous war message to Congress, and soon American soldiers joined the British and French at the Western Front.

With Walter Hines Page giving full coöperation to the British Foreign Office; with Roosevelt lusting to become the hero of another San Juan Hill, and avenge himself upon the man who had humiliated him; with the National Security League, the organs of the munitions industry and dozens of special-interest organizations rousing the country to indignation and arms because, for example, a German submarine had attacked a British transport loaded with the tools of slaughter; with credulous or malicious correspondents, ambassadors and consuls trafficking in lurid tales of Belgian ladies' breasts being hacked off, of crucified crippled children, of the raping of half of Gallic young womanhood; with tracts being written depicting the race of Goethe and Schiller as a horde of demons from an accursed world; with learned scholars, scientists, doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves daily making fools of themselves—the country was quickly reduced to the gibbering level so necessary to carry on idealistic massacre among Christian peoples.

In the midst of all this stood the Germans who had naïvely and hopefully left their homes for the Land of

the Free. They were confused and frightened and unable to understand what had caused the cataclysm or why they should be so bitterly hated. They gathered on street corners, in saloons, in clubs and in homes to whisper of their plight and speculate despairingly about what to do and say. Thrifty and decent men saw their property looted and their earnings destroyed. Men who refused to kill their countrymen faced contempt and the penitentiary. Butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers who had outdone the veriest Alsatian *Revanchard* in hatred of an aristocracy which they thought oppressed them, were raided as cleverly disguised spies because they bore names suggestive of the feared Teuton.

They felt alone, leaderless. Where could they turn? Who would protect them from a society gone insane? Let such a protector rise and be forever worshiped.

La Follette, brave fellow, fought savagely, grimly, like a grizzled bear for his cubs. Inch by inch he was pushed back. With impassioned speeches, proofs, legal technicalities, he battled on. With Norris and Stone and Mason and Hardaman, he stood against a Congress and press and nation which thundered for blood, German blood, their blood. They were rewarded only with abuse and repudiation, cheered only timidly by the masses whose sentiments they articulated.

Congressman William Mason of Illinois was a member of the small band in the House that opposed their colleagues and their President. He kept his head amidst an anarchical mob and voted against war, against conscription, against coöperation with England.

Mayor William Hale Thompson was his friend. He cryptically seconded the judgments of Billy Mason and Champ Clark.

The great number of Germans in Chicago wept for joy in their beer. Here was their friend, their hero! Thou-

sands of militant Irish, not averse to a brawl, plurally or singly, but beset by pungent memories of riots in Dublin and Cork, cheered loudly for a mayor who would arise and confute the thesis of an English Holy War. Scandinavians, ethnic cousins of the belabored Boche, joined in to applaud the integrity of Big Bill. Russians and Poles and Jews, unable to posit the Little Father as a messianic crusader for the right, lent their voices to the chorus of approval. And the black man, too, huzzahed. He knew what an army was like. His mammy had told him of Sherman's little visit through the Confederacy in the sixties.

And so it came about that the son of a stalwart commander in the Civil War, a man whose office was decorated with swords and flags and pictures of America's military heroes of the past, a man whose vocabulary and speech had been copiously loaded with the catch-words and jingoisms of nationalism and war—this man was called traitor!

His scorn for the Wilsonian idealism from the beginning might well have emanated from a sterner and finer mind. This statement came from him in the summer of 1916:

For three and one-half years American citizens have been murdered in Mexico. For three and one-half years the property of Americans has been destroyed in Mexico. For the same length of time the American flag has been insulted there. Yet the President waits until he has been re-nominated to make a move toward righting wrongs in Mexico. It is an example of the coldest politics I have ever seen.

The President sent the fleet to Vera Cruz to punish an insult offered to the American flag, yet the fleet put its tail between its legs, so to speak, and came home without doing anything. The President has talked peace incessantly, and then goes to war when the country is not prepared for it. His action certainly has all the earmarks of politics. That's all I have to say about it.

Lundin, missing the carefully directed editorials of the defunct Lorimer *Inter-Ocean*, founded a weekly newspaper called the *Republican*, and put one of his numerous relatives, Walter F. Rohm, at its head. Until its collapse, a little over four years later, it was the official organ of the Thompson administration. From its birth it was vigorously anti-war, as the following excerpt, published shortly after Wilson's sobbing war message to Congress, indicates:

Why are we in the war? In what way and to what extent were the interests of this government, as a government, involved in the European situation?

If we were not inextricably involved, would it not have been the part of wisdom to have stayed out and at the same time to have prepared for possibilities?

What, if anything, has Germany done to us since last November which justifies our declaration of war, which differed in character from what she had done before Mr. Wilson was re-elected on his plea that he had "with honor" kept us out of war? . . .

Did the countries which have successfully sought our support, seek it to save democracy, as has been suggested, or as a means of promoting their own selfish interests, national and commercial? Were they or any one of them interested in "democracy" when they entered the war?

This sort of thing kept up all during the hostilities. It adequately reflected the sentiments of Bill Thompson.

How does it happen that this man militantly refused to follow his country in its hysterical crusade? He certainly was no pacifist, objecting on humanitarian grounds to armed conflict, as Romain Rolland did in France; nor was he in the high company of men like Bertrand Russell, whose reasoning condemned war as horrible economic waste, breeding not universal peace but more and worse

wars; nor was he a Germanophile, like Roosevelt before he saw an opportunity to grab off a messiah rôle. On the contrary, he did not disapprove of war as a method of settling international disputes: he had frequently defended even such a shameful looting as the conflict with Spain on idealistic grounds, in the manner of his friend, its protagonist, Mr. Hearst. The Big Stick fallacy he had often alluded to as the part of wisdom, and saber-rattling was his favorite indoor sport. As a boy he had been given '76 and '61 hero stuff with his porridge, and later in life his mental processes never underwent the harrowing experiences which make up the daily atmosphere of the intellectual pursuits.

The wiseacres allege that Fred Lundin converted our friend to see a case for the Central Powers, which is a very facile explanation, for everyone knows that Fred was the boss and that he had Bill pretty much under his thumb; and the Swede figured it out from the standpoint of pure politics: that the war would prove to be very unpopular in Chicago, particularly with the *bloc* he wanted most to preserve. This is too simple. Thompson, in the first place, is a stubborn fellow, quite sure of himself in such matters as loyalty to country; and for anyone, even Lundin, to attempt to argue him into disloyalty is well nigh impossible. No, the clever Scandinavian's persuasions did not take the form of dressed-up political expediences: in this case he must have talked the very flower of idealism, strange as this may sound.

For four hours, way up in the Sherman House, with Thompson lounging easily on the divan, interrupting occasionally, and his mentor getting off a cascade of logic, the metamorphosis of Bill the Warrior into Bill the Parlor Pink took place. And it is extremely likely that Lundin proceeded upon an assumption that Bill would grant at the onset, a contention of his for many years: that the

cause of Great Britain could not be the cause of righteousness. Further, it was not difficult to convince the mayor that the French were a bunch of shrewd sophists working both ends to the middle. Then, it is probable that Lundin indulged in a little fancy deprecation of Wilson, a man Thompson disliked instinctively, what with his snobishness and college airs and lofty phrases. Lundin, a professor of fine and applied propaganda himself, must have also seen through a goodly portion of the Allied efforts in that direction too, and it should not have been hard to destroy some of the effectiveness of the atrocity débâcle in the eyes of Bill, who pretended to a cynicism as devastating as his colleague's.

So, after selling Hizzoner on the higher patriotism, that is, the brummagen quality of the British-French-Italian crusade to save western civilization from the Hun, Lundin was able to predict that he (Thompson) would be a new St. George in shining armor to the masses of his constituency, with whom the war could never be anything but a nightmare.

From that day on the *Republican* was sedulously, almost violently, anti-war, anti-proscription of wealth, anti-conscription, in fact anti everything connected with the war or calculated to win it. With his paper Thompson was in full agreement.

For once Fred Lundin failed to size up his public with complete accuracy. He was not the only person who shot wide of the mark here, for few thought Allied propaganda would work so well, that an entire nation could give itself over to the psychiatrist so readily and so swinishly. It was to be expected that the men who later distinguished themselves in the Ku Klux Klan muckery would rise up to whoop for the blood of Wilhelm; that the Christian clergy would find plenty of passages in the Old Testament to justify black hate and red bloodshed; that the Na-

tional Security League yeomen would howl like a pack of hounds; that men of English, French and Italian birth or extraction would toss their hearts over to the side of their respective motherlands. But nobody anticipated the extent of the ferocity really engendered, especially in a country whose boasts of bravery had made the welkin tremble for ten decades, and whose only peril was that inherent in the visit of a lone submarine creeping silently up Chesapeake Bay! It is fascinating to speculate as to what low levels of terror the courageous American people might have reached had they suffered the nightly air raids that London endured, the shelling that Paris experienced, the blockade that England inflicted upon the Germans, or the mile-long bread lines so common in Vienna and Berlin! Would Creel and Company have conducted their magnificent enlightenment with such intrepidity had they expected a shell to separate their alert heads from their bodies at any moment?

Immediately after the United States, through its representatives in Washington, cast its lot with England, France, Russia, Italy and the diverse stepped-on small nations, Entente commissions hurried across the sea to arouse the new ally to the proper pitch for murder and see to it that full coöperation ensued. To one of these, headed by General Joffre, M. Viviani and Lord Balfour, Mayor Thompson of Chicago turned a cold shoulder, refusing to extend them an official invitation to his city. The council chambers resounded with horrified rebukes and vituperations, and voted unanimously (that is, with but the three Socialists dissenting) to apologize to the august personages and obsequiously invite them west. Governor Lowden, his blood boiling, leapt forward to speak for the state in like fashion.

For his snubbing of the Allied evangelists Thompson was attacked from pulpit and press almost as viciously as

Senator LaFollette was for similar sins. The mildest reproof was the motion of the Rotary Club to eject him; the most violent was the sermon of Bishop Kinsolving of Texas, referring to the incipient move to impeach Thompson for his insult to the propaganda commission:

My idea of what ought to be done is somewhat different from the action of the Chicago people. I think that he is guilty of treason and ought to be shot. There is only one way of punishing treason: that is by death to the man that is guilty. I am in favor of the firing squad and a stone wall as the proper means of combating treachery to the United States. What this country needs is a few first-class hangings. Then we could go on with our work of mobilization without fear of being stabbed in the back.

Thus was the spirit of the Nazarene demonstrated in the Panhandle State.

When, early in the conscription controversy, he was asked his views, he tersely remarked: "I hate to see our fellows go into the trenches in Europe." The interviewer asked the mayor if he knew of a better method for this government to prosecute a war. Thompson deliberated a moment and answered:

I might refer you to the teachings of George Washington, who advised his countrymen to keep out of European entanglements. I have great respect for the teachings of Washington and Lincoln, whose wisdom has greatly helped this country. Their great thought was to preserve this nation, and that is good enough for me.

The uncompromising journalist was puzzled, and asked if it wasn't better to send our troops to fight Germany while the other nations were attacking her. Bill said in reply: "Germany has never been over here yet. I think

it best for this country to prepare to meet foreign invasion by Germany or any other country."

The perplexed reporter rather impatiently asked Thompson if he wanted this country to win the war. "I do not want the United States defeated in anything," the mayor answered quietly after a moment.

This stubborn attitude of opposition to the cause his fellow citizens were supporting so zealously continued for many months. He harangued against the shipment of food and munitions abroad and he fulminated sourly against the Liberty Loans. His economics weren't always sound and his politics were ill-advised, but his grit was unquestioned.

A group of pacifists cryptically calling themselves the People's Council of America for Democracy and Terms of Peace asked the mayor for permission to assemble. Grateful for the opportunity, Thompson granted the permit, being backed by Corporation Counsel Ettelson in his judgment. Fury flared up among the patriotic, and Governor Lowden threatened to break up the meeting with the state militia, to which Thompson angrily replied that his policemen would defend the right of any body to congregate peaceably and discuss anything. Lowden, blinded and harassed by the flag-wavers, one eye on the Presidency, ordered out the troopers with as many oaths as are permitted a gentleman farmer. But, due to fatigue or the intervention of Lucifer, they arrived too late for the immanent clash with the Chicago coppers, and were denied the head-smashing orgy so dear to troopers' hearts. The result was that everybody was satisfied: the protestants had a chance to air their feelings; Thompson had an opportunity to back up his contentions with threats of force; and Lowden moved nearer to the White House by making the familiar American political gesture of brandishing the heavy bludgeon without being compelled

to use it. Only the unfortunate troopers lamented. The result of the affair ultimately was the frustration of Lowden's big ambition. Bill Thompson came to hate him so cordially from this time on that later, when Colonel Frank had the coveted plum within his grasp, the mayor struck it from him in a rage, at last able to get even.

His most frequently quoted utterance was a phrase designating Chicago as "the sixth German city in the world," when called upon to defend his seditiousness. The idea had been Lundin's, but Bill had not the rhetorical skill of the former street fakir and blurted out the *faux pas* unadorned, without proper bathos to lessen the shock. He was correct in his fact, of course; but the expression was seized upon by the publicists busily engaged in the mechanics of hatred, and poor Bill was belabored mercilessly.

A movement was begun to impeach him; another, with a similar objective, for malfeasance in office came into being. Yet another was launched by District Attorney Cline, to indict him for "disloyalty and treasonable utterances." A racket was raised over the Lundin-Thompson paper, the *Republican*, and recommendations were sent to Washington to bar it from the mails. The paper was suppressed, quite successfully, in Aurora.

Harsh criticism came from high places in abundance. The following year, when Thompson bucked the National Security League's repudiation of his candidacy for the Senate, Elihu Root energetically seconded the League's encyclical. To Judge Olson, some time before, "his face flushing with spirit," he had said: "You ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered for allowing a man like that to defeat you."

But Roosevelt, never a man to allow the papers to neglect him, and forgetting his own defense of the German invasion of Belgium, was even more decided in his con-

demnation of Chicago's traitorous chief official. The ensuing report, published in the *Chicago Herald*, indicates the attitude of one famous cowboy towards another. It is part of an account of what transpired in Pittsburgh at the Moose convention, to which Thompson was a delegate.

T. R. was also a guest, and the presence of the ex-President was a thorn in the chaplet that Mayor Thompson expected to place on his brow. In the first place, the mayor wanted to eat breakfast with the colonel at the William Penn Hotel. The colonel said "No," and didn't stop at that. He served notice that if Thompson were allowed to speak at the big open-air meeting in front of the Alleghany Courthouse they would have to get along without him. The Colonel spoke. Thompson didn't.

The declination to break bread with him did not, apparently, have any effect on the "Burgomaster." He declared he would make another attempt to see Teddy, but didn't succeed, much to the deep regret of a number of persons who were seeking listening-posts in the hall, just under the opened transom of the colonel's door.

The officers of the convention had a hard time explaining the Thompson presence to the delegates. The explanation given was that the invitation to him was extended three months previously, before his pro-German *tendenz* became known.

And this took place shortly after the *Republican* had ebulliently told of Thompson's admiration for Roosevelt (not sufficient to support him in 1912, however), with whom he shared a fondness for boxing and other sports. Their boyhoods had been spent in the same manly atmosphere, and these things, combined with his "brusk decision of manner and such genuine forcefulness as he displayed in settling the Chicago traction strike" suggested to the editors of the *Republican* a man of the Roosevelt type. But, unhappily, T. R.'s anger broke the robust analogy down.

The *New York Times* accused the favorite son of Faragut's assistant of fostering a second secession! "Thompson has drafted a new Declaration of Independence, with the purpose of severing Chicago from the nation with whose present ambitions and desires he has no apparent sympathy."

But from the above citation it must not be inferred that William Hale Thompson was the kind of conscientious objector Debs and LaFollette were. In many respects he displayed the tenacity of these men; but not having their mental equipment, he was unable to develop his thesis as convincingly as they. He merely stated his convictions and doggedly stuck by them—but not to the extremes of martyrdom. The accusations of "Benedict Arnold" and "copperhead" had been too much.

When Judge Landis scored him viciously from the Olympus of his federal bench, when impeachment proceedings got under way, when the nation's press jumped on him with hobnailed boots, Thompson began to weaken. He and Lundin saw the political and physical folly of talking themselves into Leavenworth. So, inch by inch, the mayor backed water.

Joffre's commission came, and was grudgingly met by an unsmiling Big Bill. The Belgian propaganda commission arrived, and was greeted meekly and officially. To Landis the mayor said he was sorry he was provoked and regretted that Kenesaw thought him unpatriotic, adding, in substance, that his kind of patriotism was just as valid a sort as the jurist's.

In the spring of 1917 he had sourly refused to allow Liberty Loan solicitors to canvass the city hall. A little later he gave in, but wouldn't buy any himself. By October he had given in completely and was seen subscribing \$5,000 to that Christian endeavor.

Likewise in other and subsequent affairs. His campaign

for the Senate was under consideration and he couldn't afford to jeopardize his future further. So he compromised. He offered to contribute to a relief fund for soldiers' families; he made a flamboyant patriotic speech to a group of men departing for Camp Grant; and in general shut up about the justification for the war. For this he shouldn't be censored. One man couldn't change things, and it surely wasn't pleasant to be scorned by the very people who had formerly sung his praises. To be sure, he joked about his unpopularity, but his smiles were usually rather wry. For example, when the reporters asked him, with many a sly cough behind their hands, if he still aspired to be president, Bill answered with a grin: "Well, a choice of berths running all the way from the White House to Fort Leavenworth lies before me. I have noticed, though, that the dollar patriots are more anxious to send me to Leavenworth."

This last dig was intended for J. M. Dickinson, a National Security League luminary who was Thompson's most savage enemy. When the gentleman was instrumental in severing Bill's old connections with this band, the mayor caused a mild sensation by shouting that "Jacob M. Dickinson once bore arms against the United States. Ask Mr. Herrick if he knows *that*." Which was embarrassing but true, Dickinson having enlisted when a youth in the Confederate Army.

In order to do justice to all, and to clarify the entire issue, it is germane at this point to pause and review the war controversy, to ascertain just how much justification there is in continuing to consign Thompson, LaFollette, Debs, Clark, Norris and the few other conscientious objectors to the limbo of the unreservedly damned.

In the first place, there was very little genuine pacifism in the United States in 1917. The mood of most of the Germans in Chicago and Milwaukee was not, of course,

pacifism at all, but a resentment at the idea of their new country warring with a nation for which they had so many sentimental attachments. The Irish were, as it is well known, not anti-war, but anti-English; the Poles and Jews, anti-Russian.

In 1915 public sentiment, especially in the West, was firmly crystallized around a policy of isolation. The masses liked Champ Clark and approved his pacifism, but supported Wilson because his solemn promise to work for peace was believed in. The Jacksonian prairies contained millions who looked down upon the Atlantic seaboard with suspicion and disaffection, thinking this region effete and peopled with international bankers, imitation Englishmen and other such dangerous fauna; and only the eastern states were pro-Entente. The *Chicago Tribune*, whose editorials are usually an excellent gauge of the middle-western temper, bespoke the slant of its customers in the spring of 1915 when it said: "Any American who suggests or even hopes that America should go into the war on the sides of the allies because he loves France, or because he sorrows for Belgium, or because of the *Lusitania*, or because it would be unfortunate for humanity in general to have Germany triumph, is a traitor to America."

This is not quite the civilized attitude, when the pre-war diplomatic documents are considered, but it is extraordinarily astute for a newspaper, and it is certainly not pro-war.

But gradually, insidiously, the hysteria penetrated into the *hinterland*. Those whose special interests were advanced by the dissemination of poison poured skillful propaganda into the minds of the cautious and the sceptical; these were aided by the misguided many who, like Wilson and Page, looked upon the English as the shock troops of civilization, and considered the Germans "wild

beasts," and their defeat one of the prime categorical imperatives of humanism. The virus spread.

On March 9, 1916, the *Tribune* indicated its changed attitude, which was, in turn, a valid indication of the shifting of the winds on the plains. The Northcliffe press reports from the front had been extremely effective, apparently: "We cannot sit in smug and snug security while other men die for our common cause. Great Britain is straining every nerve to put more men in the field. If we enter the war it should be with proper security for the future. This will mean a definite relinquishment of our policy of European entanglements and a definite alliance with England and her allies."

Note carefully that last sentence. When the sublime Woodrovian altruism bubbled over in April, 1917, the *Tribune* was one of the waves in the inundation. They whooped and yelled and bellowed for war and all its niceties, and abandoned isolationism with the recklessness of an unfrocked monk giving himself over to sin. But when the destruction was over the *Tribune* shrieked warnings to America to retire into its shell, and because Wilson and Lansing were wretched diplomatists they opposed the League of Nations, the World Court and sniffed at the disarmament conferences, Locarno and the Kellogg Pact. While the learned Colonels Patterson and McCormick favored a policy which would carry American soldiers abroad to kill, they couldn't see anything but harm in later sending over diplomatists and economists to do constructive work!

While the world was compliantly bowed before the fearsome god Mars, America ran the entire gamut of hysteria complexes. Few were exempt. Staid and other-worldly philosophers, like Royce of Harvard, joined with practical and earthly journalists, like George Creel and Adolph Ochs, in shouting down the barbarian Boche. Albert Bush-

nell Hart, a professor of history, wrote passionate treatises for the National Security League. Another organization for the selling of the war idea to the country was headed by Professor James T. Shotwell, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. Charles E. Merriam, professor of political science of whose praises this book has so far been copiously loaded, distributed copies of the "Star Spangled Banner" and patriotic buttons and ribbons in Italy. A roster of the scholars who lost their heads at this time reads like a catalogue of "Who's Really Who in American Savantry": Archibald C. Coolidge, Carl Russell Fish, Franklin H. Giddings, William Bennett Munro, Robert McNutt Elroy, William Roscoe Thayer, Munroe Smith and scores of illustrious others. Even the protagonists of the Christian philosophy howled like a Judean mob for the blood of the German. With idealistic philosophers, professors of history and gentlemen of the cloth beating the drum, is it surprising that mere congressmen and other plain citizens lost their heads too?

After the Armistice western civilization resigned its weary body to grief and regret, and turned its mind to reconstruction. The treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Trianon were drawn up, and troops were left on the Rhine to warn the "enemy of mankind" never again to run amok.

While the economists and diplomats were wrangling, the historians were deliberating over documents which had surprising contents. The Russian Revolution had carried a party into power which wished to discredit in every way the monarchy just overthrown, and welcomed with alacrity scholars bothered with the itch to seek out the truth about the origins of the World War. Subsequent changes in the governments of many of the nations of Europe opened several other archives to the curious and equipped. A tremendous quantity of diplomatic correspondence, state

papers, military communications, telegrams and other material was unearthed and analyzed and, after intelligent interpretation, went a long way in spoiling the air of injured innocence affected by Izvolski, Sazonov, Poincaré, Grey, Cambon *et alter*. The "revisionist" school of war guilt was born.

In America the lead back to sane thinking was taken by Professor Sidney Bradshaw Fay of Smith College. In July and October of 1920 he published in the *American Historical Review* essays very disquieting to the historical fraternity about the part played by Austria in precipitating the disaster; these were followed by an illuminating series of articles in *Current History* on the Sarajevo crime, telling of the complicity of high Serbian officials in the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand. More documents were discovered; memoirs of generals and statesmen were penned; and special studies of certain phases of the pre-war situation shed light on the whole period. Such works as Gunther Frank's on the Russian mobilization, Boghitschevitch's on the Serbian plot, Hermann Lutz' and Montgelas' studies of the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey, Ernest Judet's book on Franco-Russian relations, Alcide Ebray's analysis of treaty violations from 1815 to 1926, the works of Arthur Ponsonby and Irene Willis on war-time propaganda—these investigations, together with perusal of the documents themselves, have eradicated all the notions created by misinformation, obscurantism and prejudice in the minds of all the historians of repute. The lay public, in turn, has ably been served by several of the revisionists. Professor Fay has written what is, by all odds, the most comprehensive work on the subject, his monumental two-volume study, "The Origins of the World War," a book calm in tone, cogent in conclusions and heavily documented. The finest book on the decade preceding the war is "International Anarchy,"

by G. Lowes Dickinson. Other recommended labors dealing with this important subject are Ewart's "Roots and Causes of the War," Gooch's "History of Modern Europe," and Montgelas' "Case for the Central Powers."

But "The Genesis of the World War," by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, is the most trenchant and brilliant demolition of the Entente epic. Dr. Barnes has taken the lead in America in acquainting the public with the extent of their error in assuming the idealism of the French and Russian leaders, the fortitude of Grey and the tireless zeal for the preservation of neutrality of Wilson, Page and Herrick. His controversies with the "die-hards" and the "straw-clutchers" have shaken the historical profession to its very foundations, and, due in great measure to his courage and forensic skill, only a handful of the formidable Creel gang now cling to the nonsense that so damages their reputations. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart sobs aloud: "If Barnes is right, then Roosevelt was wrong, Wilson was wrong, Elihu Root was wrong, Ambassador Page was wrong, everybody was wrong." Which jeremiad should strike the cynical as exceedingly funny. Barnes continues to smash heads right and left, to the vast delight of many who relish a corking show. But to him it is not exercise in refined sadism, but sincere and practical endeavoring for permanent peace. "The plant of Locarno cannot flourish in the pot of Versailles. . . . The crying injustices of Transylvania, the Tyrol, Bessarabia, Macedonia, the Polish corridor, the Saar, the occupied cities on the Rhine, and Silesia, to mention but a few of the more atrocious fruits of Versailles, must be rectified before Europe can aspire to peace."

And all candid scholars who have examined the documents agree that Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, which flatly asserts the sole responsibility of Germany and her allies for the slaughter, is horribly invidious, unfair

and false. Professor Fay, the judicious founder of the revisionist school, states his position thus:

While it is true that Germany, no less than all the other Great Powers, did some things which contributed to produce a situation which ultimately resulted in the World War, it is altogether false to say that she deliberately plotted to bring it about or was solely responsible for it. On the contrary, she worked more effectively than any other Great Power, except England, to avert it, not only in the last days of July, 1914, but also in the years immediately preceding.

To be sure, there is a lively and unpleasant disagreement over details and the precise distribution of blame. To the Left we have Barnes, Fabre-Luce, Demartial, Montgelas, Bausman and Margueritte, who insist that Poincaré, Izvolski, Sazonov deliberately plotted to bring about a general conflagration for the purpose of gaining the Straits, Alsace-Lorraine and the crippling of the Dual Monarchy and the German Empire; hence, speaking of nations in terms of their guiding spirits, France, Russia and Serbia are more guilty than any other country for the promotion of the war. A relatively more conservative sodality is headed by the aforesaid Fay, and includes such impeccable scholars as Hermann Lutz, George Peabody Gooch and Raymond Beazley; this group places the bulk of the blame upon Austrian aggressiveness, Serbian complicity and Russian premature mobilization. Lowes Dickinson, on the other hand, is more deterministic: he exonerates the politicians, in effect, and attributes the cataclysm to the system of alliances, trade rivalries and economic influences in force before 1914. Dropping down several pegs there is a trio of academicians skillfully working to piece together the vestigial remnants of the Entente epic: Bernadotte Everly Schmitt of the University of Chicago, M. Pierre Renouvin of the French War Museum,

and M. Alphonse Aulard, the dean of living French historians. The first two have done exhaustive research and have earned the compliment of being referred to as revisionists, but a close comparison of the works of Barnes and Schmitt, Renouvin and Fay, and Aulard and Demartial, is rather damaging to the ultra-conservatives.

It is amusing and astounding, in retrospect, that William Hale Thompson, guided by historical illiteracy, prejudice and political expediency, was far nearer the final and definitive historiographical truth than William Roscoe Thayer, A.B., A.M., LL.D., Litt.D., Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and of the Order of Saints Maurizio and Lazzaro; Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., of Harvard University; Charles Downer Hazen, A.B., Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D., Litt.D., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; Robert McNutt Elroy, Harmsworth Professor of History at Oxford University, and Fellow of the Royal Historical Society; Munroe Smith, Professor of Roman Law and Comparative Jurisprudence and Bryce Professor of Legal History at Columbia University.¹

But whatever the motives determining his conduct, thousands of his constituency in Chicago will support him ardently as long as he is in public life. For, largely due to him, existence was made bearable for them in their adopted country during the febrile months when reason was just a word occasionally mentioned in college philosophy courses, truth and justice the phrase of liars and fools, and brotherly love the name of a large city in a nation drenched in hatred and curses. . . .

Mayor Thompson's yearnings for the privilege of draw-

¹For a brilliant and witty summary of this collapse of scholarship before the blasts of war, see Hartley Grattan's essay, "The Historians Cut Loose," in the *American Mercury* for April, 1927.

ing on his pyjamas in the bedroom previously occupied by McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft were well known; and Fred Lundin flattered him by asserting that the plum was well within the range of possibilities by 1920. But for the present Thompson had to aim at a target more within his reach. Presidents aren't chosen from the ranks of mayors.

So in the spring of 1918 Bill became an open candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator, to fill the seat of the retiring Sherman. His opponents were Congressman Medill McCormick and Congressman Foss, the former backed by the powerful *Chicago Tribune* and the latter of downstate influence.

Thompson opened his campaign with a parade, starting at the city hall and continuing to Kankakee, where the state fair was being held. It was a miserable fiasco. On the way the procession was met by jeering mobs; the banners were torn off the cars; and everywhere the name of Chicago's mayor was greeted with derision and contempt. The opposition appeared so strong that State Treasurer Len Small and George F. Harding advised Bill not to further aggravate the people by addressing them at the fair. The counsel was heeded.

The Thompson candidacy was based on several assumptions, none of which were fanciful. Lundin and his coadjutors anticipated the easy cadging of the following elements: the pro-Germans, the pacifists, the Socialists, the rabid wets, the anti-Wilson Democrats and the anti-war Republicans. In addition they hoped that the Sunday Closing order would be remembered by some of the fanatical drys. They still prayed that the war would prove unpopular and that Thompson would profit by a reaction to its brutalities.

The men who formulated their tactic upon these premises were not fools, but, like most people, they badly mis-

judged the effect engendered by highly emotional propaganda, enlistments and obituaries, and ballyhoo. Locally, they failed to see the wide gulf between the Main Street mind and the city mind.

Big Bill attacked the most difficult part of his task first. He barnstormed downstate with his usual vigor and frontal attacks. But most of the citizenry would not even listen to his speeches. In Peoria he was hooted and driven from the stage; in Edwardsville he was not even allowed to begin; in Champaign the patriotic rose up to shout him down; and everywhere he went the small town papers impugned his character and insulted his name. The *Tribune*, with a large circulation all over the state, denounced him as roundly as they pointed with pride to McCormick.

From the beginning Medill McCormick was granted heavy odds. He was Congressman-at-Large, generally smiled upon with a record colorful and properly patriotic. The other entrant, Foss, was not as widely known, but as his chauvinism was unquestioned he might have defeated Bill by himself.

But Big Bill stubbornly continued campaigning, ignoring the pleas of his friends and the jeers of his enemies that he had better retire and save his face. He wound up with a dozen gigantic meetings in Chicago, and the reception accorded him by the Germans and Scandinavians gave him heart and the faint hope of victory.

A hot, un pitying September sun saw the Lundin-Thompson effort to extend itself take its first blow on the chin, Bill going down for the full count of fourteen. He carried Chicago by a bare 18,000, due almost entirely to the functioning of the machine. McCormick buried him in the remainder of the state, thereby gaining the privilege of facing James Hamilton Lewis for the toga.

Fred Lundin looked things over ruefully. If his Little Boy Blue had won he would have had a better position

than he had ever enjoyed under Lorimer. But real benefit had accrued from the lacing. He was now able to judge with precision just how much the Thompson reputation had been injured by his war attitude, and, further, how well the boys out in the wards were delivering the goods. With exact knowledge of this sort in his files, he set about preparing for the campaign to re-elect Bill mayor.

The city hall crowd still maintained their strength in the county, state and national Republican committee, and they concentrated on gaining the 1920 presidential convention for Chicago. Thompson was expected to put this over, as he was a national committeeman.

When the Republican statesmen were debating this perplexing problem, that is, the site for their convention, Thompson arose and launched into his address thus: "The great heart and mind which led the Revolutionary War and which presided over the convention which framed the Charter of Liberty was none other than George Washington, who became first President of the nation whose foundations he had laid deep and strong in the provisions of our Constitution."

The assemblage rose in a body and cheered. Didacticism is rarely concealed as adroitly as this. Then, after a shower of compliments at Washington, Lincoln and McKinley, he pulled out all the stops of persuasion:

Come to Chicago, where the people support real Republicans who loyally stand for the principles of the Republican party, and where frauds and counterfeits are repudiated!

Come to Chicago and let us revive our Republicanism at its fountain-head, and there, in the words of my father's old commander, Admiral Farragut, "with full steam ahead" we will sail into the fray.

Come to Chicago, where the people stand resolutely for the Americanism of our forefathers and believe in getting out of

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Europe and staying out. Nothing can shake their pro-American faith! . . .

Although our city contains as many Americans of foreign birth or parentage as the largest cities of the countries from which they came, they have no divided allegiance. They are pro-American and would, if need be, die to protect our country against any foreign foe. . . .

The elephant wagged his ears and decided on Chicago, Illinois, for its convention site. Bill's stirring rhetoric had, apparently, turned the trick.

TWELVE

"INSIGNIFICANT ME"

THE most startling utterance coming from any public figure in the history of Chicago is attributed to Fred Lundin, an expression that is but the forthright articulation of what all public servants think: "To hell with the public. We're at the feed-box now!" It is perhaps not impertinent at this point to pause and turn our attention to this man who is by all odds the most interesting figure connected with the Thompson destiny.

In his long and eventful career Fred Lundin has been given many compliments to his astounding diabolism, none of which are aimed to enhance his reputation with the pious. But all are tributes to his genius: the Boss, the Man of Mystery, the Wizard, the Generalissimo, the Croker, the Tweed, the King-Maker, the Supreme Prophet, the Joshua, the Old Medicine Man, the Mephisto, the Svengali, the Sphinx, the Prime Minister. But he would only laugh when glorified thus. He was just the "poor Swede" to himself, "insignificant me."

Suave and fantastic in appearance, mystical and pliant in temperament, he came to be an apotheosis of political originality, a shrewd manipulator of pageants, parades, pyrotechnics, bands, floats, calliopes. This classical strategist, educated in the Lorimer school, but living to survive his teacher and exceed him in erudition and ability, possessed of oriental indifference for the people, has boldly written his name across the political canvas in

Illinois. Throughout his life he has been unmoved by caricature and abuse, has flinched from no indecency, has been ruthless with his foes and false to his friends. He has arisen from abject poverty to extraordinary wealth, from a ridiculous neighborhood freak to a position of commanding power, from a man taken seriously by no one to the bane of the uplifters' existence. Like all men rising from nothing to really something, he has a life-maxim, one which has governed his conduct and which greatly explains his success: "People have short memories."

He came to America from Sweden at the age of eleven, having been born in Ostergotland three months before William Hale Thompson was conceived. The family joined some friends and relatives in Minnesota, but the beginning of the eighties found young Fred down in Chicago on the northwest side, on his own. His first earnings were procured according to the best Horatio Alger tradition, by selling newspapers and shining the shoes of the local German, Swedish and Irish Lotharios on Saturday night. Soon he was supplementing his income with the sale of fresh-water fish to the dozens of immigrant housewives who liked his affable, unobtrusive mien.

The northwest side of Chicago had been settled chiefly by Scandinavian and German families, and was popularly known as Hertzville. Henry L. Hertz, a Dane whose political despotism caused the region to bear his name, had built up his strength by dominating his neighbors only to turn about and bestow favors upon them. Attracted by the prosperity of the Republican party and unwilling to join with their Irish Catholic neighbors, who were Democrats, the majority of these Scandinavian stalwarts became full-fledged, straight-voting Republicans, and their mobile solidity went far in establishing the political importance of their wooden-legged dictator, whose bluster-

ing, excitable temperament amused and startled his colleagues of the Republican county committee. With Bill Lorimer, Doc Jamieson and John M. Smythe, all of the west side, the Chicago machine was well generaled during those rough years.

Fred Lundin looked about him restlessly. His first four years in Chicago had supplied him with many vocations besides peddling papers and fish. He had worked for a clothing house and attended school concomitantly; he had gone into the milk business and been successful; but the age of twenty discovered him with his ambitions unquenched. He pondered until inspired. One day he sold his overcoat and his watch, and with the cash in a money-belt encircling his waist, set out on a unique economic adventure. What transpired has been delightfully described, in the journalese of the period, by an eye-witness, a man writing for the *Tribune* under the pseudonym of “A Politician”:

Of a summer evening, some forty years ago, a one-horse truck moved slowly through a street on the northwest side. The impact of the horse's hooves upon the pavement was accompanied by a shrill jingling of bottles, which became increasingly pronounced when the driver struck the reins upon the animal's conspicuous ribs to encourage the beast to greater endeavor.

The driver himself was a youth of odd appearance. A cowboy hat of colossal proportions topped a mass of yellow hair and shadowed eyes that scanned the hurrying throngs on either side, mysteriously, through huge, amber glasses. The occult effect of the glasses and the hat was enhanced by a full-tailed coat of black which might have been designed for an undertaker, and did in fact embrace the wearer in the mournful manner of a shroud. . . .

The wagon partook in no small measure of the bizarre effect of its custodian. Its intimacy with its coat of paint had evidently been of several years standing, while one of its wheels swayed

toward and away from its business associates in a fashion reminiscent of the barrel houses of similar thriving institutions of the period.

But principally the wagon was remarkable in a vocal sense. Besides the bottles' raucous chorus, which ascended with each inequality of the pavement, it emitted every now and then shrill complaints in various keys from an unaccountable number of bearings and joints, as if in proclamation of the fact that it had found its burdens too great to be endured and intended to lie down and die upon the spot. . . .

Attracted by the sounds that emanated from the curious rig, pedestrians paused and gave it more than passing inspection (for the evening was young). And when their vision had dwelt compassionately upon its staggering bulk, and with simple wonder on the driver in his funeral coat-tails and full dress vest, and had appraised systematically the mortal expectations of the ancient horse, their gaze wandered to the placards, where in circus type appeared the legend, "Juniper Ade."

The cryptic import of that message, as well as the decrepit wagon's mission, was in part explained by the presence of two negroes, who perched upon the tailboard, flanked on either side by gasoline torches. . . .

It was not long, however, before the driver, quietly observant of the human tide upon the sidewalks, noticed an eddy in its orderly ebb and flow, and brought his vehicle to a halt alongside.

Instantly all was activity aboard the van. The negroes, jumping up from the tailboard, stood grinning at the crowd in the full glare of the torches. The driver, not to be outdone in promptness, secured his reins and swung himself into the body of the cart with a flourish of his long legs.

Then, casting aside the plainsman's hat, and easing the pressure of the flowing tie upon his throat, he beckoned the bystanders to draw close, and raising his voice he shouted in substance as follows:

"Step up closer, ladies and gentlemen. The great free show starts right away. It costs you nothing to hear the Black De Rezkes—the sweet singers of the south—direct from New York's matchless Academy of Music, where they sang for the nabobs

of Fifth Avenue. Offered for the first time as an open-air attraction under the auspices of that wholesome, delicious, incomparable, refreshing, foaming but non-alcoholic beverage, Juniper Ade!” The crowd moved in.

“I thank you, madam,” the speaker continued in an aside, improving the interlude by erecting a small table in front of himself and deftly stocking it with bottles. “By stepping closer you make room for somebody else.”

“Remember, my friends, that all is free.” He resumed addressing the crowd at large.

“It costs you nothing to hear the Black De Rezkes, whose marvelous vocal powers charmed the greatest art critics of the new world. This wonderful attraction is arranged exclusively for your benefit by the most surpassing of all surpassing drinks—Juniper Ade! By Juniper Ade, my friends, which is in itself a human boon—delightful and refreshing alike to young and old, recommended by physicians! “But as yet, folks, nothing is for sale. The Black De Rezkes are about to sing! . . .”

Historians agree that whatever else might be said of them, the Black De Rezkes could sing: and it followed that on the night in question, when the last of the familiar stanzas of “Home, Sweet Home” had risen to the moon, there were moist eyes among the recently expatriated Irish, Germans and Scandinavians who comprised a large part of the street corner congregation.

Seizing this psychological moment, the orator of the evening, whom scrutiny revealed to be a Swede himself, went to his principal business. He spoke fondly of distant lands in tones that had the mournful reverberation of cemetery bells; of mothers, wives and sweethearts; of fathers made old before their time by grim struggles against poverty and despair; of former friends and once familiar scenes.

“Our hearts are hungry, my friends,” he cried, “and are thirsty too—thirsty!”

This was the climax toward which he had built. His eyes seemed suddenly to dart through their amber masks and to transfix the crowd, bird-like. His form towered to an amazing height, his arms flew out in the all-embracing gesture of a wind-

mill, while his mortuary raiment, sorely beset by these unexpected movements, struggled desperately to keep its grip upon him.

"Thirsty for the old home drinks our mothers used to brew! Remember the pitcher that stood in the sink? Remember how you used to go to it when tired and dusty, and how its magic coolness made new life surge through your veins? Remember how you drank—Ah—deep and full? That wonderful drink, that life-giving drink, that invigorating drink is with us tonight! That historic libation of our forefathers—the old home beverage—Juniper Ade! My friends, it is delicious, refreshing, wholesome, foaming but non-alcoholic! Recommended by physicians. Good for young or old. Liked by young and old. Can be prepared by any housewife in a few moments.

"Step right up! I thank you sir. Add a teaspoonful to a gallon of water. The bottle contains enough to last your family for a month. Who'll be the next? . . .

From "A Politician's" account it can readily be seen that Fred Lundin was a successful spell-binder. And he prospered happily. His personality, if not the merits of the refreshing but non-alcoholic Juniper Ade, resulted in increasing wealth. Later he demonstrated his economic versatility by adding other sources of income to his Ade-hawking business. He manufactured a malt beverage and also sold pills that were purported to cure all human ills, from the indigestion caused by imbibing too freely of Juniper Ade to fallen arches and female ailments.

His fame spread through Hertzville, and where at first he was looked upon as a freak; later, when he opened a good-sized factory, the natives tempered the jibe by saying he was "wealthy, but eccentric."

One night there appeared at Lundin's open-air show a man whose temperament was not such as to be attracted by the haranguing of a street fakir. But Fred's unusual attire, his acrobatic voice and the effectiveness of his exhibi-

tion won the attention of Henry Hertz, the bristly inoustached politician. The boss recognized the medicine man, or rather boy, as the kid who used to drink in bar-room gossip in Quincy No. 9, while shining the shoes of the tipsy ward heelers and selling them papers from his stand in front of the saloon at the mouth of the LaSalle Street tunnel. The recognition was mutual, and Fred outdid himself in persuasion that evening. Lundin sold Hertz no Juniper Ade, nor did he sell him any malt brew or cure-all pills; but he did efficiently sell himself.

The next day Hertz sent for him. And on that afternoon the master politician of the period was propelled from hopeful incipiency to rapid growth. Fred gave up his paper-peddling and fish-selling, but continued his beverage business and acted as an aid to the Dane in his spare time. A series of increases in revenue spurred him to add more side-lines, among which was a mail-order business which hoped to serve his countrymen who had settled in other parts of the new land than Hertzville.

He was a capable lieutenant in politics. His knowledge of man's gullibility gained during years of street peddling, his limpidity of principle, and his ability to handle and impress people made him an ideal buffer between the boss and his constituents. With each campaign Hertz' respect for his assistant grew. The lean horse and the rickety cart became the recipients of more and more leisure, and finally the streets of the west side saw them no longer. The Black De Rezkes left for other parts, and politics claimed most of Lundin's time.

Another anonymous scribe, "The Senator," reminiscently tells of an incident occurring in the nineties: "I remember the day Henry Hertz brought Lundin before the county committee. Lorimer was presiding. Hertz said Lundin was the guy to run the old 35th ward. He was an odd-looking chap, with his yellow mane and his spec-

tacles, and the boys kidded Hertz unmercifully. 'Never mind,' said Henry, 'he's got a cunning brain.' "

Lorimer had many advantages. In a normally Democratic bailiwick on the southwest side he stood at the head of a compact minority which controlled the ward, and hence there were more job-holders per capita in his domain than in stronger Republican sections that were less readily delivered *en masse*. With this mobile force Lorimer, after an alliance with Doc Jamieson, began to enlarge the sphere of his influence, their particular objective being Hertzville. But it was very difficult to defeat the one-legged boss in his own territory. Scouting around, Jamieson discovered Lundin, and prevailed upon the young fellow to desert his benefactor and work for the interests of his more influential machine. Soon Hertz was treated to the spectacle of his former protégé stealing his region from under his nose. Within three months Hertz was forced into a compromise and, with Lundin, became a bower to Lorimer, the Blonde Boss.

His entrance into the Lorimer-Jamieson-Smythe *crèche* as the equal of Hertz and the particular aide-de-camp of the chief was a red-letter day in his life. From then on his rise was rapid. He met the other members of the Round Table: Len Small, Mike Faherty, Cicero J. Lindly and the rest. And although they had laughed at him when he was first presented to them, they learned to accord him respect of a kind they gave no one else.

When the slates were being drawn up in 1894, Lundin demanded a prominent place. The veterans of the outfit considered his insistence premature and presumptive. Thinking to put him in his place, they granted him the nomination from the seventh district for the state legislature, a plum usually gotten by a Democrat. But their double-dealing was predicated upon an underestimation of Lundin's ability. He carried his section in grand style,

flabbergasting his colleagues and earning the respect of the machine's "angel," Charles Yerkes.

Yerkes was the Samuel Insull of his time.¹ The traction magnate liked Lorimer and they did many favors for each other. Yerkes wanted to obtain a street car franchise in Chicago, and, with Lorimer and Lundin, framed a bill which would give the legislature power to grant franchises of fifty-year duration. It was call the Humphrey Bill, and the civic uplifters still see red at its mention. But despite the smooth maneuvering of Fred and Bill and the boys it went down in defeat in the senate; so the Allen Bill was drawn up, and pushed with the added vigor stimulated by Yerkes' previous disappointment. It passed both houses at Springfield, but Mayor Carter Harrison made an issue of it in his campaign for re-election and the measure died.

Originality and daring have always been outstanding characteristics of Fred Lundin's make-up; in the legislature he demonstrated both. One of the children of his singular mind was banally called Senate Bill No. 76. This aspired to divide all the requisites of human life on this planet into seventy-eight classes, and subdivided these further into twelve categories. They were intended to define what articles a merchant could and could not sell. Everything from a herring to a brassiere was included. For example, if a shopkeeper were to sell a customer a collar he could not preface the sale by an attempt to inveigle the man into buying a cake of soap to wash his neck before donning the collar, without being declared a public nuisance and being subjected to a \$500 tax.

The companion piece to this bill was even more grotesque. It would have bestowed upon city councils and

¹ For an excellent study of him and his relation to his day, read Dreiser's "The Financier" and "The Titan."

village boards the authority to regulate and police trade, and license or tax commerce upon the basis of gross sales or net profit.

The Swede was not crazy, nor was he merely amusing himself. On the contrary he was indulging in the most practical economics. Publication of the contents of his bills sent lobbyists and corporation lawyers scurrying to his side, and although the private conferences ensuing resulted in the death of his babies, it is to be supposed he received at least a box of cigars for the infanticides.

Lundin also introduced a measure providing a method whereby subscribers of the telephone company would be issued identification cards permitting everyone with a phone at home to use any other phone in the city free of charge. This new element of humor in public utilities legislation was greeted with hoots and cat-calls. Some reporter asked how the operator was to recognize the person addressing her as the legitimate holder of the card. Lundin explained that the druggist, or the proprietor of the premises of the telephone, should act as the judge of identification. The press, with its notorious lack of an adequate sense of the ridiculous, indicated the possibility of dishonest people allowing their friends to use their cards. As the papers were giving the bill annoying publicity, the attorneys of the telephone company took the train for Springfield and sought out its author. In a few days Lundin's pet died on his desk of exposure.

It was during this period, while rendering yeoman service for Lorimer and Yerkes in the state legislature, that Lundin received his first taste of public abuse, the papers attacking him with cartoons and editorials and making mock of his manners, his dress and his past. Since that time he has never ceased alluding to "the crooked trust press," by which he means particularly the *Tribune* and the Lawson sheets. When his term was up in 1897 he

returned to Chicago, to witness shortly afterward the defeat of the Yerkes traction program in the city council, which ultimately resulted in the collapse of their sponsor and the damaging of the entire Lorimer clan.

Bill Lorimer made a comeback and was returned to the House of Representatives at Washington, leaving Lundin to manage the local aggregation and distribute most of the patronage. Fred kept the home fires burning so well that in 1908 Lorimer picked him to run for city clerk. He was beaten in a Democratic landslide, but led his ticket by many thousand votes. His showing was so remarkable that he was nominated and elected to the national Congress from the seventh Illinois district the following year, joining Lorimer, who had just been placed in the Senate.

They lived together at the Y. M. C. A. in Washington, both being models of virtue for two years. When a curious progressive *bloc* of the Senate suspected that a dark past was being covered up by a Christian present, and instituted investigations into the right of Lorimer to retain his seat, Lundin was loyally and piously by his side during those trying days.

William Lorimer felt the axe in 1912, and Fred Lundin busied himself in organizing the Lincoln Protective League to aid in proving that LaFollette and Borah were just being nasty, and to affix martyrs' crowns upon the brows of the lads of the school. When this organization flopped, Lundin framed the Republican Club of Illinois, but, as has been shown in a preceding chapter, this proved a feeble and short-lived gesture as well.

Some time before the Lorimer decapitation, the grizzled group had been augmented by two wealthy young sportsmen, both ambitious to succeed in this new sport of politics. One of them, Eugene Pike, had been prominent in the Busse campaign in 1907, but his part in the Lorimer

operations was, due to tender years and lack of experience, chiefly that of financial backer. The other, William Hale Thompson, didn't rate any higher, but as his desire to shine in the public firmament was unbridled he was treated as a person of more importance when the curtain was up. In the party councils they met Fred Lundin and became very friendly with him.

The cunning Swede realized the possibilities inherent in the jovial, booming manner of Thompson, and suggested him for the board of review in 1912. After his trimming in the primaries Bill was discouraged and tempted to retire and devote all his time to business and sports, but he was fascinated by the attentions Lundin paid him and was soon drawn back into the fold, his old hopes revived. In 1913 Lundin flatly asserted to the inner group that Bill Thompson would be the next mayor of Chicago. Jim Monaghan had suggested it in 1911, but Lorimer had considered the boom premature and unwise. In 1913 Lorimer was politically dead; Lundin controlled the remnants of the machine; and Bill clung to the Swede. Here was his Big Chance.

To make the contract binding Lundin tied up the big fellow's business interests with his own through inviting him to participate in his mail order concern. It was then that Fred was brought in close contact with another of Bill's rich friends, James A. Pugh.

In this campaign Lundin was almost the whole show. With the exception of a few dodges of Pugh's mind, every effective trick of the effort had its Genesis in his subtle brain. He planned most of the speeches, saw to the distribution of pledge cards, arranged the mass meetings, interviewed countless ward bosses and precinct captains. He pulled in all the old Lorimer crowd to add strength and wisdom. And he worked twenty hours a day. He knew that the biggest stakes of his life lay just around the

corner. With Bill Thompson as mayor *he* would be the boss: no one—not Lorimer, or Jamieson or Hertz or Smythe or Yerkes—would be above him. The idea pleased him immensely.

The efficacy of the Lundin-Thompson relationship from the former's angle has been well described by the *New York Sun*:

Thompson was just the kind of man Lundin was looking for, because he was young, wealthy, amiable, likeable—in short, a good mixer. It is true he never gave much evidence of political sense, nor was he ever accused of being overburdened with brains. But for Lundin's purpose these things were merits. It is obvious that a boss can best maintain his supremacy by operating through a man who is altogether reliant on him not only for political preferment but for political sense as well.

Thompson disclosed another quality which Lundin shrewdly discerned to be perhaps more valuable than anything else. This was a stubborn, bulldog tenacity once he was aroused. He could stand his ground in a rough-and-tumble encounter and he could take punishment. He has grit, and once he has determined to go through with a thing he will do it.

This element in Thompson's character was essential also for the operations of a boss who intended to ride his way, roughshod if necessary, to power. . . .

From Thompson's point of view Lundin was just a political necessity. Long before he came under his influence Bill had learned to respect the Swede's prowess, because everybody in politics did. But they were never close personal friends, like Thompson and Pike were. Fred was exceptionally skillful in flattering the corpulent fellow, and Bill was susceptible to it, but the thrifty, somewhat ascetic and quiet Lundin was not the type of man to invite the hearty, generous, swaggering Thompson to personal intimacy.

For more than ten years, roughly since the 1904 convention when Deneen had bested the Lorimer-picked Frank Lowden for the gubernatorial nomination, Lundin had nursed one pet ambition: "to put the skids under Charlie Deneen." In 1908 it was again frustrated, for Deneen easily disposed of another Lorimer-Lundin candidate, Richard Yates, for re-nomination. In 1912 Len Small, still another man selected by Lorimer and Lundin to gain the coveted governorship, walked the plank in the primaries. Apparently it was impossible for the boys Lundin considered "right" to obtain a foothold downstate; but he doggedly kept trying, and with each setback his animosity for his ancient enemy flamed afresh.

With the nomination of William Hale Thompson for mayor Lundin gave the Deneen outfit its first sound beating in many years. And it was doubly gratifying to the Scandinavian because everyone had predicted a walk-away for Olson in the primary.

Then he set about the difficult task of taking the control of the county committee from stolid Charlie. His attempts were ineffectual in 1915 and continued to be for over two years; but he made up for this repulsion by working hard for Lowden in 1916 and securing most of the Cook County patronage when he put the colonel over. Lowden wasn't precisely Lundin's choice for governor, as the Thompson-Lowden war feud showed, but neither did Deneen control him, so it was a clear tactical triumph.

With a man as easily handled as Bill Thompson, the incumbent mayor, Fred Lundin was in his glory. He established headquarters in two loop hotels (called by the papers City Halls Nos. 2 and 3), and there kept card indexes of the jobs at his disposal and the merits and demerits of the respective applicants. Naturally, the remnants of the old Lincoln-Lorimer League had first preference, two of them, John Dill Robertson and Percy

B. Coffin, being given important places in the initial cabinet, while the rest were taken care of up and down the line. In this task of patronage-dispensing, which pleased him more than the vending of the temperance beverage ever had, he had three assistants, all capable and trustworthy: Leslie P. ("Ike") Volz, who had been his secretary for many years; Virtus Rohm, his nephew; and Harry Ward, who had learned how to keep secrets when he was the silent accomplice of Blonde Bill Lorimer. It was a congenial quartet, ruthless and uncompromising, and of the lot the boss was the smoothest and the most able.

In mesmerizing Thompson Lundin had to work slowly and carefully, for Bill was easily aroused and possessed of uncommon loyalty to his friends, many of whom hated Fred cordially and had plans sharply counter to his. For example, Pugh, though he wanted to keep out of the cabinet himself, was set on establishing his friend Richard Folsom in the office of corporation counsel, and Fred had to acquiesce, despite his strong affection for State Senator Samuel Ettelson in this regard. Again, Thompson wished to see his closest chum, Gene Pike, in the city comptroller's chair, so Lundin was deprived of another plum.

But by and large he had things pretty much his way. After all, the health commissioner was his own private protégé, Doc Robertson, and through him he had sway over hundreds of jobs and contracts. And with Percy Coffin as civil service commissioner he could crucify the offending merit system at his pleasure.

But never was he content; always did he lust for more power. Folsom was the first to feel the glowering gaze of the boss, for this high-minded lawyer was not only a Democrat, which fact was no aid to party strength, but was incorruptible as well, and it was imperative to Fred that the law be interpreted to suit his piratical schemes.

So Folsom was bluntly told to work for the good of the machine or get out. Disgusted at such effrontery, and with a pitying glance at Thompson, Folsom retired.

The next person to feel the sting of Lundin's lash was Morehouse, another Pugh choice. He was commissioner of public works, and too many jobs impinged on this office for it to be sacrificed to Pugh's zeal for decent government. The scuttling of this ship was easier, for whereas Pugh had raised a rumpus over the disposal of Folsom, he was deep in fiscal hot water by this time, and the Morehouse demise happened stormlessly. His shoes were obligingly filled by Charles Francis, an old Lorimer man who had, as city clerk, inducted the mayor into office.

And so it went. When Thompson was elected the civil service barely exceeded 20,000 positions; by the end of the first year 30,675 temporary appointments had been made, oiling the machine to excellent effect but at the expense of a city not too flushed.

While he was grabbing off everything in sight, Lundin remained cleverly back in the shadows, black-frocked, amber-bespectacled, smiling and silent. Few letters relevant to politics bore his signature; no telephone conversations with the city hall not over private wires were permitted his three assistants; and great secrecy surrounded all the doings in his suites in the Sherman House and the LaSalle.

Hence when public indignation was aroused by the mangled corpse of the merit system, Big Bill Thompson was left out in the open to face the blasts from the press and the reform organizations. Fred never darkened the door of the city hall from one year's end to the next. And when the wholesale buccaneering of the tuberculosis sanitarium which resulted in the suicide of Dr. Sachs took place, most of the bitter castigations of the newspapers and the medical societies were directed at the mayor and

the genial and slovenly Dr. Robertson. Lundin continued to occupy the wings, allowing his puppets to receive the vegetables cast by an insulted and outraged public. He didn't want a place in the sun; he wanted *power*.

He realized that all this gnawing upon the public bone could not be accomplished without some sort of obfuscating nonsense to divert the masses. So he planned and executed in quick succession the Prosperity Day Parade, the many trips of Thompson and his retinue, and took advantage of every civic event to broadcast ballyhoo and claim credit for the administration.

The closing of the saloons on Sunday was, of course, his idea. Pike had pledged Bill's support to the wets and had persuaded him to sign a written promise to that effect. But Lundin ruled otherwise. His reasons were many: he wanted to steal the thunder of Deneen, who was receiving strong backing from the drys; he wanted to be able to bestow favors upon saloonkeepers who worked with him; and—though this was probably the least important of his motives—he knew that his Juniper Ade business would flourish with most of the tippling-places dark one day of the week. This was in the teeth of a \$40,000 campaign fund the brewers, at Pike's suggestion, had raised for Thompson. When the brewers raised hell over the perfidy, Lundin sent his charge away on a trip.

He followed up his advantage at once. He sent the protesting mayor, who wasn't exactly comfortable under a halo, around to the churches to tell the good people what a moral public official he was, and how the spirit of Jesus had at last come to Chicago.

Then, cognizant of the peril involved in the contemptuous shouts of the wets, he sent for Samuel Ettelson, a lawyer for diverse liquor interests, and promised him the corporation counsel chair, recently vacated by Folsom, if he would square the administration in the eyes of the

imbibing hosts. This Sammie did quite promptly. The extent of his successes is indicated by the votes and campaign contributions garnered from the saloon men ever afterwards—that is, until Professor Volstead rendered the country a barren waste. (Another reason, and probably the most important one, why Ettelson was desired by Lundin for this post was his connection with the redoubtable Samuel Insull, and Fred knew an old hand was needed to shove through the kind of public utilities legislation he yearned for. Ettelson was a partner in one of the law firms retained by Squire Insull.)

Oddly enough, the appointment of Ettelson was followed immediately by a publicity campaign featuring Thompson in his favorite rôle: trust-busting. But this must be explained lest the reader draw a false impression. Lundin recognized the rabble's love of a good show, and no show is complete without someone or something receiving a few good socks in the midriff. Like Hearst and other famous muck-rakers, Fred saw the sadistic streak in the herd; when the stepped-on fellow sees a prominent person attacked he applauds the Roman holiday enthusiastically. So the Swede began to give Bill lessons in the abuse of corporations, not real abuse, mind you, but sham abuse. Lundin didn't, of course, approve of any Upton Sinclairen-Thorstein Veblen stuff; he merely wanted to cover up the Ettelson selection with a little calculated bathos for the benefit of the great unwashed, who love to watch the high-bracket boys writhe on the spit.

Hence, "Down with the gas bills!" cried the mayor. "Down with car fares," he added bellowingly. The thunderous wave of approbation welling up from the masses reached the ears of Svengali in his suite at the Sherman House, and he smiled and stroked his chin. It was so infernally easy.

Gas bills weren't lowered and car fares remained the

same, although the administration controlled the utilities commission; but even the alert press's reminders to the public of these facts failed to eradicate the impression originally made by Big Bill's ballyhoo.

This strange person continued his anti-social machinations for many years without any really damaging blows to his increasing power. With his outlandish dress, his disconcerting manner, his craftiness, and his inevitable card indexes he built up a political machine in Illinois which would have excited the envy of William Marcy Tweed. About him esoteric legends hovered, and many were the weird tales told of him among the credulous. In something like the vogue established by Dr. De Franca, the tyrant of Paraguay who forbade his subjects to refer to him otherwise than as *El Supremo*, Lundin's drove of sycophants spoke of him only as "the Congressman," forgetting that their idol's term ended abruptly when the public discovered his intimacy with the meretricious Lorimer. The Swedes especially loved him. They never ceased worshiping him as a countryman who had gained wealth and influence in the new nation, despite the fact that he never went one step out of his way to advance their interests.

In 1919 Lundin again put over his blustering mayor, re-electing him, though, with a margin considerably reduced; in 1920 he steered the weak and easily managed Len Small into the governor's chair and another colleague of the old Lorimer clan, Robert E. Crowe, into the tremendously powerful state's attorney's office; and there were many judiciary and sanitary board victories as well in this period.

Finally, as will be recounted later, he became so confident of his grip upon the public throat that his excesses grew as raw as rotgut, and public indignation descended upon him and his machine. Only with the help of God and

Clarence Darrow did he escape the penitentiary. He experienced what he had inflicted on so many others: victimization by treachery. Bob Crowe, swollen with the same ambitions that had actuated Lundin, saw an opportunity to dispose of his political benefactor with one blow, respond to the public applause, and leap into the ermine. The nurturing and placing of Crowe was Fred Lundin's greatest mistake, for it ultimately destroyed the most far-reaching and strongest machine Chicago politics ever suffered under, a machine almost an autocracy, with smiling Fred wielding the sceptre.

He pledged a vendetta on all who had brought about his demise. Within a few years he was able to watch them hurtle into oblivion. He himself was never quite scotched. Many sunsets saw him writhing with apparently mortal wounds; but soon he would reappear, deadly, implacable, smiling. His private businesses—he still retains his penchant for side-lines—continue to flourish, and politics takes up but a small portion of his time. The Illinois politicians align themselves, break up, re-align—and Lundin still makes himself heard and felt, often with fearsome emphasis, in the interesting political vista of the state. Perhaps he will until he dies.

But it will never be the same as during those ripe, rich days of 1915-23, when Fred Lundin was the mentor, advisor and mesmerizer of Big Bill Thompson, the *alter* and vastly more clever *ego* of Chicago's cowboy mayor.

No doubt the city hall will seethe with intrigue, hokum, sham and dishonesty until it is razed by the Communists, but it is doubtful if it will ever again see eight years of such splendid banditry as it did with Lundin in the throne, for he is the master tactician of them all.

THIRTEEN

TRILBY AND SVENGALI GET A CURTAIN-CALL

BILL THOMPSON was ruffled and disappointed by his poor showing in the Senatorial campaign of 1918 and, being anxious to resuscitate his failing reputation before the people, readily gave ear to Lundin's arguments that he make a smashing attempt to regain the mayoralty the next season. Fred was of the firm opinion that a long campaign was preferable to a short one: he felt that it wore out the opposition and eventually compelled them to cut down on their activities for want of cash. Three fat years had bulged the war chest with gold, and the Lundin forces had dozens of resourceful men willing to work like the very devil to sustain their situations of public trust, even at personal expense and discomfiture.

So in the fall of 1918 he again tossed his sombrero, now a bit soiled and worn, into the ring. This prompted his opponents likewise to declare themselves. Judge Harry Olson was once more the Deneen choice, this time with better-grounded confidence. Olson's reputation as an excellent jurist had perceptibly increased; he had polled a nice vote before in a campaign badly bungled; and he was the logical candidate for the large number of patriots alienated by Thompson's anti-war gyrations and his diverse exposed corruptions.

It turned out to be a three-cornered fight. The third man to announce his candidacy to the people was Professor and Captain Charles Edward Merriam, who as leader of the nine militant aldermen had made the council

chambers ring with pungent denunciations of the Trilby-Svengali histrionics. Once previously, in 1911, Merriam had offered himself to the voters as the Republican candidate for mayor, following his brilliant exposures of the fiscal peccadilloes of Fred Busse, only to fall before the superior machine of the Democratic Carter Harrison. In the last four years he had made a name for himself as the gadfly of the Thompson carcass, and had earned the support of several thousand civilized citizens as a consequence. Equipped with a clear and practical head and a fund of erudition relative to municipal government unmatched in Chicago, with a good speaking manner and plenty of zeal and indignation, he was in position to make the Lundin-Thompson cause ridiculous before all who had eyes to see and ears to hear. Unfortunately for the management of the city there were, as the figures subsequently revealed, only 17,000 so qualified.

Lundin, remembering the efficacy of the old pledge card and petition gag, repeated the ruse. Further, he advised Thompson in a course of modesty, which manifested itself thus, when he was besieged with press questions concerning his candidacy: "If the people of Chicago want me, I will. I owe it to them and will abide by their judgment. They have the say in such matters." It was best to proceed with caution at the beginning.

Naturally, the pressure of the machine was exerted to the utmost. Everyone on the city pay-roll was told to work like the devil or be compelled to seek honest toil. The following excerpt from the papers is an illustration of the absurd lengths of enthusiasm resulting from the boss's edict:

Garbage and ash-wagon drivers placed on the city payroll by the Lundin-Thompson organization are charged with refusing to haul away refuse unless the property owners sign petitions

asking Mayor Thompson's re-election. The charge has been in circulation at the city hall for more than a week that the drivers of city wagons were spending their time getting signatures to Thompson petitions and pledge cards, while the ashes are piling up in the alleys. George Pretzel, alderman of the 26th ward, confirmed the report by this incident:

"One of the garbage wagon drivers in my ward, Gierke by name, called at my home and insisted my wife sign a petition for William Hale Thompson before he would haul away the garbage. I was surprised at the fellow's nerve in calling at my house, but I suppose he didn't realize where he was."

But despite the protests of public-spirited Pretzels, zealous Thompsonites like Herr Gierke continued to thump the drum for their boss. Bill was keeping his ear, in true western fashion, close to the ground. Every cheer for his candidacy, whether stimulated by "Support Big Bill or no garbage removal" or some other coercion, counted heavily and influenced his decision to run.

On January 14, 1919, Mayor Thompson favored a large crowd at Arcadia Hall, on the north side, with his formal declaration that he was ready to serve their interests again in the style long favored. The mayor's cabinet sat with him on the platform in easy contentment, smiling and clapping always at the proper time.

Preceding the arrival of the man of the hour, Mrs. Irene Pease Mantionya, daughter of the late James Pease, pal of Thompson and long boss in the Lakeview district, presided. A musical program followed Mrs. Mantionya's remarks, and included in this lyric prelude was a clever parody on the popular ditty of the moment, *Navy*. Painted in large type on a sign erected in full view of the audience were the words, which everyone liltingly rendered, led by the beauteous chairman:

Over here we have a leader who's been fighting for you and me,
Ever since he has been elected he's been square as man could be,

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Though lying newspapers may lie,
You hear the honest voters cry:
We'll elect Big Bill for our next mayor
Because he'll fight for everything that's fair;
From both gas and traction he'll get satisfaction,
The same old five cent fare.
Hail Big Bill! . . .

Dr. John Dill Robertson then spoke of the outstanding features of his department under the passing régime but, strangely, omitted reference to the biggest feather in his cap, the death of Dr. Sachs. He did, however, speak feelingly of babies and mothers and children and the aged who had been given such efficient and humane care by the Thompson hand. His pious prattle was interrupted, unfortunately, by the arrival of the beneficent ruler himself, who pushed his way through applauding citizens until he reached the platform littered with his minions. Mrs. Mantionya then diagnosed him (the song evidently still ringing in her ears), as "honest and true," and closed with the expected superlative: that his administration had been "the best the city ever has enjoyed." The not-very-arca-dian hall rang with applause as Big Bill lumbered to his feet.

He claimed for his administration a "record of constructive achievement, honest and economical." Chicago under him, he added, was "the most orderly and law-abiding city, by reputation, in the country." (*Sic!*)

In his attacks upon the press he used the same exposés he had employed in 1912. The files of the old Lincoln League had come in handy when dusted off. He concluded that part of his address: "Because I have stood against these selfish interests and for the interests of the public, these papers have tried by false and malicious statements to drive me from public life, so that I may no longer stand

in the way of their greed and their desire to manipulate the city government in their own interests."

Then he held up for approval, one by one, the planks of his platform: home rule; reduction in gas rates; maintenance of the five-cent fare; opposition to all forms of corruption, Democrats and aldermen who block the "constructive programs of your mayor." He urged a referendum vote by the people on the question of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities corporations, and pled for the abolishment by law of the Public Utilities Commission.

He made no attempt to defend, categorically, the dissolution of Mayor Harrison's surplus, the raping of the merit system, the burdening of the taxpayers with hundreds of unnecessary "experts," the piratical seizure of the municipal tuberculosis sanitarium. But he did talk at considerable length of things of more general interest: "the equal rights of men and women," the "divorce of police from politics," "justice for returning soldiers and sailors," and the importance of "free speech and liberty for all."

All the really choice omissions in the Thompson lectures were the high points in the speeches of Olson and Merriam. Every dereliction of the last four years was dragged out into the open and played up mercilessly. Lundin was given his proper place in the sun and dignified with many titles. The politics back of every move of the administration was explained and emphasized. And in this hot campaign of abuse and counter-abuse the papers seconded and detailed every indictment issuing from the aspirants for Bill's chair and scalp; only the Hearst papers, the *American* and the *Examiner*, stuck with the mayor.

The day before the primary an amusing incident occurred which throws light on the temper of the campaign and particularly on one of the chief characteristics of Hizzoner, to wit, that while he has tenacity and

the fighting spirit, his wits are slow and he is easily discomfited.

It seems that Lundin and Thompson had organized a large group of soldiers and sailors to distribute pro-administration literature in the Loop, which fact implied an endorsement by the veterans of Big Bill's candidacy and served to mitigate the bad impression created by his war record. This stratagem enraged one Lieutenant Tharp, advocate of Merriam, and he had marshaled several dozen ex-soldiers into a "vigilantes" legion. Clashes between the rival veterans were frequent and hot-headed, the climax being a dramatic scene involving Tharp and Thompson. At a noon meeting in a Loop theater Thompson said: "One of my opponents who is supposed to have fought in the war has been bringing disgrace to the uniform of our country's soldiers by hiring men in uniform to parade the streets and insult the mayor."

"That's not true," shouted Lieut. Tharp, who was standing in the rear of the theater. "I happen to know that not a single one is being paid. I am the organizer of the vigilantes club for Captain Merriam."

"Put him out!" "Toss him out on his ear!" The crowd rioted and seethed angrily.

Bill kept his head for the moment. "Bill Thompson is glad to have any soldier of the nation talk in this meeting." And he assisted Tharp to the stage.

The ungrateful hero started speaking at once. "I was over there with the fifth division and I want to tell you how your soldiers felt when they received the newspapers telling of the pro-Germanism of your mayor." He got no further. Thompson asked him if he had received his discharge. The lieutenant replied that he had. Bill then hurriedly adjourned the meeting, and Tharp experienced a little roughing up before he could get away.

That night, at the Masonic Temple, Thompson was in

the midst of an account of the noon rally. From the back of the hall came a thunderous voice; it belonged to the pestiferous Tharp: "Yes, and I am here tonight too."

Bill cursed to himself. "You are here to make more trouble," he responded quietly.

"Not to make more trouble; to defend the uniform you say is being disgraced by efforts to help elect an American mayor and to defeat pro-Germans. Can I come up on the platform?" he challenged.

"*You cannot!*" roared Bill, red in the face and twitching with anger. "Officers, remove that man from the hall!"

But before this could be accomplished the intrepid fellow had made a short speech about fighting Germans overseas and fighting them in the city hall. He said that the mayor stood for free speech when applied to I. W. W. meetings, but not when it concerned men in uniform voicing their plea for an "American mayor." During this annoying interlude Thompson stood on the platform, first on one foot and then on the other, sweating not a little. Somehow he just couldn't think of the right thing to say.

Olson's final statement to the voters said: "There is but one paramount issue: shall the political machine of Mayor Thompson and Fred Lundin, which has been exploiting the city and citizens of Chicago, remain in power another four years?"

Unhappily for Olson and Deneen, in so far as that primary determined things, the answer was "yes." Lundin had built up his organization well; and the bosses and heelers went out on primary day with a temporary burst of energy born of a frantic desire to maintain the pork diet they had, Jew and Gentile alike, fattened upon.

Thompson's astounding plurality over Olson in 1915 was severely reduced, but he again made the grade comfortably. The results were: for the Best Mayor Chicago

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Ever Had, 124,194; for Olson, 84,254; for Merriam, 17,690.

The poor showing of Charles Merriam was passed over by the large papers as signifying little but the futility of a man attempting to run for an important office in a metropolis without a semblance of a machine; but in reality it meant more than that. Adequate publicity had been given this man's name for ten years in the past; his creditable and courageous record in the council had clearly shown him to be honest and practical; and his academic position testified to his grasp of what it was all about. Yet only seventeen thousand people in the city granted him their vote: a tragic comment on government in a democracy.

In the Democratic primary Robert Sweitzer had an easy time of it. He and Brennan had full control of the Democratic county committee and the organization functioned without flaw on election day. His record as county clerk had been good and there was nobody about to give him serious competition.

The campaign from the primary forward was rather quiet. There were, of course, parades and pyrotechnical displays, attacks and counter-attacks, reviving of old issues and the introduction of new ones; but in the main it was a struggle for supremacy between two puissant machines.

Homer K. Galpin, the chairman of the Republican county committee, took formal charge of the Thompson crusade, but this was just a gesture to hide the identity of the real leader. Fred Lundin continued to see that things were not bungled.

There was little disaffection. The Deneen forces were more amenable to reason this time and a solid front seemed assured. Most of the leaders of the 1915 effort still worked in behalf of Big Bill. Gene Pike had been nettled several

times by the insolence of Lundin but remained loyal to his pal. The most conspicuous absentee was James Pugh. After his split with Lundin and later with Thompson he had retired to nurse his badly mangled fortune. He did, however, look up from his business long enough to indicate his unqualified repudiation of the administration, and to espouse the candidacy of Merriam in several long statements. Shortly afterwards he died.

Like the primary, the election campaign was a three-cornered contest, but this time the odd man was not merely an academic figure; he was Maclay Hoyne, the state's attorney of Cook County. This Hoyne was a flamboyant fellow, exuding plenty of blarney of a brand particularly effective with the Better Element, who seemed to regard him as somewhat of an uplifter. There is little evidence to support this contention, although Hoyne was skillful in cadging publicity of a nature to give this impression. As a loyal Jeffersonian he frequently attacked the law enforcement under the Republican administration, but there doesn't seem to be overwhelming proof of his own competency in this direction. Most well-informed observers looked upon his mouthings as simply balderdash, with a selfish objective, furthering his own career; in short, just another politician. Many people considered his candidacy as a piece of Brennan strategy, but if it was it reflects sorrowfully on George Brennan, for Hoyne took more votes from Sweitzer's column than from Thompson's. The basis for such a notion lay in the nature of the Democratic attack. Sweitzer, being a German with a large following among his countrymen, couldn't very well abuse Big Bill for his lack of enthusiasm for the Entente altruism; so, the theory has it, Hoyne was put up to seduce as many patriots from the Thompson banner as possible. In addition, he was expected to deliver the thousands of

those who had become irritated by the Lundin presence and operations.

This may be true. But it is just as likely that Hoyne's incumbency in the prosecutor's chair had inoculated him with delusions of grandeur, a disease afflicting all politicians in some measure everywhere. And he made a strong bid to increase his political stature. Most of the citizens believed in his independence and non-partisanship, and thousands of mild little men cast their vote for him thinking they were aiming tiny arrows against the machine Moloch. Hoyne talked a good deal about crime, corruption, inefficiency, and devoted some attention to reviving wartime hates, gaining as a consequence the endorsement of the leading haters of the town.

Sweitzer's appeal was chiefly to the common people, the working classes. And to these the war was only something to be regretted. They had profited not at all from it, and lost a great deal; so Sweitzer couldn't assail Bill's conduct in that category. He concentrated largely on corruption and the "invisible government."

A number of authorities have said that the deciding factor in this election was the Irish vote cast for Big Bill. How it happened that any son of Erin could conscientiously mark his ballot for William Hale Thompson, member of Hesperia Lodge 411, A. F. & A. M., when a perfectly qualified Knight of Columbus faced him, is a puzzle to an outsider familiar with the blazing piety of most Irish Catholics. But understanding comes easier when one of the distempers of the hour is brought to the fore. John Bull was having a difficult time bludgeoning the Irish into the idea of their own inadequacy for home rule; and Chicagoans with a brogue and a long upper lip were inclined to take sides against the British in the matter. Bill Thompson, his long-standing animadversion for the Crown crying for expression, took up the cudgel for the Dub-

liners and Corkers in no uncertain terms, as was his wont. And although Home-Rule-for-Ireland had a rather strained relevancy to the Chicago mayoralty issue, Bill was hailed as a new St. Patrick, driving the English snakes out of the Emerald Isle.

Still, the result was close. Thompson rolled up 259,828; Sweitzer trailed him dangerously with 238,206; and Hoyne did fairly well with 110,851. True enough, party lines had been disregarded, but, as is customary, the strongest machine won. Not by much—a meager 21,000—but Bill had made the grade. On April Fool's Day, 1919, the electorate played a vast and cynical prank on itself: it reelected Bill Thompson mayor for the second time.

The reactions in the newspapers of the land were instantaneous, for Thompson had become a familiar national figure during the war. The headlines announcing his victory were lively and amusing: "Poor Old Chicago," "Un-American Wins," "Chicago's Shame," "Copperhead Victorious." The *Springfield Republican* called him "the worst mayor Chicago ever had," while the *State-Journal* of Lincoln, Nebraska, remarked cleverly: "Everybody to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. A plurality of Chicago voters wanted more of Mayor Thompson, and they have got him. That is their business and their funeral." The *New York Times* was, as usual, more explicit, William Chenery contributing a long article which read in part:

He had been elected in 1915 as an anti-machine candidate, and at once by a cruel and reckless demolition of the merit system he had begun to build a machine of his own. He had assembled . . . a large gathering of business men behind his administration. Within a brief space he had affronted them and squandered their support. Later he was heralded as a friend of labor and a few months thereafter the leaders of the Chicago Federation

of Labor were excluded from the council chamber by his henchmen. He had announced himself as an "American" mayor, and before his term was half over every citizen who cared about the honor of the nation at war hung his head when he remembered Mayor Thompson's "sixth German city" utterance. He was shown to have been on both sides of the wet and dry issue, and he consistently had the friendship of neither the anti-saloon leaders nor of the liquor dealers. He had at one time or another represented nearly every available partial interest, and he had never stood for the common welfare.

Thompson was not without a journalistic defender, however. The Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* hailed the election as a German triumph, implying it to be the first since the Teutonic offensive of 1918. Also, the *Northwest Tribune*, founded by Lundin to point out the real and final truth to the voters living in that outlying district, gave out a chortling explanation of Big Bill's return to office.

In its editorials, of course, the *Daily Tribune* expressed regret over Bill's reëlection. It had attacked him vigorously in the campaign and continued to be his most implacable critic. But, as has been frequently indicated in preceding chapters, the boys of the press liked Bill personally, and the *Tribune* reporters were not exceptions to this rule. The following excerpt from an anonymous article appearing in this paper shortly after the inauguration is an illustration of this popularity with the scribblers and also of the writer's skill in painting a sympathetic picture with no concessions to sentiment and no distorting of the truth. In short, it is admirable understanding of Thompson's true nature:

Thomas De Witt Talmadge used to say in the manner that my father called "the manner of a cooper going around a barrel," "The scientists tell us whence we came; the theologians tell us where we are going; the fact remains for us to consider that we

are here." Such a fact is the mayor. Human and forthright as I found him, I don't think I have any blinding illusions about him. Often he has shown himself brazenly demagogic, expedient, limited, and neither having the capacity nor invariably solicitous to surround himself with the best type of public servant. Sometimes he has compromised when he ought to have stood firm and sometimes he has manifested amazing bull-headedness when with advantage to the public weal and with benefit to himself he might have conceded much.

But he is here. . . .

Can he be enthused, cajoled, encouraged to decisive action? That he cannot be whipped to it seems certain. He has not that bull neck and those unwinking eyes for nothing. He has received criticism of a kind that would have driven most men out of public life or broken their hearts, and he has received it, if not stoically, with a certain stolidity, and he has won against it. . . .

I have heard it told that he is indolent. He thinks otherwise. "If a man is looking for an easy time," he said the other day, "I can think of a lot of places he'd better seek than this office. The job's a man-killer. Busse called it that too; but 'Hell, Busse,' I used to say to him, 'Cheer up; you ain't elected for life!'"

On the whole, in thinking over my impressions of him, I am led again to a conviction that has been the growth of nearly thirty years of journalistic observation of men and affairs: that no public man is either as good or as bad as his public reputation. . . .

And he's so human—human when he was relishingly recounting his grandfather's joke about the old north side, "always crying for improvements, so finally they gave 'em the jail;" and when with "what's the matter, honey?" and a low spoken conference he comforted a child whom we found crying bitterly because her big sister had run away with her dolls.

A listening, pithy man, I found him. No babbler. Perhaps his prime attribute now is that he can listen intelligently. Whether the qualities that have taken him so far in a hard game have their source in strength of character or only in vehemence or bravado, who can say? He can prove all that.

Anyway, he's here.

With very few exceptions, the leaders of the municipal government remained the same. The biggest change was the resignation of City Comptroller Pike, whose warm regard for Bill had not been able to counterbalance his spasms of disgust at the Lundin tactics. His place was filled by George F. Harding, who as state senator had long been affiliated with the Lorimer-Lundin machine. He was a valuable man for the cabinet, for he was experienced in politics, wealthy, and no believer in gross highwayman methods. Homer Galpin, too, spoke up for the share of the patronage he felt he had earned by his management of the campaign.

With a cabinet that pleased him and a reasonably well-knit organization pyramided up to the fine point of his wand, Lundin prepared for the future with grinning equanimity. The following year was to decide the most important bulge in his swelling ambitions. He was going to try to obtain as vice-like a grip on the county and state as he had on the city.

It was taken for granted that the Thompson-Lundin choice for governor would be Len Small. His years of fealty to the Lorimer escutcheon had proved to Lundin that he could be trusted if he finally was greased into the chair for which he had struggled so long. His chances were bright. His downstate following was fairly prepossessing, especially in his native region of Kankakee, and if Lundin could be counted on to deliver Cook County the total would be sufficient to ensure nomination. Unlike William Lorimer, whose return to Congress Lundin had just failed to engineer, Small had been detected in no malodorous offenses and was a good drawing card, as his plurality for state treasurer indicated.

Another office Lundin considered imperative to control was that of state's attorney. With an unfriendly person, like Maclay Hoyne, threatening indictments against the

boys and pressing the papers to scream forth the news, it was too uncomfortable. And besides the negative aspect, there was the positive one that much patronage came from this source. So, with considerable care, Fred made his selection, Robert Emmet Crowe.

Bob Crowe was young, extraordinarily ambitious, hard-shelled and aggressive. He had more polish than most of the politicians of the period, had a Yale education, and could be relied upon (so the Swede thought) to give the machine all the coöperation required. Shortly after Thompson's election in 1915 he had been given support on a non-partisan ticket for a seat on the circuit court, and soon rose to be chief justice of the criminal court, where his decisions had acquired wide publicity. Best of all considerations, he was willing to finance his own campaign, due in part to his recent marriage into the family of a rich Italian merchant.

In 1912 Lundin had witnessed what damage can be done by a county judge not easily persuaded to reason, for this office oiled the election machinery. This time the candidate, Frank S. Righeimer, was hand-picked and given the full support of the machine.

The primary was bloody and prolonged. Small pegged away at an issue which touched everybody in Chicago, the recent raising of the traction fares, and contended loudly that this annoyance was due to the Public Utilities Commission created by Lowden, who was aiding Oglesby, Small's opponent. For the rest of the state Len promised good roads, always the broadest plank in his platform when addressing his fellow-farmers. Crowe, of course, talked a great deal about crime, although he must have referred to crime only in that part of Cook County outside Chicago, for Thompson had modestly confessed to cleaning up the metropolis the season before.

The Republican primary turned out exactly as Lundin

had hoped and planned. Small, Crowe and Righeimer all won. In the election Small faced former Senator James Hamilton Lewis (unkindly dubbed "pink-whiskered Ham"), an able lawyer and administrator and a genuine gentleman. Unfortunately, Lewis' machine was not united behind him, votes were traded right and left, and he went down before a man not fit to attend him as valet.

But Lundin's extensions of power were not solely the result of superior strategy and campaigning; he benefited immeasurably by the Harding-Coolidge landslide. But before Harding was offered to the people as a palliative for the national nausea produced by too much Wilsonian idealism, he had to be nominated. And in the June convention of 1920 Big Bill Thompson played a most significant rôle.

The convention was in Chicago, and Fred Lundin, with Bill as one of the national committeemen, had sway over the Illinois delegation. This *bloc* was publicly pledged to Senator Hiram Johnson of California, with whom Lundin was friendly and for whose anti-World Court views Thompson had great sympathy. As the hot days of the farce succeeded each other it became increasingly evident that Johnson could not be nominated, for he was not acceptable to the easterners. The two leading candidates were General Wood and Colonel Lowden, deadlocked for the plum. This deadlock would have been obviated, and Lowden would have been the nominee, had his own state's delegation been as enthusiastic for him as it was against him; but Thompson's 1917 feud with Lowden interposed to prevent the *coup*. Some writers incline to the view that Bill figured if the deadlock was maintained he stood an excellent chance of riding in as a dark horse himself. This is extremely unlikely. Thompson was pleased, naturally, when the press occasionally carried his name in a long list of possible compromise candidates; but he wasn't so

numbed mentally that he took his chances very seriously. However, he was bitterly pledged to thwart Lowden's dreams—and he did.

As every criminologist with a long memory will recall, Harry M. Daugherty, with much scheming and sledge-hammering, pushed Warren Gamaliel Harding of Marion, Ohio, upon the G. O. P. delegates as their choice for President of the United States; and a man by the name of Coolidge, from Northampton, Massachusetts, was picked as his running mate.

Poor Lowden, really a competent man and not at all deserving the treatment he received, left the convention hall with bowed head, cries of "bought delegates" and "steamroller" ringing in his ears. Shortly after his departure a man whose only qualifications for the high honor tossed his way by a crowd of perspiring and irresponsible politicians were a handsome head, a propensity for a stiff game of poker, and a comely miss in his closet was nominated.

Bill Thompson exulted. His vendetta had come to happy fruition. He didn't know who this Harding fellow was, but he looked like the right sort. In order to satisfy himself of a few stray doubts he drew up a list of questions relative to international affairs, which he flung at Harding shortly after the convention had adjourned. Senator Warren's answers to Bill's catechism were pleasing to Hizzoner, so he gave him unequivocal endorsement.

Lundin, Thompson, Galpin, Ettelson, George and Warren Harding prepared for the autumn campaign with songs in their hearts. In common with all politicians in the country, excepting Calvin Coolidge, the eternal skeptic, they saw a Republican triumph as a certainty in November.

They were right, of course; Calvin's fears proved to be so much myth and Congregational mysticism. The Demo-

crats were defeated up and down the land, and in Illinois, a safe state for the elephant anyway, it was a positive massacre. Almost everyone on the Harding ticket was swept into office.

Unrefined joy prevailed in the city hall. A gathering of more than 5,000 associates of Thompson and Lundin grew festive in the corridors and rooms. At one o'clock the orchestra was still playing for the dancing of the "Victory Ball." Mayor Billy was in his glory, surrounded by his congratulating friends, bubbling over as each fresh batch of returns further emphasized the sweeping laughter of the Grand Old Party. At nine o'clock he called Fred at the Hotel Randolph (*née* Bismarck) and leaving the wire open expressed his sentiments thus: "Let's have the *Star Spangled Banner* right now. It becomes apparent that we will not have to sing *God Save the King!*"

In the month of November, 1920, Fred Lundin's strong teeth took a firm grip upon the public throat; his power rivaled that of old Governor Tanner back in the nineties. Small did his bidding with alacrity and entrusted him with practically all the state patronage, the best part of which in Chicago were the West and Lincoln Park Boards, administering the city's extensive park system. The South Park Board, functioning the same on the south side, had its members elected, because of a strange technicality, by the circuit court judges. These Lundin did not as yet have under his scepter, but as a judicial election was impending soon he had hopes of stealing this patronage from the Brennan Democrats.

Another Thompson-Lundin man coming into the picture at this time was Charles V. Barrett, destined to share with Crowe the dictatorship of the machine after Lundin was unseated. Two years before he had been elected to fill a vacancy in the board of review, and in 1920 was elected

to serve the full six-year term. His bailiwick, like Crowe's, was the west side. They had been school chums.

All three Lundin entries for trustees of the sanitary district, Morris Eller, Lawrence King and Alexander Todd, rode easily into office for six-year tenures. This enabled Fred to have a sizeable wedge in talking business with Brennan, who had a majority here also. Thus, part of the appropriation of the sanitary district, over \$40,000,000, was put at the disposal of the expanding Swede.

Nineteen-twenty marked the apogee of Fred Lundin's influence in Chicago, Cook County and Illinois. He was to loll in grandeur for two more years before the break came. And Bill Thompson was to loll with him.

Did the latter, expert yachtsman that he was, experience some hint of the imminent squall? Was he entirely happy? There is small doubt that he often suspected that all was not well, that many nights, just before falling into the deep sleep permitted the strong, he stirred uneasily, bothered with unpleasant memories. Not the least of these was the repudiation of him by Jim Pugh. And there was Pike, too. He had quit the cabinet cold. And Folsom—that bothered him too—one of his oldest friends. And Billy Morehouse. And that Sachs incident that seemed still to annoy the Jews. And then there was that nasty race riot of the summer of 1919. Its genesis had been a minor altercation between some Negroes and Italians on the 29th Street beach. The virus had spread, and before all the clubbing, shooting and bitterness had subsided, thirty-eight people had been killed, over five hundred injured and a thousand rendered homeless and destitute. Of course, it was the colored folk who bore the brunt of the suffering. They had appealed to their mayor, their protector, to save them. He had delayed and delayed. Not a few curses were directed his way from the Black Belt, where formerly had come only hosannas. He had deserted

them at the hour of their greatest need. Bill didn't like to think of that.

It was much more pleasant to recall the opening of the Michigan Avenue Link Bridge the previous May, a \$10,000,000 project greeted by cheering crowds and the pronouncement of D. F. Kelly, head of the State Street Stores' Association, that it was "the greatest event since the World's Fair in 1893." Bill forgot that the Chicago Plan, of which this bridge was a part and which included park improvements, embroidery of the river and other laudable enterprises, had been set in motion under Busse, and that the burden of the litigation impinging upon its execution fell to the lot of Mayor Harrison, who worked so diligently in knocking down these legal obstacles that everything was all set for Thompson when he was inducted into office. But Bill seized the credit and led the strutting procession of the unfolding Wacker Plan.

So Bill soothed himself with selected memories and was able to sleep soundly. Soon he was off with a large party for West Baden, Indiana, to confer with the party leaders over the reorganization of the machine brought about by the November elections. Senator-elect William McKinley was there, and Frank L. Smith, the state chairman, Len Small, Lundin, Crowe, Righeimer, Virtus Rohm, George F. Harding, Coffin, Francis. They worked and played for more than a week before returning to their respective tasks.

The year 1920 closed with Chicago's mayor making his first visit in five and one-half years to the police department. It was Christmas Eve. He entered casually, alone. The loitering officers of the law were as agitated as hill-billies at a revival meeting. Thompson strolled about several minutes, inspecting the pictures and athletic trophies lining the walls. When he came to a group of photographs of policemen killed in performance of their duty, he re-

marked: "That's a shame. It's too bad. What you ought to have here, alongside, is a cabinet bearing the names of the men hanged in this city." The lounging coppers nodded sympathetically. Big Bill was introduced to Mike Hughes, chief of detectives, a man later to become his chief of police. Then he sauntered out the door. Outside he breathed a sigh of satisfaction. *That* department was taken care of, anyway.

FOURTEEN

A NOT VERY PROGRESSIVE PAGEANT

"Throw away your hammer and get a horn. A booster is better than a knocker."

THE unceasing reminders of the newspapers that the Thompson stream was muddied with dozens of corruptions and inefficiencies was beginning to have its effect upon the prominent business men of the town. They were growing restless and resentful as they noticed the adverse publicity Chicago was receiving in consequence, invalidating the pæans of their public relations counsels, which daily heralded the virtues of the city as a summer resort and as a center for sausages, hay, chewing gum, farm machinery and furniture. Once legion in support of Big Bill, they were now dropping his bandwagon in droves. So the city hall board of strategy conceived an idea which they believed would circumvent this feeling.

The first move was the organization of the Chicago Boosters' Publicity Club, with a slogan calculated to make a deep impression: "Boost Chicago. Boost it at home. Boost it to the country. Boost it to the world." Two hundred leading Midases, representing over two billion dollars capital, met with the mayor and agreed enthusiastically with his plans to spend four million dollars of their money to boost the city, Bill having convinced them boyishly that the return would be one hundred million in business. This money was to be spent by a board of directors presided over by Samuel Insull and which included the

mayor, D. F. Kelly, department store magnate, Frederick Bartlett, real estate operator, Everett C. Brown, president of the International Live Stock Exchange, and Robert McLaughlin, wholesale hardware manufacturer. Extensive ballyhoo was planned also, to be concocted by local talent. And the executive work was to be handled by Thompson, Barlett, Kelly and Brown, in addition to their obligations to the finance committee.

An information bureau and a bureau of vital statistics were established; signboards were placed at vantage points between Chicago and New York, to inform the emigrating Chicagoan that he was leaving something grand, and the approaching New Yorker that he was about to see a great city. Special articles filled all magazines west of the *Atlantic Monthly*; arrangements were made to film the wonders of the Windy City and impose them upon an eager world. The "Greater Chicago" spirit pervaded the land and the engendered effect greatly disquieted less gifted chambers of commerce. Verily, Big Bill was putting his charges over with a bang and a boom, demonstrating the verity in the *Evening American's* gurgle that "the horn is more constructive than the hammer."

But even poetry of such high ecstasy could not be wholly convincing. A land cannot subsist upon cream puffs. So the boys planned something more substantial as a sequel to the shouting.

It was the Swede's idea to have a tremendous and soul-sweeping Pageant of Progress Exposition on the Municipal Pier. This pier jutted into the lake almost a mile from the foot of Grand Avenue and had been built in Thompson's first term "to alleviate unemployment."

No sooner was the idea born than Big Bill fell upon it with the avidity of a Mississippian reaching for the tarbrush. He elucidated its merits to the assembled capitalists. He told them, and later the public, how the pageant

would nail the unemployment bugaboo to the cross of prosperity; how the date of its opening would coincide with the week the wholesale buyers arrived from the dregs of the Basin.

The opening of the Exposition was an event of such gigantic importance to the entire United States that Mayor Thompson asked for the attendance of President Warren Gamaliel Harding. But it was on a Saturday night and a battle of minds was scheduled at the "Crow's Nest," so Warren declined with regrets. However, he did empower his brother Elk, Secretary of Labor John J. Davis, to act for him and deliver the words of congratulation he felt clammering for expression.

All was not myrrh and frankincense in the Chicago atmosphere, however. The larger newspapers failed to share Bill's enthusiasm for the activities of the Boosters' Club. Mr. J. Lewis Coath, long a Thompson sycophant, was very indignant:

These papers [the *Tribune* and the *News*] have scandalized and thrown so much mud at the city that it has been necessary for the business men of Chicago to get together to raise \$4,000,000 in order to put clean paint on our house to cover up the dirt thrown by these papers. We should not only refuse to advertise in these papers, but we should refuse to buy and read them. If they do not like Chicago, why in hell don't they get out of it?

Mr. Coath became president of the school board shortly after this sally.

For the two weeks of the Exposition there were 55,000 visitors to the pier daily. Fireworks, dancing, guzzling of pop and lemonade, boat races, excursions, contests of one sort and another, and many speeches served to make the fortnight a gala one for Chicagoans and tourists not too urbane.

A day or so after the pageant closed Mayor Thompson

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was tendered a banquet at the Congress Hotel by the one thousand business men whose money and altruism had made the magnificent affair possible. Big Bill averred that they had "knocked the *t* out of can't" by putting it over in a time of industrial depression. He went on to say that the Pageant of Progress would be an annual institution and that 85 percent of the exhibitors had signed up for the following year already. D. F. Kelly, treasurer of the pageant, made a "rough and preliminary" report of the finances, confessing that the profits would be about \$355,000. This amount, it was stated, would be split three ways: \$100,000 was to be kept in the Pageant of Progress Exposition treasury; the remainder was to be divided between the Health and Sanitary Exhibition, in which Dr. John Dill Robertson was interested and of which Thompson was chairman, and the Chicago Boosters' Publicity Club. "Many are asking what is to become of this money," said Mr. Kelly. "If our critics will just have patience I can assure them that under the guidance of the mayor and Dr. Robertson the money will be spent for the welfare of Chicago."

The critics referred to by the affable Mr. Kelly had patience until fall. Then Attorney Samuel Grossman filed a taxpayer's suit asking that a receiver be appointed to take charge of all the money belonging to the pageant company. In the legal tangle ensuing some interesting facts came to light.

The court held that leasing the Municipal Pier to city officials for private use was illegal, and that leases which permitted the subletting of space on the pier to exhibitors at a greatly increased rental were null and void because of the private interest of Thompson and the others who managed the pageant.

It was revealed that the Great Lakes Concession Company, organized to give the visitors indigestion, had also

been authorized to give out the electrical, painting and carpenter contracts. When Attorney Grossman pressed Robertson about the intricacies of relationship between the concession company and the contractors, the man of science reluctantly admitted that the electrical work was done by an electrical company but that the concession company received 10 per cent of the amounts of the contracts for "clerical work." The two leading figures in the Great Lakes Concession Company were F. Bowden De Forest and Edgar A. Jonas. The former was one of the directors of the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, controlled by Robertson since the death of Dr. Sachs; the latter person had been an assistant to Ettelson and was now working in the office of State's Attorney Crowe.

As the case wore on the high altruism of Bill and his colleagues became less and less apparent, and was finally reduced to an absurdity when they sued for salaries for the time they had spent on the project.

Part of the profits of the pageant had gone into a dental clinic which was pledged to repair the crumbling molars of Chicago's poor children. Even this fine gesture was impugned by the relentless newspapers, for they pointed out that never a tooth was repaired in it and that the investment was lost. Suggestions were subsequently made that the building be utilized for a nurses' home, but this was never done. For a while it served as an election board office; then it became a detention home for girls not properly inculcated with Methodist morals; now it is a resting place for weary hobos desiring only peace and the latest edition of Jim Tully. The *Tribune* announced the other day that the "empty, windowless building is for sale, and another of Thompson's whirlwinds relaxes into a faint zephyr."

Half the profits of the Robertson institution was supposed to go to the School for Home and Public Nurses.

The spike was cast into this when it was brought out that Doc was one of the owners of the Bennett Medical School, which in turn ran the nurses' school. (This college has since been purchased by the Jesuits and has become an adjunct of Loyola University. Out of courtesy the new owners failed to rescind the degree given Thompson shortly before the sale.) The doctor's attempt to take money from the jeans of Robertson the Public Official and slip it into the pocket of Robertson the Private Capitalist was frustrated.

By 1923 the litigation was at an end. The brothers Grossman's prolonged efforts on the part of the taxpayers were finally victorious, at least technically. The officials of the exposition—Thompson, Harding, Robertson, Francis, Jonas and the rest—were forced to give over what was left of the profits to the city. That the triumph was only a moral one was indicated by the substance of the transmission: a dilapidated building (the remnant of a \$200,000 investment for the dental clinic) and \$77,000 in cash.

Such is official responsibility in a democracy. No one was prosecuted. Apparently no felony had been committed.

But before equity in the matter had been decided upon the time came for another pageant, and hadn't Mayor Thompson promised it as an annual world's fair? The second Pageant of Progress, in 1922, earned only \$22,000 profits. It was, though, a gay and ostentatious occasion.

The big feature of the exposition was a contest to determine the most beautiful woman in America. Elimination tournaments were held at neighborhood centers in Chicago, and the rest of America was invited to send its fairest Junos to compete. Besides money and glory, the girl ultimately chosen as "Queen of the Exposition" and "Miss Chicago" was to receive a trip to Atlantic City, to enter the contest there. The officials of the pageant, the *Chicago*

American and a few other artists were the judges. Mayor Thompson did the crowning.

This was the last of Chicago's Pageants of Progress; 1923 witnessed the involving of the forward-looking civic leaders who planned them in considerable hot water. And the next mayor, William Dever, bothered himself more with economical administration and law enforcement than mighty promotional ventures like the pageant expositions. Gradually it receded in the memories of the people, until by 1928 the *Tribune* was referring to it as "a historic event of the twenties."

FIFTEEN

THE STORM BREAKS

ALMOST from the tap of the gong in 1915 the Chicago newspapers, with the exception of the Hearst sheets, had consistently assailed Thompson and Lundin and featured every cupidity of the administration. Bill himself, more sensitive to criticism than his behavior would seem to indicate, resented the unremitting barrages of the press and instructed his busy attorneys to file libel suits against the offending organs. In rapid succession he instituted proceedings against the *Chicago Evening Post* (two suits, \$100,000 and \$500,000 respectively), against the *Daily News* and Victor F. Lawson, its publisher, for \$250,000, and against the *New York Herald-Tribune* for \$500,000. There were four suits by Thompson against the *Chicago Tribune*, for \$500,000, \$250,000, \$100,000 and \$500,000 respectively. William Bither, an appointee of Bill's, also sued the *News* at this time for \$100,000. All of these were for personal libel, and came to precisely nothing.

Then, his indignation at what he looked upon as invidious lampooning fanned to white heat, Thompson caused the municipal corporation of Chicago, through its attorney, Samuel Ettelson, to enter suit against the *Tribune* company for the sum of \$10,000,000! Its staggering dimensions attracted wide publicity and eventually it came to trial in the autumn of 1920. Harry M. Fisher of the Circuit Court of Cook County was the sitting judge.

The suit was based on articles appearing in the Chicago

Tribune alleging that the plaintiff was "bankrupt, insolvent, broke, in a bad financial condition, and so improperly and corruptly administered by its officers that its streets were not properly cleaned and its laws not efficiently enforced." The action was predicated upon the assumption that inasmuch as a municipal corporation owns property, conducts business and requires credit it is subject to injury by libelous allegations and may bring action for civil damages.

The *Tribune* demurred on several grounds, chief of which was that if recovery was granted in this action it would be a violation of the free press clauses in both the Illinois Constitution and the Constitution of the United States. In a long and brilliant opinion Judge Fisher sustained the demurrer of the *Tribune*.

Soon after the trial the *Tribune* issued a brochure, handsome in format and well written. It commenced with a quotation from Milton's "Areopagitica," contained a concise history of the development of freedom of speech, and closed with an account of the suit just past.

It is extremely unlikely that Messrs. Thompson, Ettelson, Lundin and Harding had any notion about strangling free discussion when they filed their many suits. The *Tribune* pamphlet implies such, but whatever the extent of the gang's rage at the heckling of the press, that wasn't their idea in going to court about it. They felt that the expenses of the litigation were justified if they could somehow turn public opinion against the "crooked trust press" and grab the martyr's crown. But it didn't work.

Thompson and Lundin, despite their 1920 successes and the encomiums of the Hearst sheets, badly needed press support. But one more favorable election was necessary to ensure them almost absolute control of affairs. That was the placing of judges on the bench who would be

respectful of their wishes. Overtures were made to three of the larger papers, but the reception was churlish.

The judiciary election was to be in June of 1921, and the Lundin-Thompson men were picked with careful eye for vote-cadging ability. A considerable sum of money was spent in behalf of these candidates, and the result was awaited with genuine anxiety.

Opposition came from an unexpected source. The legal fraternity resented the preparations of the Lundin machine to extend its tentacles over the courts, and the bar association moved to give aid to any non-partisan ticket which would arise. So the Deneen organization, the Brundage faction (Edward Brundage having been put into the attorney general's office in 1920 by Senator Medill McCormick) and the Democrats formed a coalition ticket which gained the approbation of the barristers, the women's clubs and the anti-administration newspapers; and from that day on the campaign was brisk and savage until the last hour.

The outcome was surprising and significant: the hand-picked ticket was buried, with not a Lundin-shaped head showing.

This didn't mean, as the *Tribune* and the *News* cackled, that the public worm had turned against the administration: their optimism was premature. But it did indicate the shifting of the winds a bit. No real inroads were made, but the machine was prevented from extending itself to invincibility. It had required the coalescing of a number of elements ordinarily not on speaking terms, but it had been done. The really important effect was psychological. The more timid rats deserted the ship, a bad omen for any political machine. The morale of the outfit grew a bit shaky, and gray rumors sped through the corridors of the Sherman House.

Domestic disputes began to disturb the blissful calm of

the administration, to corrupt its strength and render it sterile. Eugene Pike, who had resigned from the cabinet because of Lundin's high-handedness, daily whispered in Bill's ample ear cancerous remarks concerning the tactics of the Swede. It became noised about, further, that George Harding was dubious of the efficacy of such iron-blooded control. And Bob Crowe, an autocrat himself by temperament, resented the intrusions of Boss Fred into his bailiwick and had an open squabble with Chief of Police Fitzmorris over the division of authority in certain esoteric matters. This led to a serious argument between Crowe and Thompson, who backed his appointee. When the clan retired to West Baden in November to posit a feasible strategy for the county campaign the next spring, the state's attorney was absent. His sullen disinclination to work with the gang caused quite a stir.

Obviously everything was not rosy, and the passage of time soon revealed broad fissures across the surface of the machine. By the spring of 1922, a definite cleavage of the Lundin-Thompson outfit became manifest. There was the still dominant Lundin group, which included such men as Virtus Rohm, Mike Faherty, Pat Moynihan, of the Illinois Commerce Commission, William Bither, a lieutenant of Faherty, Charles Bostrom, the building commissioner, also a Faherty man, Congressman Michaelson and Charles and Harry Ward, the last three former Lorimer confidants. The Thompson wing embraced Pike, Harding, Congressman Martin B. Madden, Dr. William H. Reid, the commissioner of public service, and Chris Mamer. Samuel Ettelson and Robert Crowe tried to be impartial and steer a safe and middle course. The latter was not as yet strong enough to break away and form a separate and belligerent faction, although that step would have suited his disposition. As for Len Small, he was known to be heavily indebted to Lundin.

This internecine warfare had much to do with the subsequent defeat at the hands of the coalition forces. For the moment the opposition was better organized than the administration forces, and in politics organization is almost everything.

While the ground under Bill's feet was getting shakier every day, something happened to hurt his feelings even more, an incident far-reaching in its effects. It concerned Thompson's Masonry, whose doings occupied a large place in his heart.

It appears that a circus was given by the Memorial Masonic Temple Association for the purpose of raising funds for a temple to this distinguished sodality on the south side of the city. Believing that the noble end justified usually questionable means, the circus committee planned to swell the proceeds by the use of paddle wheels, surely an innocuous swindle. The worthy Masonic brethren experienced some difficulty in obtaining a permit and appealed to Will H. Wade, an illustrious potentate of the Mystic Shrine, to circumvent the annoyance by going to the mayor, his friend and temple-brother, and informing him of the silly scrupulousness of his police captains. Wade's story is that he went to Thompson, was told everything was O. K., and that his secretary would take care of the matter. That night he was notified, he said, that the cops had refused to allow the wheels to operate, necessitating Wade's second visit to the city hall. There he was told by Bill's secretary to see the first assistant corporation counsel, who informed the fuming illustrious potentate that paddle wheels were illegal, an irrelevant but familiar point to Wade. The next development was a little business transaction involving the Masons and the neighborhood police lieutenant: for \$100 a night the law would be overlooked. This fee proved exorbitant in the light of that evening's profits, so the lodge Scotsman was sent to

the station to bicker for a halving of it, and won his case. But this, too, proved inadvisable commerce, so they flatly refused to pay any further tax; whereupon the police discovered the law and stepped in to enforce it.

Quite naturally, Wade was humiliated, the Masons on the south side were irate, and Big Bill lost caste with his fraternity brothers. Wade's story got the public ear first and caused a lot of chatter. Pressed for a rebuttal, Thompson said: "Wade came to me and asked about the permit. I told him that if it was not gambling he did not need a permit, and that if it was gambling I presumed he did not want a permit for the Masonic lodge. I referred him to the corporation counsel's office. The verdict there was that it was gambling, so no permit was issued."

An exceedingly unpleasant repercussion followed, somewhat complicated to trace to its source. Through William Wesbey, a Shriner and the machine appointee to the superintendency of the Lincoln Park Board, Potentate Wade sent Thompson word to appear at the next Shrine meeting and answer serious charges. At the gathering Wade gave his version of the now famous paddle wheel incident, with illustrations in the form of photographs of wheels operated elsewhere, formally charging Thompson with discrimination against Masons, apparently a grave indictment. Poor Bill, humiliated by these accusations, rose and attempted to cover his confusion with a patriotic oration, his usual dodge when befuddled. Influenced by Wade's sharp talk, and by his and one Thomas Houston's undercover propaganda against the mayor, the Shriners hissed the unhappy Thompson from the stage.

The Shrine affair affected the destiny of the Thompson-Lundin machine considerably, but a few months earlier a new uneasiness shook things up a bit, a blow more direct and deliberate. Len Small became immersed in scalding water up to his neck. Attorney General Brundage, under

instructions from Medill McCormick to cast as many spitballs at the Lundin gang as he could, unearthed some facts about the governor which propelled him to the initiation of criminal proceedings, charging a conspiracy in connection with the withholding of more than a million dollars in state funds. This departure from the punctilio was alleged to have occurred between 1916 and 1918, while Small was state treasurer. It was brought out that the fraudulent transactions were conducted through the Grant Park Bank, now defunct, but then flourishing under two of Len's buddies. As the late trial of Harry Sinclair and Mr. Harding's boy friends shows, conspiracy to defraud is a very hard thing to prove, and Brundage was unsuccessful in pinning this peccadillo on Governor Small, despite the explosive quality of the facts in the case. Shortly afterwards he ran for reelection, using the persecution theme liberally in his speeches. His wife died and he blamed this on Brundage's viciousness. So with the power of the machine, plus a lot of sentimental rubbish, he was again the victor. At once a civil suit was filed, demanding that he return the million dollars he borrowed from the commonwealth of Illinois. This, after lengthy and technical litigation, he was forced to do. But not substantially the same million. Authoritative gossip from the front has it that he shrewdly demanded contributions from beneficiaries of his patronage and that these made up his deficit to the state.

Small was very bitter that Brundage should be so unsporting. The latter, of course, was merely buttering his own parsnips: Small's demise meant his gain, and some say he wanted the 1924 nomination for himself. The governor soon showed his few teeth. He vetoed a piece of legislation which would have given his enemy several high-priced assistants, and in general did all he could to trim

Brundage's patronage tree of every sprig and leaf giving it life and strength.

Fred Lundin, in building up his synthetic Moloch, had incurred a number of glowering antagonists, most of whom were in his own party. (The Democrats, in the main, were expediently friendly with the Swede, for he was always willing to trade city patronage and contracts for county favors, and lend support to their tickets when the issue was between Jeffersonians and Deneen or Brundage men.) Charlie Deneen was a foe of long standing, but the two men who worried Fred the most were Brundage and Crowe, both incumbents in offices of law enforcement. Lundin realized, by the time Crowe had been state's attorney twelve months, that his selection had been ill-advised, for the fellow was ambitious, intelligent, and as iron-handed a spoilsmaster as the boss himself.

Brundage's morbid curiosity about the intimate fiscal life of Governor Small incurred the profound displeasure of Lundin, who pledged himself to the task of evening things up. But in 1922 Robert Crowe insulted the Swede personally by causing a grand jury to probe into the connections between the school board and the city hall.

All summer the grand jury listened to evidence relative to the politics being played in the educational system. In the fall Brundage, becoming impatient for indictments which would wreck the Lundin-Thompson machine once and for all, seized the investigation for his office and the situation began to look black. The July grand jury had discovered many irregularities but had dissolved without returning any indictments. The August body had drawn up a number of true bills but had not proceeded any further. Brundage's interest in the investigation resulted in some forty-odd indictments, but by spring of 1923 this number had dwindled down to fifteen. They involved Lundin, Edwin Davis, school board head, William Bither,

Albert Severinghaus, Charles Forsberg, Patrick and Fred Moynihan, all charged with conspiring to defraud the school board.

The largest factor in the investigation and prosecution of Lundin and his colleagues was the *Chicago Tribune*, whose editorial insistence had spurred Crowe to action originally, and whose puppet Brundage was. This paper wanted to discredit thoroughly the Lundin-Thompson-Small crowd.

But before the trial is recounted, the school board history must be sketched to facilitate understanding of its impingent scandal. Professor George S. Counts, in his lucid and admirable study of "School and Society in Chicago," places most of the difficulty in the régime of Mayor Busse, who in 1907 arbitrarily removed seven members of the board of education from office, initiating the struggle between the forces of politics and education that is still waging.

Under a state law, enacted in 1891, the Chicago Board of Education consisted of twenty-one members, appointed by the mayor with the advice and consent of the city council. In 1897 Mayor Harrison was responsible for the creation of a commission to investigate education in Chicago. This body was headed by President William Rainey Harper of the University of Chicago. After twelve months of research the report of this commission was made public, and as a direct result legislation was enacted in 1903, 1908, 1909 and 1917. This last was called the Otis Act and revised things drastically, following closely the suggestions of the Harper Commission. Although conceived in good faith, it embodied two points which became the seeds of future contention: it reduced the number of the board to eleven (retaining the method of selection, however), and it provided that "the Board of Education shall by a vote of a majority of the full membership of the

Board appoint, as executive officers, a superintendent of schools, a business manager and an attorney." As Professor Counts has clearly shown, this made for considerable friction and confusion, for "authority being divided, divergent and even conflicting policies may be pursued in several departments." But however inadequate the law has proved itself to be, it nevertheless did seek to liberate the schools from political influence and, by its tone and intention, did much to recognize the professional character of the superintendent's office.

It was further provided that the board meet but twice a month, that the members work without compensation, that its meetings be open to the public, and that it be divided into six committees by its president: rules, finances, buildings and grounds, school administration, health and sanitation, and school supplies.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young had been superintendent from 1909 to 1915. Working her way up from the bottom of the system, she came to be the best superintendent Chicago schools ever enjoyed. With the full backing of Mayor Carter Harrison, and with the advice of John Dewey, then at the University of Chicago, she fought for the professional rather than the political control of the schools. She had many ructions with the school board, resigned in discouragement on one occasion, but got along famously with the teachers, an accomplishment not even approximated by any of her successors (save one, Peter Mortenson, who did so by truckling ignobly to them).

When Bill Thompson first came into office, trouble of an unprecedented sort began. He found his school board appointments, like most of his selections, vigorously opposed by Alderman Charles Merriam and the few other enlightened militants of the council. Finally he was compelled to submit a tentative board that did not include such out-and-out incompetents as Rev. Brushingham. This

board was passed, and it selected John D. Shoop for the superintendency. He served uneventfully through the war months, and died in 1918.

In the meantime the Otis Act had been passed by the legislature, and Thompson seized this opportunity to scramble things enough to secure a board more easily manipulated than the one permitted him by the council. The law called for a board of eleven, and the mayor acted quickly. He submitted eleven names to the council, including two of the old board, Mr. Loeb and Mrs. Thornton, and attempted to steamroller the list through with arguments of expediency. The council O. K.'d his choices conditionally, with a reservation that it might reconsider within four days. In this interlude Thompson's eleven met, appointed an attorney and a business manager, and proceeded to transact the duties of the board, brazenly assuming their legitimacy. However, after the four days had elapsed the council reconsidered and refused to endorse the Thompson appointees. The city was confronted with the unique and disconcerting fact of two school boards, both claiming authority! The Thompson board remained in office until June of 1918, when the state supreme court, at the insistence of the old board of twenty-one, threw them out and restored the previous body to power. According to this decision, only Loeb and Mrs. Thornton had been legally appointed. The board of twenty-one served until May, 1919, when the mayor reconstituted the board under the Otis Law with eleven new members.

But in the interim the old board, following the death of Shoop, set about finding another superintendent. It caused a committee of nine representative citizens to canvass the nation for a man well suited to handle the difficult Chicago educational post. The committee discovered

such a man in the person of Charles E. Chadsey, at the time doing excellent work in Detroit.

Thompson and Lundin, casting about desperately for a means of ingratiating themselves with the public, seized upon the Chadsey selection as good campaign material, and Bill pledged himself to remove him from office if he (Thompson) were elected mayor again. His real reason was that Chadsey could not be manipulated and dominated; the reasons he gave the voters were his usual senseless tirades about British invasion, appeals to jingo patriotism and local pride.

Once inaugurated, Thompson bore down upon the superintendency with characteristic western vigor, contending with only technical verity that "the gentleman from Detroit" had no legal right to his four-year tenure. He then caused his hand-picked board to dignify Peter Mortenson with the title. Chadsey sought vindication in the courts, who sustained his plea. The court order restoring him to his job, however, was circumvented by the board, and Chadsey resigned in disgust. But the matter was not allowed to end thus. The court, annoyed at the frustration of its order, asked for indictments against the school board members on charges of conspiracy, tried them and slapped them with sentences and fines. As for Thompson's pet superintendent, Mortenson, the court said, in handing down its verdict concerning the rest, "that he had knowledge of the conspiracy to prevent Dr. Chadsey from holding the office to which he was legally entitled, and that he was perfectly willing that the conspiracy succeed, appears clearly. While legally he must be found not guilty, yet from an ethical and moral standpoint he presents the meanest figure in the case."

During this burlesque Thompson made an enemy of Loeb by failing to appoint him to his reconstituted board. The slighted one went to court and forced the mayor to

pick a new board in the fall of 1919, which included him.

When the board members' jail sentences had expired and they returned to office, Professor Counts says that "the way was clear for a raid upon the schools that for boldness and unabashed cupidity has few parallels in the written history of public education in the United States. . . . The schools were in the clutches of the politicians . . . and the educational treasury (some fifty millions a year) lay open to the greed of members of the political machine."

Rumors of fancy corruption spread over the city, reaching the ears of the local uplifters, who immediately demanded an investigation. This was finally instigated, as most reforms are, at the behest of other politicians long jealous of the incumbents' privileges and power, and anxious to shine as avenging angels.

Some of the rumors were verified. The following report of the Municipal Voters' League is a clew to the zeal of the Lundin-Thompson henchmen in attaining their ends:

The plundering crew grew more daring and ambitious in their schemes. Plans were formed to seize for the board the sole power of selling lands, to which the additional consent of the city council is required by law. They dreamed of selling valuable school lands to fortunate friends for real estate speculations which would bring in millions to the ruling favorites. In their eagerness they caused Attorney Bither of the board to spend weeks at Springfield lobbying for this amendment. The school teachers were told that, if the proposed law did not pass, their salaries would be cut \$50,000 a year. Angered and aroused at this attempt at intimidation, the teachers went to the public with the story, and the amendment, after passing in the house, was defeated in the senate. Nothing daunted, the ring turned to the quick and big profits to be made on the purchases of school and playground sites. Their followers were tipped off to "go out and get a school site and make some money on it." Here arose the scandal which started the grand jury investigation. Something

slipped. One of the trustees revealed irregularities in the purchase of the Forestville site and told of secret meetings of the board at which its open actions were planned.

As the above report suggests, the blunder of Bither in trying to bulldoze the teachers into supporting the amendment for which he was lobbying received wide publicity. This brought down upon the fellow's head the ire of Boss Fred, who despised bunglers, and almost cost him his career. With so much at stake, Lundin had small patience with inept spoilsmen.

The same report reveals the following startling facts brought out in the investigation:

"Incidentals" cost the board, in 1921, \$8,714,065—a sum greater than the entire cost, twenty years ago, of the whole public school system. Apparently every contract and business transaction was scanned in search for graft. "Companies" sprang into existence and began doing flourishing business with the board. If business did not come fast enough, they accelerated it by telephoning the school principals arrogant commands to order equipment they did not need or had not asked for. The grand jury got stories of electric potato-peelers costing \$133, of phonographs, dear at \$40 each, costing the board \$187. . . . Moving pictures, pianos, rugs, were forced upon the schools. Desks and tables were smashed and burned to make way for other tables. The jury was told of kitchen tables costing \$160. Plumbing was torn out to make way for other plumbing at fancy prices. Some of the furniture, it was reported by a Fox Lake farmer, was seen moving in school board trucks, driven by school board employees, in the direction of Fox Lake and the summer cottages of certain prosperous politicians.

After weeks and weeks of such inflammatory stuff as this, the state finally decided that enough had been reported to justify a set of indictments. At first everyone even remotely connected with the school board was

accused, but charges were dropped against the bulk of the pikers and small fry until at last Chief Prosecutor Young thought he had the ringleaders in the bag, and proceedings were begun against Fred Lundin, Edwin S. Davis, William Bither and twelve others alleged to have been guilty of conspiring to defraud the children and the children's parents of their lawful property and money.

Fred took no chance of being "railroaded by political enemies," as he phrased it. The Swede was not going to be disposed of without a stiff fight. So, opposed to prosecutors Young and Barnhart, both skillful pleaders, was the finest array of criminal lawyers Chicago could boast of: Patrick H. O'Donnell, now dead but long looked upon as the dean of courtroom shouters and Bible-quoters, whose record in defending maligned innocents was longer than his lanky arms; Benedict Short, a keen little man, cryptic and relentless, whose experience in pounding home facts to skeptical juries and talent for ferreting out technicalities to befuddle them had earned him scores of triumphant exculpations; Charlie Erbstein, with his shady California past and brilliant Chicago present; and lastly, to head the defense corps, was a man whose libertarian and humanitarian sympathies had made his name respected throughout western civilization—Clarence Darrow—whose magnificent pleas for Debs, Haywood, Mooney and other liberals compelled the insinuation that Fred Lundin was likewise the victim of social hysteria and persecution.

For more than twelve weeks the trial wore on. A long time, surely, but never was there a dull moment, for the perspiring crowds who packed the courtroom of Judge McDonald, some to see where the taxpayers' money went when turned over to trusted public officials, others to cheer for their accused friend and bite thier nails in anxiety as the case fluctuated this way and that, but mostly just

the morbidly alert who delight in seeing another's dirty washing displayed.

All during the shifting metabolism of the trial, when the state would build up point after point with savage deliberateness only to have the logical structure tumble to the ground before the polemical arrows of the defense, a little group sat on one side of the room, strangely alien to its surroundings. These men concentrated on the words of the combating attorneys more intently than did the judge and the jury; but while the ultimate verdict was crystalizing in the minds of the twelve good men and true these men became more puzzled, more aghast, more profoundly interested. They were the flower of Japanese legal talent, a mission sent to America to study our court system at first hand, and they received more direct enlightenment on the methodology of criminal justice in these States from the sessions in McDonald's court than they had learned in Tokyo in a year. With weird and unbelievable tales they must have told their friends of the state of civilization in the Land of the Free when they returned home!

The prosecution painted the Swede precisely as the newspapers had described him for the past eight years: cunning, a flatterer, the corrupter of his fellows, diabolical, conscienceless, ruthless.

Mr. Darrow disagreed. His philosophy, developed over forty years of cogitation and experience, decried such a thing as criminality as a mere figment of the rhetoric of the moralists: Who is to separate the sheep from the goats? Are we not all bobbing corks upon the waves of vast and uncontrollable oceanic forces? So he sent for witnesses to testify to the purity of Fred Lundin and the others, men whose words under oath would bring into clear relief the injustice inherent in accusing Mr. Lundin of

any other motives in his public affairs than those of sweetness and light.

Among these was William Hale Thompson, whose reputation for veracity had not been impugned even by his bitterest enemies. He came all the way from Hawaii to scourge the Pharisees who were casting aspersions upon the character of his associate.

Before God, and presumably the Heavenly Hosts as well, Bill vigorously asserted the innocence of his former adviser. After speaking generally of patriotism, America first, public service and other topics of general interest to the jurors, Thompson and Darrow got down to business, the climax of which was the former's calm remark that "in talking of public policies Lundin always has taken the position that the Republican Party should guard against politics in the police and on the school board. It was a religion with him." In describing prospective appointees to city positions, Big Bill used the term "serviceably sound," implying that this was their criterion. Challenged to define this phrase, Bill delved into his past, fishing forth an anecdote:

When I was a cowboy I bought my first horse when I earned my first \$35. I went to an old Texan who was selling several hundred head of Panhandle Texas horses at Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was a youngster. . . .

He said: "Well, let me sell you a horse."

So he roped a big horse and led him up to me.

I looked at him and said: "That horse has got a splint in his front leg."

He said: "Yes, but it won't hurt him."

I said: "That may be, but I don't want a horse with a splint."

He looked at me, smiled, pulled the rope off the horse, let him go and brought another one. I showed him something wrong with that one.

Finally, he said: "Say, young fellow, what kind of a horse are you trying to buy, a perfect horse?"

I said: "Well, I do not look at it in that light. I do not want to buy a horse that has anything the matter with him."

He said: "Well then, you want a perfect horse. There is not one of these horses that I have led up to you but what would have given you your money's worth, and carried you further than you want to ride, but none are perfect.

"My boy, if you want to make a success in your life, you want to change your point of view. You do not want to look for perfect countries, perfect climate, perfect men or perfect women, for if you do all you will do all your life is hunt, and you will never find them. Now, if you will change your standard and look for things that are serviceably sound, then you will always find them, and you will accomplish things and get somewhere."

So when they would complain about some of my appointees, we had rather a joke, if they were pretty good in the main and worked hard and did a lot of good things for the people.

This whimsical rubbish had a profound effect upon the jury, the majority of whom had probably voted for Thompson largely because of the persuasiveness of similar anecdotes told during the previous campaigns. Possibly even Darrow, something of a philosopher himself, digested it and fitted it into his cosmological scheme of things.

Finally, on July 10, 1923, Frederick Lundin took the stand in his own behalf, the only man of the sixteen trusted by counsel to so do. His testimony, guided by the clever Darrow, was a masterpiece of adroit persuasion. With the slightly pained air of a man falsely accused, he portrayed himself gently as "the poor Swede," "insignificant me," the "errand boy" of the administration. He told of his rise from poverty to wealth by hard work, privation and suffering. His manner was quiet, somewhat quaint and sweet, certainly innocuous; only when the questions reflected on his character did his manner become

firm. Never was his poise shaken as he sat there in easy and humble candor, his long legs crossed, his white hands in his lap.

He told how he had urged Thompson to run for mayor and had been of some assistance to Bill in that regard. "It was a pleasure and a devotion of mine, because I believe him one of the greatest men I have ever met, a man of strong character, integrity and courage; and so few have that in public life."

When asked if he was on any of the patronage committees during the first or second administrations, Lundin answered: "I was on a patronage committee that had no name. I called it a committee of kicks. It was to take the abuse of the disappointed office-seekers."

Darrow asked: "What did you do?"

Lundin replied: "I took the applications. Volz helped me and we made a questionnaire. Reports were sent to the mayor. I was his errand boy."

Darrow: "Was Volz ever your private secretary?"

Lundin: "No, sir. I have only one private secretary, and that is my wife. She has been that for twenty years. She is sitting over there." (He indicated a motherly-looking woman sitting in the front row of the crowd. She smiled timidly.)

Darrow: "Did you ever try to influence the mayor in any of his appointments?"

Lundin: "No, sir. I never asked the mayor or any other official in connection with the city government for any favor, nor recommended any man for any position."

On Friday the thirteenth the case went to the jury. The fate of Fred Lundin was in the hands of twelve men assumed to be his intellectual equals. Before retiring they listened to long final addresses by both Young and Darrow. Mr. Young said he believed that "the evidence here warrants the conviction of every single defendant." Mr.

Darrow, on the other hand, after over an hour of wit, suspender-twanging, homely philosophy and logical acrobatics, closed with these words: "If Fred Lundin or any other man in this case could be convicted on this evidence, made up of suspicion and cobwebs, then I would want to retire to a cannibal island, where I would be safe."

But, alas for the hungry cannibals, Darrow's confidence in the jury was justified shortly. It took the dozen savants but four hours to whitewash the edifice that the newspapers had taken eight years to blacken. Apparently the dung heap of William Lorimer had produced one fair white lily: Frederick Lundin.

While the jury was out the Swede paced the courtroom nervously. The lawyers grouped about Darrow and laughed heartily at his jokes. The Japanese delegation conversed in whispers, eyeing the door of the jury-room expectantly. The crowd was restless and rather sober.

After the foreman had pronounced the verdict, excitement reduced the order of the court to chaos. Everybody congratulated the acquitted men. Somebody started a cheer for Lundin, which was taken up by the entire mob and could have been heard for blocks. Fred himself smiled broadly, and confessed that he hadn't been worried for a moment.

A great deal had happened while the grand jury investigations and subsequent trials were running their uncomfortable gamuts, political events of exceptional importance. In the summer of 1922 Bill Thompson was undecided as to whether he should run to succeed himself. Lundin advised against it, sagely averring that it was impossible to win with such a load of scandal saddling the administration. So saying, the politician who knew the electorate better than any of his colleagues repaired to the Mayo Clinic to nurse his failing health and, incidentally, stay away from Illinois jurisdiction.

But Bill was not easily convinced on this point. His incorrigible optimism tempted him to yield to the persuasions of Percy Coffin and a few other zealots and feel out the people thoroughly before formally deciding that "business and ill health" compelled his retirement into private life. The old pledge-card dodge was again employed and finally, in the fall, Thompson threw his sombrero in the circle with a characteristic speech at Medinah Temple. There was a ripple of applause at the gesture, and when he followed it up with several lectures elsewhere in the city some said a Thompson bandwagon was again looming in the offing. But the "click" was not as of yore, and the smarter leaders admitted it. Coffin, who had taken Lundin's place as coiner of slogans and author of speeches, wasn't a bit elated.

Thompson and Coffin made a secret and hurried trip to Minnesota to consult with Lundin. They couldn't continue without his advice, criticism and a few words of hope. But by this time Fred was more positive than ever of the inanity of the attempt; so the pair returned dejectedly home. Not quite sure yet, Big Bill left for the East to talk things over with his old friend, William Randolph Hearst. They liked each other, these two, and practically they were of use to each other. The deal cooked up at this meeting, the wiseacres allege, concerned a mutual admiration movement, that is, Hearst agreed to support Thompson for the Chicago mayoralty in 1923 if Bill would blow the publisher's horn in 1924 for the presidency. It was rumored that a Hearst-Hylan-Thompson sodality came of this cabal.

But the Hearst third party proved to be just ink on paper; Tammany devoured John Hylan; and Bill Thompson ultimately stepped out of the picture before the primary. His statement of his withdrawal was windy and evangelical. It assailed his enemies, reiterated his

position on all the large questions of his day and Washington's, and closed leaving the way open for public insistence at a later date: "in announcing this decision, however, I wish to make plain my continued interest in public affairs and my willingness to lead or follow in any contests as the people may make manifest their desire."

This left the field clear for several men who had been toying with high ambitions for eight years. Edward R. Litsinger had been the Deneen incumbent in the board of review, and he came forward with prodigious leaps. In his campaign he was the recipient of not a little aid from the lieutenants of Fred Lundin. Opposing him were Bernard Barasa, looked upon as something of a Garibaldi by the local Italians and awarded the support of Mayor Thompson, Arthur C. Millard, a prominent Free Mason, and Postmaster Arthur C. Lueder. As usual, the strongest organization prevailed. Lueder had the up-and-coming Crowe-Barrett machine behind him, and the Brundage-McCormick faction too, which meant the *Chicago Tribune* to a marked degree. The fight was short and snappy.

Then an arduous and complicated battle ensued between Lueder and Judge William E. Dever, who had taken the Democratic nomination with negligible opposition. Boss Brennan would have preferred some one other than Dever, but acquiesced to the plea of Raymond Robbins and his friends that a respectable candidate was needed to beat Lueder. Both men were anti-administration in their platforms, and hence were not discriminated against by the *Tribune* and the *News*. Lueder marshaled the Germans to his flag, and drew the bulk of the Protestant and Klan element, for Dever was a Roman Catholic. What really decided the outcome was not personal vote-getting strength, for they were about equally respectable and dull in this respect, but the mobility and solidarity of the party machines. Here the Democrats were superior.

The Republican ranks were torn with ill-nature and biliousness, the Thompson leaders in the negro quarter even going to the surly length of boasting that they would keep the black men from voting.

Judge Dever rode into office with more than 100,000 to spare.

With induction of the new administration the familiar faces around the city hall disappeared, with but few exceptions. The month succeeding the shake-up saw Bill Thompson setting out for Honolulu. Atop the Pacific, alone with his thoughts when the bar was closed, Bill must have ruminated heavily about his political future; and it is extremely doubtful if he visioned himself as the has-been that many newspapers and publicists did. It is more likely that he seconded the judgment of the *West Town Bulletin*, a small sectional sheet whose loyalty to Thompson had been both consistent and lyrical:

William Hale Thompson, through his eight years' incumbency, will probably hold the distinction of more public construction, more genuine effort to do effective work, to his credit than any other in the history of his office. In that, and in that alone, lies his undoing. With his fighting spirit, his undaunted courage, he set out to make good. . . .

Yes, he made mistakes. A careful analysis may show that the number of mistakes were in proportion to the efforts made to serve the people.

From a practical politician's standpoint his greatest mistake was in drawing on himself the enmity of the two largest newspapers of the city. He could have had their good will only by stultifying his own belief as to what his duties were to his constituents. . . . All the smoke against his administration created by his enemies will die out during the next four years and will prove to be simply malicious persecution, and the meritorious results of his administration will stand out in bold relief against the pigmy efforts of his successors and predecessors combined. He will come back with greater acclaim than the Harrisons did.

Of the above all is preposterous balderdash but the last sentence. Bill was to come back with great acclaim. But then, in 1923, nobody thought so—save Bill himself.

The most significant impression one gets in reviewing Thompson's eight years in office is that he dearly loved to promote things. To be sure, he was often, like his friend Bill Borah, strong at the beginning and weak at the end. Bill liked action; of that we can be positive. The situation of being in the midst of febrile activity, the sensation of standing in the forefront of the stage, was the biggest part of his happiness. So, when the props were kicked from under him, he was plunged in gloom, and his smiles were simulated smiles.

For a time he had a chance to shine from the headlines, though not in the fashion most pleasing to him. He was the star witness in another criminal trial.

While the Lundin conspiracy case was giving the public the idea (proved erroneous by the verdict of the jury) that the school system had been corrupted by the political gentry, another grand jury investigation was going on. This was launched to ascertain just how much graft (if any, forsooth) went on in the other departments of the city. Thompson's presence was required by the jury, but his barristers said he was away on a duck-hunting trip. The *News* remarked dryly that he had been seen at the opera.

Two weeks later Bill offered himself for questioning. He didn't relish the task in the least, for he had been subject to no little unpleasantness a short while before. He had affably aided one of his former appointees, G. E. Carlson, on trial for the alleged looting of the city treasury of \$250,000, by testifying to the good reputation and character of the accused.

On this occasion the jury was curious to know why one Mortimer Flynn got all the city coal business. Commis-

sioner of Public Works Francis had testified that his chief had told him to "see that Flynn gets the business." Thompson's answer was that Flynn was "the only one of five or six coal contractors who never welched on a contract with the city." He denied any personal interest in Flynn. At each question he arose to deliver a speech, and each time he was rudely silenced.

To most of the queries put him, which lasted an hour in the aggregate, his response was the same: "I left everything to the department heads. I never had any personal knowledge connected with those matters."

When asked if he knew that Flynn had given \$23,000 to William H. Reid, his commissioner of public service, Thompson replied rather heatedly in the negative.

"Would you believe it if you were told that both of them had admitted it under oath?" he was asked.

"It would be difficult to convince me if such things really went on. I would have discharged any guilty employee immediately," responded the perspiring Thompson, horror warring with discomfort in his mind.

The ordeal finally over, Bill mustered his sporting instincts, told the amused jurors that he "had a pleasant little visit," and walked out. The investigation seems to have accomplished little.

SIXTEEN

DEVER REIGNS WHILE THOMPSON ROMPS

WILLIAM E. DEVER set about his duties seriously, diligently, and with full cognizance of the responsibilities attendant upon his new office. Unlike his predecessor, he did not commandeer his pals to run the town; rather, tried to surround himself with the ablest men of his party, hoping to build a clean, progressive, economical administration. The affairs of the city were in a badly muddled state, and only by the most Spartan application could he anticipate straightening things out within his allotted span. There was no time for ballyhoo. The new mayor was not a politician primarily and was greatly relieved to turn over the details of patronage and diplomacy to Brennan. However, the relation of the latter to Dever was in no way comparable to that of Lundin and Thompson. Dever had a mind of his own, a square jaw that meant something, and a way of speaking that stamped him as anything but a tool.

Bill Thompson's interest in politics during the year 1924 continued keen, notwithstanding the fact that his name was tarnished by the grand jury probes and the trials of the leading figures of the past oligarchy. Personally he was anything but scotched. He retained a great portion of his following among the petty politicians who had done yeoman service previously, and thousands of the public still looked up to him as a demigod unhappily maligned. He had withdrawn from the race for reelection only because he had been convinced of the hopelessness of

the attempt, but the lust for power and the desire to prance and preen still moved him, and he had no notion of allowing people to forget him.

It was a big year for the gentlemen whose lives were dedicated to selfless service. The voters of Illinois were to nominate and elect a governor, an attorney-general, a United States Senator, and take a hand in the selection of a president for the nation, while the electorate of Cook County were to choose a state's attorney, in addition to numerous other officials.

The tastiest plum was that of senator, and the incumbent seeking reelection, Medill McCormick, found his way barred by a man of equal strength, Charles S. Deneen. As nomination in the Republican primaries was tantamount to ascending the Capitol steps at this time, the fight promised to be a bitter one. The *Tribune*, fronting for its favorite, McCormick, endorsed Brundage for attorney-general and Essington for governor. Small, of course, ran to succeed himself and lent his valuable influence to Oscar Carlstrom, a downstate figure whom he wanted in the legal job to spite his "persecutor," Brundage.

Deneen was in a ticklish position. He had often let fly at Small's head, but he knew he could not expect to survive in this contest unless the Kankakee farmer gave him some support. This Small would ordinarily have refused to do, but his intense animosity toward Brundage, who had almost sent him to the penitentiary, and his grudge against the *Tribune* inclined him favorably in the direction of Deneen. They gave each other no overt assistance, but there is little doubt that a common enemy lined them up side by side.

The faction of Robert Crowe and Charles V. Barrett, which came close to dominating the Republican voters of the county, worked for McCormick, Brundage and Essington.

Bill Thompson was in a more peculiarly uncomfortable situation than Deneen. His support of Carlstrom against Brundage was certain, for the latter had labored for his destruction. He was opposed to McCormick because of the latter's affiliation with the *Tribune*. Moreover, hadn't Medill McCormick made him look foolish in the senatorial campaign of 1918?

However, most people expected Thompson to step forward and declare himself roundly for Len Small. But Big Bill manifested a strange unwillingness. Why this hesitant attitude towards his old pal of the Lorimer-Lincoln League, whom he had installed in office originally in 1920? What brought about this apparent change of fate?

Fred Lundin was the reason. Just as the Swede's hog-gish tactics had alienated Crowe, nauseated Pugh and Pike, angered Harding, so finally had Thompson yielded to the pressure of his friends and repudiated his former boss. The grand jury investigations and subsequent trials had revealed to the public and to Bill the full extent of Lundin's power. And, although Thompson had done the sporting thing and testified in the fellow's behalf, their friendship had steadily waned until, by the spring of 1924, they were in competition for the county patronage given out by the governor.

Governor Small regretted Thompson's petulance. He wanted the big chap's booming aid in his campaign; but he also wanted the counsel of Lundin. Frank L. Smith, chairman of the state committee, cautioned Small not to incur Big Bill's displeasure, so for several months negotiations went on between the two which finally resulted in a compromise: Thompson was to get the bulk of the Cook County patronage in exchange for stump service in Small's reelection effort.

Small had little difficulty in defeating Essington for the nomination and even less trouble in downing the Democrat

who faced him in November, the Coolidge walkaway facilitating matters considerably in the latter contest.

To the surprise of many, Brundage lost to Carlstrom; McCormick was nosed out by Deneen in a bitter scrap; Crowe, of course, had an easy time of it. Shortly afterwards Medill McCormick died, and the crimp was put in the Brundage destiny for some time.

The Republican National Convention in the summer of 1924 had stirred things up distressingly. Thompson attended as a delegate, but he found himself quite friendless. The Coolidge nomination was assured and most of the wrangling was over the choosing of a proper running-mate. When General Charles Gates Dawes was picked, Big Bill amused the reporters by attacking him, but this very choice of a prominent Deneen politician as vice-presidential candidate, and the election of another, Roy O. West, as secretary of the national committee, meant that the assembled bosses didn't regard Bill Thompson as a person of very great importance in the party.

Thompson entertained the delighted journalists further by hinting darkly that he might back Robert LaFollette in a party bolt. He had many surreptitious conferences with young Bob and conducted himself generally like an uninvited guest. When the elephant had formally decided on Coolidge and Dawes, Thompson gave out vague interviews in which he stated his preference for the isolationistic attitude of the Wisconsin liberal rather than the World Court position the little man from Massachusetts inherited from the late Harding. As the autumn leaves were falling Thompson was still undecided about lending open aid to LaFollette, and he maintained an air of mystery until all the shooting was over. He hadn't dared to take the leap. There was a rumor that he was the man scheduled to oppose Deneen and the Democrat, Colonel Sprague, in the Senatorial contest; but after Fighting

Bob had conferred with the labor leaders and they had objected violently to placing any obstacles in the way of a Small and Carlstrom victory, the whole movement to have a complete third-party ticket in the state died, and Thompson dramatically announced that he wouldn't think of injuring Republican chances of victory that way.

Bill's feud with Lundin, commencing in simple expediency, soon became an acidulous personal enmity. At first, when Thompson was hoping for a third successive term, they conferred often; but the grand jury investigations made it imperative that he must repudiate the Swede or die politically. Then Lundin left the state and flatly refused to help Thompson gain the mayoralty nomination. When Bill sought him out he coldly discouraged him from making the attempt. During this haphazard intercourse between the pair, the vacillating Thompson was being besieged by his friends to break with Lundin once and for all. Their estrangement following the trial developed into overt antagonism in the summer of 1924.

Dr. John Dill Robertson had been, from the start, a loyal disciple of Lundin. Near the end of the second Thompson administration he had resigned from his job of health commissioner to take up the more important task of presiding over the school board. When Dever was elected, Lundin secured for Robertson the presidency of the West Park Board from Governor Small. This position controlled an enormous amount of patronage, and Robertson managed Lundin's interests in Chicago. His new office brought him in conflict with Thompson, who felt that he was entitled to distribute all the gubernatorial dispensations in the county and city, and balked at supporting Small's candidacy until this privilege was recognized. As has been said, this situation put Len in an uncomfortable dilemma. He needed Bill's support in his campaign, but he was in the habit of relying heavily upon

Lundin and his coterie of Swedish intellectuals. For over a month he begged the issue with agreeable evasions. Finally, with the election two months away, Small yielded to the pleas of Frank Smith for a unified front and granted some of Bill's demands. The particular bone of controversy had been the Lincoln Park Board, of which Lundin handled the patronage through William Wesbey, the superintendent of the park system. Thompson wanted to oust Wesbey for more than one reason. It would benefit him and at the same time injure Lundin; and, moreover, Wesbey had been one of the instruments in Thompson's humiliation before the Shriners. So out went Wesbey, his place being taken by a man more respectful and loyal.

Thompson continued telling everyone that he was an active candidate for the mayoralty in 1927 despite the fact that he was without the support of any party faction. Crowe and Barrett were cold to him; Deneen had never liked him, and, besides, had a few men in his own group openly desirous of the same post; Lundin and Robertson had for him only contempt and talked of his candidacy as if it were merely a tempest in a teapot; Brundage had done his best to ruin him and was not even on speaking terms with him; and the Progressives, with whom his thinking was always suspect, were disappointed at his failure to campaign bravely for LaFollette. When Senator Bob came to Chicago for a series of speeches he was met at the station by Ickes, Darrow, Zona Gale, Donald Richberg, Jane Addams and numerous labor leaders. Bill Thompson was not there. And he made no genuine efforts to sway his personal following over to LaFollette, although he often threatened to do so.

Shortly after the election of the "America First" ticket, which he spoke up for, Thompson attended a banquet for Attorney-General-Elect Carlstrom, which was a veritable love feast. The guest of honor exchanged compliments

with Thompson, and everything looked serenely joyful. Bill was particularly pleased with the presence of Bob Crowe, whose air was gracious now that Lundin had been read out of the coterie. Thompson took advantage of the genial occasion to announce his candidacy for mayor. He saw no signs of disapproval on Crowe's square face; George Harding and Eugene Pike were responsive. In fact all those present—Lou Emmerson, Frank Smith, Fred Sterling, Peter Hoffman, Frank Righaimer, Barney Barasa, Morris Eller, all of the important local politicians—seemed to be glad to be breaking bread with Thompson. Lundin, Deneen, Litsinger, Robertson, Dawes, West, those whose presence would have been an embarrassment, were all absent. Even Fred Mann, who owned the Rainbo Gardens, at which the dinner was held, was Bill's pal. He was reassured.

The rest of the winter he spent in belaboring his erstwhile colleague, the grinning Swede. He talked against him unceasingly and once traveled to Springfield to aid in the defeat of a pet Lundin tax measure, a revival of a piece proposed four years previous. When the Thompson-Lundin organization had introduced this bill originally, the faction was cut in two, Barrett leaving the city hall crowd and joining Crowe in great anger. For it aimed to circumscribe the power of the board of review, which Barrett controlled, and transfer much of this power to the city hall. Now Thompson was endeavoring to reconcile the Barrett-Crowe wing to his ambitions, and loudly repudiated the legislation. "You mean the Lundin bill?" he shouted. "I should say not! Most of Governor Small's troubles grew out of this measure four years ago. It was one of the worst moves our organization made. We've had troubles enough without looking for a fresh batch of brick-bats."

Thompson was doing his best to make peace with the

enemies he had made while hooked up with Fred Lundin. And during his frantic attempts at running down his ex-boss he was suddenly spurred to added frenzy by an expensive reminder of his former waywardness. A printing company, Severinghaus, sued the members of the William Hale Thompson Republican Club for a bill long past due. Among the defendants, besides Bill, were Pike, Harding, Ettelson, Davis, Faherty, Dr. Reid, Morris Eller and a few other stalwarts of the régime just ousted by public wrath and Democratic strategy. The bill was \$150,000; after lengthy litigation it was paid.

It was during these trying days that Mr. Thompson turned his mind to the arts, in this case the art of the cinema. As a favor to Mr. Hearst he reviewed "Under the Red Robe" for the Chicago *Evening American*:

"Under the Red Robe," now showing at the Roosevelt Theater, is a wonderful picture. No money has been spared in this great production, and the screen held my attention for every second of the entire presentation. I drew from the picture a great moral for Americans: Stand United Within. It recalled to my mind what Abraham Lincoln said, "if the allied armies of the world attacked this country, not a single foreign soldier could take a drink from the Ohio River—if we stood together."

It is the danger from within, not from without, that menaces this country. All we need to do is stand together. Let us keep away from intrigues and trickery.

The acting is splendid. No citizen should miss seeing this really great picture. The producers are to be congratulated on this scenic triumph.

This was Thompson's first venture into the chosen field of Robert Sherwood and Gilbert Seldes. He did not continue.

Big Bill's vanity was the cause of no little annoyance for Governor Small at the scene of his inauguration in

March, 1925. This ceremony, aiming to be impressive, is usually on a par with Masonic funerals, evangelical prayer-meetings and Zenith Chamber of Commerce picnics. Thompson badly needed publicity to propel his wobbling and incipient campaign to succeed Mayor Dever. So he determined to make the inauguration of his friend and colleague a big affair for him—and for himself. He led a mob of a thousand people, all of whose bread he had well buttered during his eight years in office, to Springfield for the doings. Three trains groaned under the collective weight of the ample-girthed ten hundred, and in the center of the middle train were Thompson and Alexander Fyfe, president of the Hamilton Club. They planned to announce, on the evening of the Small celebration, that William Hale Thompson had been so overwhelmed with urgent requests to run for mayor in 1927 that he was forced to yield to the will of the electorate, who would not allow him to retire from serving them.

Big Bill hogged the whole show. Poor little Len Small, supposed to be the man of the hour, was pushed into the wings, nay, even relegated to the office of prop-boy. A foreign visitor, someone from New York, Hoboken or Berlin, say, unacquainted with Illinois political personalities, might well have judged that the big fellow everyone called "Big Bill" was being crowned President of the League of Nations, whereas the little chap at his side was his secretary, allowed on the platform as a reward for forty years of faithful service.

It was the scandal of the month, and, like most scandals it was very funny to non-participants such as newspapermen, who aren't, as a class, very respectful. The only person who rivaled Thompson in calling attention to himself was Frank L. Smith, who formally began his campaign for United States Senator against the incumbent, William B. McKinley.

Fred Lundin was more intelligent. Following his long-regarded custom he stayed quietly in the background and watched Bill perform. Then, the excitement over, he paid a visit to Governor Small to congratulate him warmly on his latest honor. He was careful to overdo the compliments. The Swede knew Small as well as he did Thompson.

A few hours after the inaugural nonsense, at the Leland Hotel in Springfield, the staggering news of Bill's willingness to govern them was broken to the chattering and applauding multitude. Richard W. Wolfe, prominent LaFollette leader, was chairman and his announcement was to the effect that George F. Harding would be in charge of the preliminary canvass. When Harding arose, they "yipped and yelled," according to the colorful account in the *American*. He impressed upon the gathering his pleasure at the privilege of leading the victorious march-to-office for "this great American, the greatest mayor Chicago ever had." Finally an accordion, which had been concealed under some trickster's greatcoat, broke into the strains of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"—and Big Bill himself elbowed his way jovially through the joyous throng. After a few jocosities, he articulated the substance of his platform: municipal ownership of traction lines for the purpose of obtaining a five-cent fare; coöperation with Governor Small's good roads project; and continuance of his liberal public improvements policy, for which he fought during his first and second administration and as a result of which (although Bill forgot to mention it) Mike Faherty was still grimly fighting prosecution.

Harding had said that he expected 600,000 pledge cards to be signed for his favorite. The mildewed device, apparently, was again to be employed. Fred Lundin's 1913 sagacity was still good. This plea for signatures to pledge cards was not, however, received with hand-springs

in all circles. The Better Government Association, one of the reform organizations contributing to the insomnia of machine politicians, issued a stinging slap to the Big Bill candidacy:

It appearing from the press that the candidacy of William Hale Thompson for re-election as mayor of Chicago is being launched and that an organized and widespread effort is being made to secure petitions in his behalf, it becomes pertinent to refresh the public's memory as to the circumstances under which his administration came to an inglorious end less than two years ago, in a flood of indictments and prosecutions extending into almost every department of public service, thus leaving the impression upon the public mind of:

1. General inefficiency, systematic grafting and neglect of public business in all departments of the city service.

2. The debauching of the public schools and humane institutions of the city, culminating in the arrest and indictment of the president and other members of the school board and employees.

3. The scandals in the department of public works, including the extortionate fees of so-called "real estate experts" and vast sums paid to contractors for work never performed and for materials never delivered, resulting again in indictments even at the hands of a friendly prosecutor.

4. The demoralization and corruption of the police department, resulting in a reign of terror throughout the city from organized criminal gangs and the open operation of black and tan resorts and gambling dens from which the city still suffers.

5. The looting of the police and fire pension funds.

6. The oppression and robbery by enforced contributions from legitimate business by hordes of inspectors and political workers promoting fake fairs, expositions, benefits and catch-penny enterprises.

7. The political assassination of honest and independent aldermen and the wholesale stealing of elections while the election machinery was in the administration's hands.

8. The sale of public offices and the bribery of the public

officials and the prostitution of the courts and prosecuting agencies.

9. The deliberate deception of the people by false economic issues and political masquerades to the delay of the proper solution of our transportation problem.

10. The brazen attempt to capture the judiciary of Cook County, prevented only by the uprising of decent citizens.

In view of these notorious facts the Better Government Association urges its members and all other citizens jealous of the good name of Chicago not to sign these petitions.

This admonition was heeded carefully by a number of people, but many sneered at such depressing prose and whooped it up for the balmy poetry of Bill's press agents.

The business men have always liked Bill. His is the Rotarian kidney and they are pleased with his idealistic shouts. In the winter of 1925 the members of the Associated Fur Industries had an enormous banquet at the Congress Hotel. Thompson was the principal speaker and of everything he said nothing rang the bell with his auditors more convincingly than his assaults upon their indifference to politics. "My answer to that," said Bill the Realtor, "is that the business man who doesn't interest himself in politics is penalized for his indifference in higher taxes. I believe the latest figures show 87 percent of the men in Congress are lawyers. That's too damned many lawyers. I would like to see the day when Congress will have 87 percent business men. Then you wouldn't have to send delegations to kill foolish laws—they'd be killed before they could get half started."

Although getting along famously with his blood brothers, the business men, Thompson was having his troubles with the politicians, the lawyers. Lundin had said that "when the mayoralty swings around Big Bill will not have a single political leader with him," and this looked like it was going to be true. The powerful Crowe-Barrett fac-

tion appropriated his patronage right and left, with no blushes or apologies. Lundin held frequent conferences with his new mesmeree, Len Small, with the ultimate objective in mind of grabbing complete control of the Lincoln Park Board, the only sizeable plum Bill possessed. Gene Pike was president of this board and Thompson's sister, Mrs. William Pelouze, was one of its members. Lundin anticipated their demise before the snow fell and worked cleverly towards this end. Small's petulance over the inauguration incident was fertile soil for Lundin to plant his seeds of disaffection. Almost immediately results were noticed. Percy B. Coffin, who had elected to travel with the Swede rather than with Thompson when they split, was appointed public administrator of Illinois over the pleas of both Thompson and Carlstrom. The job was an important one and paid more than \$100,000 a year in fees. Coffin displaced a fellow named Van Meter, who was a disciple of George Harding, Thompson's former comptroller and present campaign manager.

Whether due to lowered vitality superinduced by his fight with Small, or some mysterious juxtaposition of the stars, or possibly merely some vulgar physiological derangement, is not known to historians of the period, but anyway Thompson suddenly became very ill and departed for the Atlantic Seaboard with his wife. Hard luck pursued him even in this idyllic region. A few hours after they arrived at Palm Beach their hotel was destroyed by fire, and they lost everything but the clothes on their bodies. But before they returned home they received comforting words from a source as remote as the Holy Land. Before leaving Chicago Thompson and Richard Wolfe, head of the Cook County Real Estate Board and former LaFollette yeoman, had organized the William Hale Thompson Real Estate Men's League of Chicago. And in March this group set out on a Mediterranean cruise.

Mr. Wolfe, writing from Palestine to the *Evening American*, tells of a meeting of the league held at the wall of Solomon's Temple, at which the following amazing document was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the historic places we have visited—Carthage, Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Thebes—are graveyards not of cities or towns but of dead empires and civilizations; and

Whereas, these ruins and graveyards of empires were in no instance due to the faults of the working and producing peoples of their times, but instead were in every instance due to the sins of the exploiters, profiteers, profligates and tyrants at the top; and

Whereas, the hungry faces and ragged clothes of children, the worried faces of mothers, and the hopeless looks of the thousands of unemployed men we have seen everywhere on our travels are due in large measure to the World War brought on by the blind greed of the exploiters and profiteers of our times; and

Whereas, our American republic, American institutions and the peace, security and prosperity of the American people are now threatened by the alien-hearted, native-born American Tory in alliance with the autocracy of Europe; and

Whereas, these Tories, in alliance with the European capitalists, have seized control of our public utilities, insurance companies, banks and natural resources and many newspapers, with an army of hirelings and propagandists ever intriguing to supplant in America the rule of the grand dukes for the democracy of Jefferson and Lincoln; and

Whereas, through control of our money and business they therefore control our government, legislatures and courts; and

Whereas, Honorable William Hale Thompson is a genuine native American who has inherited the love of liberty possessed by the fathers who founded the republic; therefore be it

Resolved, that we, here in the shadows of the temples and scenes of the great ones who labored and died for love of mankind, urge Honorable William Hale Thompson to offer himself as candidate for re-election to the office of mayor of Chicago, not only for the service he may render the people of Chicago as

their mayor, but also for the opportunity it will give him to help preserve the American Republic and its institutions and safeguard the people against their enemy.

[Signed] RICHARD W. WOLFE, *President*.

JOSEPH M. BROWARSKY, *Treasurer*.

Mr. Richard Wolfe is today, in 1929, commissioner of public works.

When he returned from the east, Thompson threw his energies into politics with an avidity born of a fear that his candidacy might prove to be as dismal a flop this time as had been his 1923 effort. The indications weren't much better at the beginning. He promoted two publicity stunts that he felt did his reputation much good. One was the establishment of a radio broadcasting station on the top of his office building, the Wrigley Tower, the call letters of which were WHT. Ostensibly the station was to push Governor Small's good roads project and the Lakes-to-Gulf Waterway (of which Thompson was chairman) and provide entertainment for the masses owning receiving sets; but you may be sure that plenty of good words were thrown in for Candidate Thompson between piano renditions of "To a Waterfowl" by little Minnie Glumpf, tenor renditions of "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" by Jacob Ginsberg, and the "Nut-Cracking Hour" featuring the Cute Trio, Addison Sims of Seattle, Cracker Barrel Joe and Sylvester Lee (Sil-ly), and Gladys Moan and Her Moaning Jazz Band. The other stratagem was a mammoth picnic sponsored by the Citizens' Good Roads Association, William Hale Thompson founder and president. Over 75,000 people attended the picnic, which was given at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Baseball games, cutter races, drilling, band concerts, soccer contests, an Indian show, dancing, fireworks, a vaudeville show—in short, everything was given the proletariat to convince it

that Big Bill was a "swell fellow," the most valuable compliment a politician can win in the eyes of most of the voters. It was his first appearance in public after his illness, which in itself was a neat stroke.

However fetching all this nonsense may have been with the masses, most of the influential political personages still opposed Bill's ambitions and resented many of the items of his tactics. And in the fall of 1925 things went from bad to worse. The ax fell on his biggest patronage tree, thanks to Lundin. Governor Small asked for the resignations of Eugene Pike, Colonel Morse and Mrs. Pelouze, Thompson's faithful adjuncts of the Lincoln Park Board. These places were immediately filled by eager Lundin men. Shortly afterwards Big Bill, in fierce resentment at this pillaging of his property and friends, ceased his activities in behalf of Small's waterway scheme.

The year of Our Lord 1926 rolled around, and William Hale Thompson found himself without one major political faction supporting his campaign for mayor. With the primary twelve months away Bill was out in the cold. He had no patronage cadets on his payroll and but one newspaper with him, and that one feebly. His outlook was not bright and he must have shuddered over it often. But he squared his shoulders and prepared to fight.

Meanwhile Mayor William E. Dever was running the municipal government as it had not been run since Harrison. He did not look upon the city hall as a sort of booking agency for performers; hence, no picnics, pageants, fairs or parades originated there while he was the chief executive. He was not the best mayor Chicago ever had, but he certainly was a good one, head and shoulders above his predecessor. He was attacked viciously by the professional boosters and boomers for his inactivity in calling attention to the fact that Chicago is a wonder city. There

were two reasons for Dever's lack of noisy "civic idealism," one studied, the other temperamental. He realized that the prime imperative of his job was running the civic machinery well, and he placed little faith in the preposterous flub-dub that had characterized Thompson's two terms; further, he was a gentleman, and as such was averse to making a circus clown of himself. This desire for a reasonable decorum and conservatism, for some dignity and privacy, made for unpopularity.

His administration was shot through with political chicanery, too. But there was a great difference in degree, for Dever had more character than Thompson for one thing, and then Brennan had not the uncontrollable lust for dominion that Lundin had had. His hold over the mayor was inconsiderable compared to the previous relationship of the Swedish Svengali and his beefy Trilby.

Men received jobs for services rendered in the campaign, as is the irrevocable custom everywhere and at all times in a democracy. But with Dever a certain competence was required in addition, at least with the important jobs. Under Thompson, for instance, a dentist had been smoke inspector, merely because the dentist was a pal of Bill's and a functioning member of the machine. Few such examples of brazen disregard of competence occurred in the Dever reign.

The case of health commissioner is in point. Dr. Herman Bundeson had been a minor personage in the department of Health Commissioner John Dill Robertson. When "the only health commissioner ever named after a pickle" considered the city robust enough for him to turn his genius to running the school board, he designated Bundeson to complete his term. This Herman did with an alacrity common to all who squirm after political preferment, and he did the job well, both professionally and politically. When things looked greased for Dever, Bundeson

indicated that he was above partisan politics and became a Democrat with gustatory whoops, working hard for Boss Brennan. Hence he forced himself upon Dever as the logical man to guard the public metabolism. He was no Osler or Halsted, or even a Collins, but the medical societies did look upon him as far preferable to the impossible Robertson and gave him their endorsement.

So it was with many other high offices. Under the new president of the civil service commission, this branch of the municipal government was slowly nursed back to the health routed by Lundin's bruises. Colonel Albert A. Sprague, commissioner of public works, was a capable and high-minded gentleman, obviously the superior in every way to Charles Francis, who had gone out under a heavy cloud of suspicion set in motion by the grand jury. Francis X. Busch, the new corporation counsel, was as clever a lawyer as Ettelson but of finer moral caliber.

Despite the admittedly excellent integrity of Dever and most of his cabinet, many people pointed to the presence of George Brennan as *prima facie* evidence that spoils politics had not buried its head in Chicago with the demise of Lundin and his piratical crew.

And, indeed, it had not. "Peg Leg" Brennan was no lily. He had learned the game from Roger Sullivan, or, rather, he had learned the peculiarities of the Chicago scene from Sullivan, but he was suited for politics from boyhood. Possessed with perhaps the most winning personality of any politician in the state, a conciliatory disposition and a shrewd, calculating brain, he rose in the ranks rapidly after arriving in Chicago from New York, where he had been educated. When Sullivan died, in the spring of 1920, Brennan became the boss, because for ten years previous he had been Jolly Roger's most trusted aid. His ability to get along with men was famous, even Davis, the tight-lipped Anti-Saloon League dervish, capitulating

to his charm. He appreciated fully the value of bi-partisan alliances, trades, deals, patronage and fat contracts, and he could talk business as readily with Reverend Elmer Williams, the self-appointed guardian of the public morals, as with Fred Lundin. But this much should be said for him: he firmly believed, with George Harding on the other side, that a machine cannot be successful in the long run if it slapped the public face too often and too hard. So he made countless genial concessions to Mayor Dever's earnest wish to manage the city as it should be managed.

The blackest mark on the preceding administration had been the mismanagement of the school system. Perhaps it is no more essential to good government that this department be engineered honestly and ably than, say, the health department or the department of public works; but there is an understandable sentimentality about children prevalent these days, and a vast faith that somehow the millennium will be introduced if they are conditioned properly—so Brennan determined not to repeat the mistake of Thompson and Lundin.

He told the politicians that he wanted to make the schools the "window dressing" of the administration, and this policy of "hands off" was assiduously followed for four years. A superintendent, William McAndrew, was brought from New York City and was not annoyed by the city hallers in anything like the fashion suffered by the incumbents of the past. This position was first offered to Charles E. Merriam, a man of impeccable reputation in both educational and political circles and a Republican, but the professor preferred to scourge sophomores for confusing Lasky with Lecky to guiding the destiny of Chicago public education for four years.

When Dever was introduced into the labors of office he was given, along with some inelegant furniture and banquets, a police force already formed by civil service and

tinkered with by politicians. The best he could do was to appoint a chief that would reorganize it in such a fashion as to eliminate graft, inefficiency and "fix." But in Chicago this seems almost an impossible task. Due to the peculiarities of the local situation but six months on the force is sufficient to make a thug and a cad of an honest and respectable man, it is said. Dever was faced with a much more difficult task of law enforcement than Thompson had been faced with, for by 1923 the booze trade was being organized on the grand scale that Big Business was organized everywhere, and Chicago was the best liquor market in the middle west and the clearing house for the northern region of the Basin: the Fords and Raskobs of bootlegging had millions to spend for protection, and the city was wet and willing.

Furthermore, it is the racketeering fraternity which chiefly patronizes the gaming houses, the ladies of joy and countless other illicit seductions. Hence, the Noble Experiment accelerated business all along the red line. Perhaps any police force in the world would have been unequal to the task of checking crime in a metropolis with a large minority bent on flouting the law and a majority indifferent to the attempt; and Chicago particularly has and had a notoriously rotten and inept police system, inadequate *per se* and the football of the political gents besides.

To head this force Dever appointed Captain Morgan Collins, surely not the worst selection but obviously not the best. He, like his predecessors, failed to leave the city any purer than he found it, although in his favor is the negative point that he got little coöperation from the state's attorney.

But by and large the criticisms of the Dever régime were more temperate than those aimed at the Thompson reign before it. During his administration he had the

sympathy and endorsement of all those civic agencies that had shouted themselves blue in the face at Thompson and Lundin. And when he passed out his cabinet did not have to face a flood of criminal indictments. He was intelligent, worked hard and conscientiously. If he was tainted a trifle with Puritanism, he should be forgiven readily: compare him, virtue with virtue, vice with vice, with Thompson and he gains stature with each step of the comparison.

He was not a popular mayor. He could not force himself to mountebankery. He was a gentleman.

SEVENTEEN

BILL AS STUDENT OF WORLD AFFAIRS

IN the spring of 1926 the people of Chicago read of a new political alliance, the Crowe-Barrett-Brundage-Thompson-Galpin faction. Most readers passed over the news with a shrug: it meant little to them. But to many it was a *piece de scandale*. Let us examine the previous relationships of these men, as demonstrated by their own appraisals of each other.

Of Brundage, Thompson had once said:

The administration of Brundage (as attorney general) is what might have been expected of a corporation lawyer whose principal business before election was to aid rich tax dodgers in escaping their just share of the expenses of government.

Brundage returned the compliment in 1920:

The issue . . . is between efficient, economical government and Lundin-Thompson Tammanyism.

Crowe, in 1922, said:

I quit Thompson because he indicated he did not wish me to live up to my oath of office. The immediate cause of my breach with Mayor Thompson was my efforts to close hell-holes of prostitution and vice.

Two years later Thompson, with his usual flair for indiscreet drama, shouted:

Any time you'll find that I am in the same political bed with Bobby Crowe, the Barrett brothers, Ed Brundage, who was the cause of killing Governor Small's wife, the Chicago *Tribune*,

profiteering from Canadian free lands for their pulp paper, and their Medill McCormick who voted for war—then you'll know that Bill Thompson has turned out to be a crook.

In addition, Thompson had referred to Crowe as a rat; Crowe had charmingly replied that Bill was a skunk; Galpin had once accused Thompson of lying and double-crossing; and Brundage, by an adroit metaphor, had insinuated that Crowe was an ass. In the spring of 1926 these gentlemen attended a gaudy banquet at which they threw verbal powder-puffs at each other, joked and feasted in quiet harmony. Where formerly, at various times, they had buried hatchets in each other's skulls, now they were burying the hatchet in true Indian fashion, in the ground. The pipe of peace was sent around the circle, and they plotted the death of Deneen and his tribe of office-seekers.

Just how all these fellows came to be gathered under the same tent will be explained shortly, but first the stakes of victory must be listed, for that was the magnet that attracted them all. In the main it was a county election, the posts of county treasurer, county judge, sheriff, county clerk, several county commissioners, two members of the board of review and three members of the board of assessors becoming vacant at this time. But a few city jobs were to be filled: three trustees of the sanitary district and a group of municipal judges. To complete the ballot were a scattered few state offices, notably state treasurer. Most important of all to the voters, and heading the ticket, was the office of United States Senator. . . . A prize list, certainly worth scrambling for.

When the politicians sobered up from the traditionally American New Year's Eve spree, they looked dourly upon an anarchical situation in factional affairs in the Republican party. The only definite cleavage visible was that

separating the Crowe-Barrett group from the henchmen admiring Senator Deneen. The latter was ambitious to invade the county territory of State's Attorney Crowe and County Reviewer Barrett and in his *menage* could be found County Recorder Haas, County Reviewer Litsinger (who badly wanted to be mayor and anticipated the support of his boss), Roy O. West, the secretary of the Republican National Committee, and a few less luminous but equally loyal stalwarts.

On the other side, kissing Crowe's index finger, could be seen Homer K. Galpin, prominent ward leader and chairman of the county committee, Sanitary Trustees Morris Eller and Lawrence King, both influential ward bosses, Edward H. Wright, whose ancestors had been slaves but who now had slaves of his own, being in fact the most successful rouser of the black rabble—and hundreds of lesser lights, white, black and saffron.

These alignments were impressive, still several of the biggest figures in the city were unattached for the moment, the most valuable of which were Bill Thompson, Ed Brundage and George Harding, all capable of marshaling thousands of votes. Thompson and Harding wanted company, for Bill's campaign for mayor needed organization support in the worst way.

At first Bill made tactical overtures to Deneen, recalling the assistance he had given Charlie in the Senatorial race of 1924. This embarrassed Charlie mightily, for in his fold were two loyalists lusting for the same office Bill wanted; so Deneen had to send Thompson his heartiest regrets.

However, Deneen did want to avoid a bitter primary. Acrimonious contests vitiate the party and sometimes make for Democratic victory; and he has always been a staunch party man, convinced that the trumpeting of the elephant suggested the voice of God. So he tried to engi-

neer a "harmony conference" in December of 1925. This met for several days at the Hotel LaSalle, all the big Republicans joining in the pow-wow. But it was for nought; they could not agree. The Crowe-Barrett boys repaired to one hotel and the Deneenites to another, and they prepared to fight it out at the polls.

Thompson never did like Crowe. The latter was too arrogant and icy a person for the democratic, easy-going Bill to stomach without a chaser. But he had to if he wanted to be mayor, for Crowe was *the* boss in Cook County. The opportunity to force himself on the state's attorney came through his manager, George Harding.

Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman was the original Crowe-Barrett choice for county treasurer. But before this could be ratified by the people, a scandal flared up which ruined Hoffman's career. Two newspapers led in the exposure of interesting pécadilloes in the administration of the county jail. It seems that two famous distributors of the city's booze, Mr. Terence Druggan and Mr. Frank Lake, were extended extra-legal favors during their little vacation behind the bars. So Hoffman had to be shelved.

Immediately George Harding spoke up for his place on the Crowe-Barrett slate. His arguments were many and cogent: he was wealthy, nicely able to finance his own campaign; he controlled a goodly portion of the votes on the south side, the seat of his real estate operations; and his reputation was untarnished. It worked superbly and he was accepted into the inner councils as the accredited candidate for county treasurer.

This created a wedge for Big Bill. All the boys recognized him as the best advertiser a ticket could have: his bellows were invaluable and had put over many an office-seeker. But it took a little time for Harding's tact to thaw out the impressions existing about his friend. George proved an able diplomat and soon their surliness was

diminished to tolerance and Bill joined the strategy board to help plot out the best method of copping the bacon.

After Thompson was well ensconced in the Crowe-Barrett faction, Brundage made gestures of returning. He had been wobbling back and forth for months. In the "harmony conference" he had sponsored Judge Walter Steffen for county judge, this being very satisfactory to Deneen. It displeased Crowe greatly, however, for he had firmly decided to elevate one of his assistants, Joseph Savage, to this bench, and resented Brundage's proposal of anyone else. This caused a split between Crowe and Brundage, who inclined then towards Deneen, threatening dark reprisals. This move proved to be one of folly, for Deneen was unable to give him any patronage to sustain his following. Brundage's political family had to be fed, or they would turn *berserker* and devour him. So he had to turn lamely back to Crowe, licked, because Bobby controlled the Republican segment of the rich sanitary board, the milkiest pap in the city. He had no alternative, that is except being a man and retiring, but of course this never occurred to him.

While Brundage was shilly-shallying around, desperately trying to keep his machine together and force his man Steffen on Crowe, Thompson and Harding were shouldering their way into the Crowe-Barrett wing. Finally Brundage, smarting with frustration and humiliation, was forced to shake hands with Thompson and Harding as faction brothers. Which was, in classical phrase, adding insult to injury.

The end of January saw things pretty well patched up. The Crowe-Barrett-Thompson-Harding-Galpin-Brundage flank of the Republican party in Cook County, prepared for business. But where was Small, with his formidable patronage strength, and Lundin, whose finger was in every pie? The Small machine tended

to affiliate with Deneen, although many minor personages dependent on the governor thought it more to their individual interest to work with Crowe in this county matter. As for the Swede, his course was clear: there was three of his arch enemies lined up against the same wall, Crowe and Brundage, who had almost sent him to jail, and Thompson, of whom he was generally contemptuous. For some time he had resolved to sink all of them. He had helped dispose of Brundage in 1924, gaining considerable satisfaction thereby. Now he hoped to spike Crowe's county ambitions and throw the monkey-wrench into the machinery of Thompson's early campaign for mayor.

The Senatorial contest was the most confused of all. The opponents were William B. McKinley, running to succeed himself, and Frank L. Smith of Dwight, chairman of the state Republican committee. McKinley was looked upon with favor by Crowe and Barrett but not by Thompson and Brundage. The Senator had voted for the World Court, thereby displeasing the *Tribune*, backer of Brundage. Smith, one of Thompson's best friends, saw that United States participation in the World Court would prove unpopular in Chicago, so he lined himself up with the sheet which had so often moved for his execution, agreeing with the "World's Greatest Newspaper" that this was the real issue in the campaign. The old bro-mide about politics making strange bedfellows surely holds up here.

The ear-chewing and nose-punching over the selection of candidates having been peremptorily ended by the frightening fact of Crowe's power, the next step was the determining of the platform, the "issues" and the proper slogans for trimming. "Home rule" was discussed. This moth-eaten dodge was good—they had all tried it—but it presented certain difficulties. First, it failed to set the Crowe group as distinctly apart from the Deneen faction

as desired, and hence lacked punch; second, they did not wish to alienate the governor by making him the target of the campaign, despite his quasi-alliance with Deneen.

Then someone, probably Big Bill, suggested the Anti-World Court issue. It had plenty of advantages: it was timely, the controversy being the one major subject for prolonged debate in the current Senate sessions; it was remote from county affairs, surely a point in its favor; and Senator Deneen had voted for it. Only one argument arose to stay immediate adoption. McKinley had also voted for United States entrance into the Court, and he was a Crowe ally by long-standing arrangement. But this was soon smoothed over. These genial political gentlemen were not really worked up over the possibility of their country entering the World Court. Perhaps Bill Thompson was, for he is a strangely sentimental and credulous politician, often sincerely believing his own speeches. But the others seized upon it as simply effective hokum to shove their candidates onto the bench and the sanitary district, their sole concern.

Why was the average Chicago voter militantly against American participation in an agency designed to promote international justice? For the passably judicious reasons advanced by Jim Reed and the liberal Messiah, Borah? These may have influenced a few. With the masses it was rooted deeper, in emotions, traditional fears and suspicions, and the newspaper exploitations were but rationalizations upon these feelings, half-thoughts piled on top of vague impressions originating back in the Jacksonian era and before. The quintessence of the matter, perhaps, lies in the fact that political unity in America is but a confusing mask for disturbing economic disunity. The economic needs of one region are at wide variance with those of another. The New England cotton-mill owner has nothing but Betsy Ross's flag in common with the

Oregon apple grower or the Dakota wheat farmer; and the international banker has nothing but the common desire for salvation and immortality to link him with the potato grower of Idaho. Hence the fussing over the tariff, farm debentures, cancellation of war debts, foreign loans and United States participation in the World Court and the League of Nations. Most solutions of these dilemmas are but temporary or evasive, mere political sops of the moment.

So Charles V. Barrett ran for the office of Cook County Reviewer on the plea that he would rigidly insist, once in office, that the United States remain out of the World Court! All the other candidates for offices in Chicago and Cook County pledged themselves to the same principle. And Bill Thompson did the shouting for the entire ticket.

Early in the campaign Bill caused his colleagues marked discomfort. After the committee had finally decided upon campaign tactics, a large gathering of petty oligarchs and camp-followers was held at the Sherman House; 3,500 people were present, and the intention was to impress the enemy and themselves with the united front they presented. Thompson was chairman of the resolutions committee and outlined the platform with a patriotic speech, delivered in the bang-up fashion of which he is the acknowledged master in Chicago. All the men on the "America First" ticket were lined up before him and pledged to adhere to the tenets of the high-sounding platform. Then a parade of ex-service men trooped about, headed by a plumber and an iceman dressed up to resemble the Virginia gentlemen who were the first and third presidents of the United States. These were followed by a trio of ward-healers in costume, representing the "Spirit of '76."

This was the beginning. As the crusade wore on it became increasingly obvious that Big Bill, as usual, was

filching the whole show. It was rumored that he and Crowe had truculent words over it and that Bill almost poked Bob in the face. When this unseemly gossip was printed in one of the papers both men denounced it heatedly as a lie, the result of a conspiracy to defeat the ticket and ensnare the nation into the World Court, and they sued the unpatriotic sheet for libel.

But the condition remained the same. Bill continued leading the attack and the rest continued being churlish about it, although undoubtedly he was rapidly bringing about victory. The following speech, delivered at the height of the campaign, with all the arm-waving and chest-thumping required for punctuation and emphasis, is illustrative of Thompson's fine adjustment to the emotions of his audiences, and this justifies its reproduction in full. It is perhaps his most typical address:

All this argument for the World Court is a lot of propaganda for the King of England. They tell us that we oughta trust England, that she is our friend. Well, the King got control of all the rubber and raised the price enough to pay all their debt to us. That shows they're pretty friendly, doesn't it? The King got control of coffee and is doing the same thing. I shouldn't be surprised if the King had something to do with slipping over the Volstead Act on us so that all their distillers can make fortunes selling us bootleg liquor. You are paying them a billion dollars on those three items alone.

How do they do it? By using our pro-British senators to vote down Old Glory! I admit I never expected much of McKinley, with his running over to see the King every summer. He likes it so well that with your help we'll fix it on April thirteenth so that he can spend his winters there too!

I helped elect Charlie Deneen senator. I thought he was an American. But he hadn't been in Washington a year before the King got him. I apologize for what I did.

For the second time in the history of the United States of America they voted for gag rule. They were afraid and ashamed

to let any one know what they were doing. They won't tell you now. Ask them about the Court and they reply: "Watch me throw this hunk of mud." That bell-hop McKinley refused to debate with Frank Smith. If the two had ever stood on a platform together, McKinley wouldn't get enough votes to know he was running. Smith looks, talks and acts like a senator.

That poor, miserable reprobate McKinley says: "Don't blame me—the party wanted me to vote for the Court," and tries to hide behind that great American, Calvin Coolidge. I predict that Coolidge will before long announce that he wants us out of the Court. He keeps his ear to the ground.

I hear that McKinley is on his second million now. They say he's a good business man. What kind of business do you call it to spend a million to get a \$7,500 job—unless there's some business going on we don't know about. You might expect anything of a man who voted to haul down the flag and destroy American institutions.

It's a lie to say they voted for the World Court. What it is is the Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations. One of the reasons they stopped debate was to keep us from finding out what their World Court really is.

The international bankers put the World Court planks in both party platforms. Let's hope the people will find some new way to nominate the president and make a platform so we can get out of the clutches of the international bankers.

They say we are bi-partisan because the Democrats are helping us keep Old Glory at the masthead, when thirty-one Democrats helped them pull it down!

Charlie and Willie think it takes seven Yankees to lick a Britisher. Well I'm pretty old and fat, but I'll guarantee to lick any Britisher my weight. If they are so good, why don't they send some one over to lick Jack Dempsey? Why couldn't they lick Jim Jeffries? It seems to me I remember that dear old John L. Sullivan used to go over to England and lick a couple of Britishers every night.

We'll get rid of one of our pro-British senators on April thirteenth.

I'm not in this campaign for anything for myself. I think

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there is great danger ahead. We stand at the cross-roads. You always stood by Bill when he needed you. When they called me "Kaiser Bill" and the newspapers bribed with British money called me a traitor, you reëlected me to prove I was right. When you need me I owe it to you, and I'll be there.

I see a picture in my mind of the nations gathered around the table at Geneva, where John Bull has seven votes to our one. The different ones are telling about unemployment and distress in their countries. They suggest that the American tariff be lowered so they can sell us goods and start their factories moving. Uncle Sam protests—that would throw American laborers out of work. "You object?" says John Bull, "well, majority rules: call the roll!"

After the war I saved Chicago from the bread line and the soup kitchen with my Pageant of Progress, and I don't ever want to see anything like that in America.

All this may happen if you're not alert. McKinley and Deneen will vote you into the League; the flag of internationalism will be raised above Old Glory, the Constitution nullified, all American institutions as laid down by the Fathers struck down!

They'll call the roll on the repudiation of all war debts, and what they don't pay, you've got to pay. Thirty billions! No wonder McKinley is willing to pay a million to save that much for the King!

They've had twenty-eight wars since the Armistice, one for every ninety days. After they get Uncle Sam in they'll have one every sixty days.

The King wants it so. McKinley and Deneen are voting so. Let's get rid of them at the first possible time.

I'm here to prevent you from suffering. I need not be in this campaign at all. But I love our flag, and I want nothing over it. I want us to be left alone.

What, in the name of the gods, is this all about? Is it possible that this muddled rubbish had any effect on Bill's audience? The crowd went wild with enthusiasm!

When Crowe and Barrett heard the echoes of the reactions of the crowd to such speeches as the above, they

cursed. McKinley was supposed to be the candidate of their organization, and Big Bill was making him the target for the fanciest billingsgate he had ever concocted. And there was the personal angle that they, as bosses, were being pushed into the shade by a man that wasn't even on the ticket. They had to take it out in curses; nothing could be done about it. Unwittingly they had acquiesced to the World Court issue, and it was proving a boomerang.

By the time the campaign was fully launched it was obvious even to the most disinterested fish-wife that Bill Thompson was the major domo of the outfit, at least so it appeared from the amount of newspaper space given to him; he was the outstanding personality of the primary ballyhoo. And Brundage, Crowe and Barrett, were forced to boil in silence.

Thompson, in addition to his own shouting, was responsible for the most grandiose feature of the campaign: the securing of the services of Senator William E. Borah for the Cause. Thompson sent Borah an invitation to stump for Old Glory. Borah accepted, but only on the condition that his visit was to be assumed of more than local significance. This, of course, was facilely agreed to.

The Great Progressive's visit to assist in placing Morris Eller on the Sanitary board of Chicago on a "No World Court" platform was singularly prepared for. Letters were sent to local patriots inviting them to aid in "keeping Old Glory at the masthead by taking part in the decorated automobile parade" which welcomed the important man to the city. Delegations from all over the state, and from far-flung provinces of the hinterland, added their voices to the din of brass bands as Borah stepped off the train. He was escorted to the Field Museum and honored there with the Congressional salute of seventeen bombs. After this gesture to the dignity and esteem of the famous

statesman, Thompson showed him through the town. Finally after toasts to Washington, the Flag, the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the Spirit of '76, the gifted lawyer was left to ruminate over diverse problems of international jurisprudence in the Presidential suite in the Sherman House.

"With the technique of a Morris Gest and the sense of Yankee Doodlistics of George M. Cohan, William Hale Thompson staged the Borah rally." Thus spake the *American*. Bill appeared in his campaign sombrero and the mob was out of hand from that moment on. It received Borah nicely, if inelegantly, and reacted properly to his lecture. His opening remark, read from his manuscript in solemn tone, piqued the audience not a little: "George Washington is the most massive figure in the political history of the world," for most of the men and women present thought Bill Thompson was; but this temporary annoyance was soon submerged in effulgence for the remainder of his address, which didn't deal in controverted personalities but was confined to a passionate denunciation of the spirit that was causing the country to drift gradually and perilously into the League of Nations. After thirty minutes of such stuff he closed with a stirring re-statement of his thesis that the ideas of George Washington are still sound and very applicable to our present dilemma.

It was this speech that set the pace for the rest of the campaign and formed the factual basis for Thompson's addresses in the future. Also, the essence of Borah's stern logic was used as the nucleus of the widely-circulated platform of the faction. It was headed:

We stand for Home Rule in
CITY COUNTY STATE NATION
AMERICA FIRST! NO WORLD COURT!

At the close of the Borah gathering, which was marked with great applause and carryings-on, Thompson announced that Senator Shipstead, "that stalwart Scandinavian American," would be imported for the St. Patrick's Day rally. The celebrated dentist-statesman did not register as heavily as had his Progressive brother before him. A rather inane attempt at constitutional analysis bored the audience, nursed as it was on Thompson's billingsgate, but when he viciously scored the League of Nations they were all for him, and he sat down triumphant.

Thompson was not content with pushing his fellow Illinois politicians in the shade; he did the same thing to the Sage of the Northwest. Introducing Shipstead to the radio listeners, he became so carried away with the foul machinations of George V and the international bankers that he usurped all but ten minutes of the Senator's scheduled time on the air. How much Shipstead resented this is not known to anyone but his wife and patients at home, but Bill's colleagues were furious. In executive session they voted down his resolution that this highly successful Anti-World Court balderdash be continued until the primary.

Thompson's ferocious yeoman service for Frank L. Smith, coupled with the strong newspaper support he received, made Smith's candidacy for the Senate so popular throughout the state that Crowe and Barrett, who were pledged to McKinley by a previous deal, had to get on the band-wagon or risk defeat. So just before the election they instructed their ward leaders to do as they pleased in marking the Senatorial square on the sample ballots.

Deneen was in a hot spot. Thompson's assaults upon McKinley, and Crowe's dropping away from that man, added to the fact that he too had voted for the Court,

compelled him to link his ticket with the McKinley destiny, which he finally did in several speeches. Lundin too gave aid to McKinley, although Smith was close to Governor Small; Thompson's affiliation with Smith, plus his later forcing of the latter down the throats of Crowe and Barrett, pushed the Swede irrevocably into the McKinley-Deneen camp. As for Small himself—he stayed out of the campaign, endorsing no one. He had followers on both sides and had to keep his peace. But Thompson was not content to allow the Governor's personal following to make up its own mind. He linked McKinley with repudiation of Small's good roads policy by reminding his audiences of the former's support of Small's opponent in 1924, Essington.

Clearly the big fellow was mussing things up with a vengeance, reducing every major politician in Illinois to discomfiture. It was his campaign from start to finish. Due almost entirely to him, Lundin was alienated from Smith; Crowe and Barrett were pulled onto the Smith wagon; and Small was associated in most people's minds as approving of both the candidacies of Smith and Bill Thompson in 1927.

Meanwhile Deneen was directing a less spectacular campaign. He considered the World Court issue irrelevant and unwise and ignored it until the last week. He confined his strategy to genuine county issues, chief of which was the "bi-partisanship" issue. His speakers alleged that the Crowe-Barrett-Thompson faction failed to represent the Republican party in Cook County because of an illegal marriage with the Brennan Democrats, tantamount, they charged, with party treason. Further, they complained of favoritism, accusing their enemies of connivance with the Democratic county clerk to discriminate against them in the placing of names on the ballot. And although they went a long way in proving their con-

tentions of bi-partisanship, it was a feeble weapon compared with the "international super-dictatorship" issue belloyed by Thompson and Smith.

Deneen's organization was soon corrupted by internal strife. Dozens of its leaders felt that the Smith candidacy was making grievous inroads in their territories, and reasoned that the coupling of McKinley's name with the rest of the ticket was injuring it mightily.

Many personal attacks on the candidates amused the voters. Grotesque appeals were made to the electorate by members of both sides. All in all it was the bloodiest, most acrimonious, most interesting primary Chicago had seen for many years. At the last moment it was garnished by Fred Lundin's breaking of his legendary silence, which consisted of a delineation of a few of the more glaring Thompson hypocrisies: his alliances with Brundage, with Crowe and Barrett, with Galpin. The statement was bitterly written and amused many people.

A record vote was cast. In the county the Crowe-Barrett contingent took almost everything it wanted. Barrett won easily over Coroner Wolff for the board of review nomination; Eller and King and the Lundin man, Todd, ran away from the Deneen choices for the sanitary board; Savage disposed of Trude for county judge, gaining the dubious privilege of facing Jarecki, the most popular and praiseworthy Democrat on the bench, in the fall; a Crowe fellow, Boutell, won the presidency of the county commission; so it was with sheriff, county clerk and the board of assessors. It was almost a clean sweep.

The henchmen of Governor Small had a tougher time of it in the state, surprising many close observers. The chief setback for Len was the downing of his man for state treasurer, an office he wanted to control badly.

Frank L. Smith, of course, buried William McKinley

for the Senatorial nomination, this having been conceded a month before the primary by the astute.

The neat plurality piled up by George F. Harding for county treasurer and, in a measure, the nomination of Smith, indicated the reviving personal popularity of Bill Thompson. There was a well-authenticated rumor at the time that Crowe and Barrett slyly worked against Harding, and even planned to use him, in the event of his nomination, as the subject of a trade with the Democrats. But Big Bill spiked that nicely. He saw to it that Harding was put over with a bang.

The recommendations of the bar association, the Municipal Voters' League and the other civic organizations had been tacitly ignored by the voters. Dr. Carroll Woody, whose "Chicago Primary of 1926" is one of the best analytical surveys of its kind, summed up the social significance of this election when he wrote: "The majority of the nominations on the Republican ticket went to men pledged to perpetuate the lowest standards of official conduct, to maintain the degrading system of patronage and spoils, to exploit rather than serve the public." This triumph of the Devil may have disappointed the sagacious Dr. Woody, but certainly it did not surprise him.

The meretricious nature of many of the campaign allegations drew the curiosity of several of the intelligent members of the Senate. Hence, in the summer following the primary, Jim Reed arrived with a committee to find out whence the odors came. They interrogated dozens of the local politicians about the management and financing of their tickets. Most of them were too reticent to please the testy Reed, although young Bob LaFollette was palpably amused at his colleague's ire. Crowe flatly refused to tell the sources of his machine's campaign money; Samuel Insull and his attorneys were likewise coy; as a result they were all cited for contempt by the Senate and

later, in Washington, spent many uncomfortable moments when the investigations into the crusades of Smith, Vare and Pepper took on serious dimensions.

William Hale Thompson was one of the first called on the carpet. "I have tried," Bill quietly said, "to do my part in carrying out the policies laid down by George Washington and the twenty-six Presidents who succeeded him on the great American principle that it shall be for the best interests of the United States for all time to maintain friendly relations with all European nations but entangling alliances with none."

Reed and LaFollette smiled. They appreciated the lesson in international jurisprudence, but it wasn't exactly what they wanted. Reed gently questioned Thompson further. Bill confessed that the intricate details of finance hadn't greatly concerned him; with him, he said, the big issues were the World Court, the waterways from Chicago to the gulf, and Prohibition—and he had been very firm about these points when the alliance with Crowe and Barrett was under discussion. Pressed by the inquisitors a bit more, he admitted carrying \$25,000 from the Smith managers to Crowe; but apparently he didn't know where it came from or how it was being spent. This caused such mirth among the committee that Reed took pity on Bill and changed the subject to a lighter vein: Bill looked so fat and harmless there on the stand that it would have been cruel to proceed seriously. Jim asked Bill what a bunco party was. Thompson patiently and naively told him that it was a game played by ladies which politicians often attended for the purpose of addressing them on governmental subjects as they played. Reed told him he was a bold man.

Fred Lundin was in the audience as Thompson testified, awaiting his turn. They did not speak to each other, although their eyes met a score of times. The Swede was

much at his ease and laughed heartily at Thompson's ingenuous answers and Reed's biting wit. When it came his turn on the stand he outdid all the witnesses in naïveté. There was a marked difference in Reed's manner of addressing Lundin and his manner of addressing Thompson: the Missourian had heard of the canny Swede and scrutinized him closely and respectfully. The committee had found out a little scandal from Thompson by numerous rhetorical devices and icy interpolations, but they found Lundin's defense impenetrable and finally gave it up as a bad job. If his testimony is a criterion, Frederick Lundin knew no more of the inner workings of politics in Illinois than a civics instructor in one of the high schools.

The Senatorial investigation over, Big Bill was in high spirits. He departed immediately for the west with Eugene Pike and spent two weeks on William Randolph Hearst's ranch in California.

Back in Chicago, his campaign sombrero atop his skull, he prepared for the fall and winter campaign happily. Litsinger had to be bowled over in the primary, and the Democratic nominee, probably Dever, had to be defeated in April. Yet things looked very bright. His popularity had been immeasurably enhanced, and now he was an integral part of a strong machine. There was hard work ahead, surely, but of fear he had none.

EIGHTEEN

BILL SCOTCHES THE DRAGON GEORGE

AT periodic intervals for the past ten years the metropolitan newspapers had carried stories to the effect that a large person named Thompson had political control of the city of Chicago. And during the war they had featured the scandal that the Windy City harbored a traitorous mayor. But Europeans had never heard of him. Suddenly, in the spring of 1927 and for more than a year following, the entire civilized world was made painfully aware of the existence of Big Bill Thompson, every paper on both sides of the Atlantic flaming with the news that this man was waging a furious campaign for reelection to the mayoralty of Chicago by viciously attacking the mild and remote little man acclaimed by the British as king! He was asking the people of his constituency, fancy it, to elect him mayor on the grounds that he was their protector against the insidious machinations of George the Fifth of England!

In the preceding chapter we have shown how Deneen's ambition to cut some ice in the county, and Crowe's inability to get along with Small, divided the boys into several confused factions; how Thompson and Harding recognized in this chaos a wedge for their careers, and shouldered their way into the Crowe-Barrett machine; and how Bill was greatly instrumental in obtaining victory for the candidates of his outfit. Now politicians are not men of salutary honor, but generally it is regarded the part of expediency to pay debts of this nature—and Thompson

had obligated the Crowe-Barrett faction immeasurably. Hence they were tied to his mayoral candidacy irrevocably. This situation displeased Charles Barrett not a little, for he wanted to be the Republican choice for mayor himself; but Crowe convinced him to ride along with Bill, which Barrett did sullenly and unwillingly. There was no alternative. Bill had sewn things up too well.

Thompson was not content with putting over the Crowe men in the primary. Realizing that his boom for mayor would die of undernourishment unless he redoubled his noise, he campaigned in behalf of the entire Republican ticket against the Democratic nominees in the fall of 1926, with particular emphasis on the Senatorial aspirations of Frank L. Smith. The latter's opponent was George E. Brennan, the boss of Illinois Democracy. Thompson found Brennan unassailable at most of his favorite points of attack. First, he ran as a dripping wet; also, he had no Senate record to scorn; further, he was Irish and could not, of course, be accused of fostering the interests of King George and his coterie of international capitalists. Bill was nonplussed, and his speeches lacked punch as a result.

But in Cook County the powerful Republican machine functioned flawlessly, delivering one hundred per cent, and downstate, where Smith had an organization of his own, and where Brennan's wetness scored few votes, he cleaned up. Financed by Samuel Insull and other interested parties, with Small, Crowe, Deneen, Brundage and Thompson working for him, Colonel Smith had an easy time of it. The Democrats broke even with the rest of their ticket.

Smith never took his seat among his peers at Washington. With Vare of Philadelphia, he was ruled out by that Great Body in one of those occasional moral upheavals that had scotched Newberry and Lorimer in the past.

They closed the door to Frank Smith because it was revealed that he took money from a public utilities magnate when a member of the state commerce commission.

Big Bill gave his friend tearful consolation, sticking by him to the end, just as he had done for Bill Lorimer. But as nothing could be accomplished by weeping, he laid his plans for a triumphant return to the mayor's chair, which, he told Smith, would be a kind of vindication for him.

The World Court issue had been so fetching the previous spring that Bill and his plotting pals decided to trot it out again, along with the tommyrot about the King of England. It was deemed canny to focus the prevailing hatred of the common man in Chicago for all things English upon something or someone peculiar to the local scene. This target, inviting bombardment, was inherent in the person of William McAndrew, the superintendent of schools; and at him, for the five months remaining to the campaign, Big Bill leveled most of his braying and mooing.

Why was McAndrew selected to be the goat in the matter? First, he was a very unpopular official, for reasons which will be outlined shortly; second, he was of Scotch origin, which could easily be twisted into the charge that he was English to local ignoramuses not too fussy about ethnological distinctions; third, he was an outsider, brought to Chicago by the Democrats acting upon the advice of certain non-political educators; fourth, McAndrew himself was not acquainted with the Chicago political atmosphere, or any political atmosphere for that matter, and was in no position to fight back if jumped on vigorously; and fifth and most important, Thompson himself had been destroyed because the public was sensitive about the education of its young, and he judged that he could dispose of the Democrats by exploiting their mistakes, or alleged mistakes, in this direction too.

From the day McAndrew took office it became obvious there would be grave trouble. Before he left New York his friends had warned him of the necessity of tact and diplomatic juggling in holding the Chicago assignment, not a few pleading with him to refuse.

The school superintendency in Chicago has as its principal function the reconciling of two perennially wrangling bodies, the school board and the teachers. The former group feels that it represents the people and the administration that created it; the latter aggregation considers that it is close to the problems under discussion and that its will should always prevail. It is the job of the superintendent to put both of these elements in their proper places, tactfully and with good humor.

Early in his administration Mayor Dever gave a luncheon for McAndrew and invited Merriam, President Moderwell of the school board, Corporation Counsel Busch and some others, hoping to lend harmony to the school department problem, beginning to look acute already. After the meal Merriam had a talk with McAndrew and suggested that it would be the part of wisdom to adopt a more conciliatory attitude towards the teachers, who were showing signs of getting out of hand. McAndrew set his bearded jaw, his most characteristic gesture by the way, and said his ideas would be carried through to the finish. Thus snubbed, Merriam shrugged his shoulders and walked away, probably thinking that the finish Mac referred to would be *his* finish.

For more than a decade the teachers had been led by Miss Margaret Haley, a stormy little woman who acted as business agent for the Teachers' Federation, the school-marms' union. Her position was that of a Portia, a special pleader. She was not so much concerned with justice, although she talked about it constantly, as she was with gaining the ends of the special group that paid her

salary. A very capable person, she had made life miserable for several superintendents before McAndrew, but rushed headlong against a stone wall with him. He had small patience with the teachers' councils and did his best to circumvent their work, even abolish them. This and other evidences of intolerance were rewarded by the cordial hatred of the teachers.

The politicians fared no better with the indomitable fellow. Occasionally one of them came to him for some petty favor. What usually happened in such an event is illustrated by this widely-circulated story, culled from Counts' book. A visitor from the city hall approached McAndrew on a bright spring day with a list of teachers to be promoted, probably friends of his or workers in his ward. McAndrew, pointing out the first name on the list, asked: "How is she on question distribution?" The unhappy ward-heeler was puzzled and embarrassed, and admitted to ignorance. McAndrew glared a moment, then queried: "Well, how is her apperception?" The fellow again looked blank, stared out of the window vaguely, and stammered that he hadn't any idea. "Haven't you ever seen her teach?" roared McAndrew. When the politician confessed in the negative, the Scot lost all control of his ebbing temper and threw both the man and his list of recommendations out of his office.

This story traveled rapidly among the gentry of public service, and soon, after it was joined by countless others equally indicative, they were all agreed that the superintendent was a "wrong guy," and that the first move to get rid of him would have their concerted support.

When Thompson made it plain that his antagonism for McAndrew would lead him to ousting the educator immediately after his election, the teachers flopped over to him with shrill yip-yips. At a meeting held especially for them at the Studebaker Theatre, Thompson said:

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I'll lead in any fight to protect the Chicago public schools against propaganda of the King of England, and will help kick out of the public school system any one who has anything to do with such propaganda.

Mayor Dever permitted Charles E. Merriam of the University of Chicago to dictate the selection of William McAndrew of New York City, who is now carrying out the bidding of those responsible for his appointment, and is permitting the teaching of propaganda to the end that the people of the United States should repudiate the Declaration of Independence and the doctrines of George Washington.

After a few moments more of such stuff he closed with the battle-cry: "Put back the 'Spirit of '76' upon our schoolroom walls!"

All this is, of course, sheer nonsense. But did the teachers think it so, and clap out of mere courtesy? They did not! For several minutes the lady savants sent their soprano applause to the ceiling, almost rivaling the ovations accorded Bill by his colored friends on the south side.

Thompson's two adversaries in the primary contest were Edward R. Litsinger and Dr. John Dill Robertson. The former, it will be remembered, had been itching for the mayoralty with even greener eyes than Bill himself, for whereas Thompson had glutted his ambitions with eight years of it, Ed Litsinger hadn't so much as smelled it. At this time he was decorating the board of review. He received, naturally, the benign endorsement of Deneen and all his minions: Roy West, Joe Haas (who wanted the nomination himself but had been pushed aside by the superior drawing ability of Litsinger), County Commissioner Boutell, Alderman Albert and the rest. Shortly after the start of the campaign two influential men "rallied to the standard" and gave Litsinger signal assistance—Edward Brundage and Col. Noble Brandon Judah. Brundage hadn't gotten along very well with Crowe and

Barrett and Thompson, and their 1926 alliance had broken down right after the primary of that year.

According to Crowe, Brundage had offered his services to Thompson a few days following Christmas, was told that he wanted too much, and had mosied into the Deneen camp. This rings true, for Brundage's reputation as a political peddler is notorious. At any rate, there is little doubt that he was happier with Charlie and that the arrangement was mutually advantageous. Colonel Judah was a prominent professional banner boy. His assignment was to pull the American Legion onto the Litsinger band-wagon and to enlist the hatred of the Germanophobes; every week he issued sizzling statements to the patriotic, asking them to bury this "brazen traitor" Thompson under an avalanche of red-white-and-blue votes, for, as he said, "the traditional loyalty of citizens to 'America First' is a sacred thing and no demagogue has a right to claim it for his private property."

The Litsinger speakers did their best to capitalize on all the unsavory items of the previous Thompson administrations. The ghosts of the Pageant of Progress, the Prosperity Day Parade, the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium and the Sunday Closing Order were revived, and other delicatessen, such as the charge that over two million dollars was paid to "experts" in 1920 alone, made lively reading. Litsinger referred to Thompson repeatedly as "Big Fees Bill." One of the remarks liberally exploited was that of Professor William Bennett Munro, who in speaking of the two Thompson-Lundin terms, had said that Chicago is "a place where some of the worst municipal government in the world can be found." Litsinger's lecturers carefully explained to their audiences that Professor Munro is the most famous living authority on such matters.

Robertson was not beset by the urge to pose as one of the Four Hundred. Like Thompson he talked the lowly man's language because he liked to and because it brought in the votes. But he has always failed to put himself over. To be sure, he's genial and fairly well educated for a politician, but apparently he is too obviously the shopper for votes, the typical office-seeker. As usual, Fred Lundin pulled the strings behind him. The Swede had no illusions about Doc. He knew that he had no actual chance to win. But he entered his man solely to feel out the people as to Thompson's strength, and possibly bother the big fellow a little. Robertson ran on a "people's ownership of the traction system" platform. He and his speakers threw as much mud as possible at Thompson but avoided mention of the derelictions of 1915-23, for he was uncomfortably involved here himself. His machine, that is Lundin's machine, consisted of the two park boards and everything else in the city controlled by Small and Coffin.

From the start the odds favored Thompson heavily. A fortnight before primary day Robertson withdrew, confirming the prevalent rumor that Lundin was backing Litsinger. This brought about, in fact, a coalition of the Deneen, Lundin and Small forces, all massed against Thompson. This was a formidable machine, truly, but Bill had one even stronger behind him, the Crowe-Barrett-Harding-Galpin faction. Homer K. Galpin formally managed Thompson's campaign.

But the candidates themselves were too unequal in firing the imagination of the populace. So, on Washington's birthday, quite appropriately, William Hale Thompson was nominated the Republican candidate for mayor of Chicago. His plurality was overwhelming and surprised everybody. He received more than twice as many votes as Litsinger and carried forty-nine wards of the city's fifty.

William E. Dever was the Democratic nominee by a plurality of 200,000. Dever was reluctant and half-hearted in accepting the nomination. He did it because he didn't wish to disappoint his friends and party, who told him he was the only man strong enough to save them from Thompson. But it was with a wry face that he commenced campaigning. Four years of municipal administration had been enough. He had made the dismaying and vitiating discovery that constructive work cannot be done without careful consideration, step by step, of political exigencies and expediencies. This irked him, for on the bench he had enjoyed a relatively free hand. Further, as a sitting jurist there were few Rotarian compulsions, idiotic banquets and inane meetings to attend—and these things annoyed him greatly.

His friends almost had to throttle him in the presence of reporters. His impulse was to tell them the truth, that he was weary and anxious to retire, that he was making the race unwillingly and at a sacrifice. His advisers—Brennan, Igoe, O'Brien, Busch, Sprague, Merriam, Ickes—well knew the peril of such candor: the public would only laugh and gabble of chicane and pose. It was best to stand up robustiously and say he never felt younger, that he was aching to engage in battle with Big Bill Thompson. But Dever would not.

He had numerous handicaps as a campaigner. He was dignified, proud and a little haughty, and he certainly was not the actor Thompson was. He believed in waging a forthright, calm and urbane effort. He didn't want the job if he had to sink to cheap tricks and dodges to rouse the rabble to intense enthusiasm.

A typical incident of the campaign well illustrates the difference between the two opponents in this respect. Through some accident it was brought to the notice of the Democratic leaders that Dever possessed a union card,

that he was still a member of the tanners' union, a trade he had worked at when a young man. His board of strategy seized upon this fact with a whoop of joy: their man was the only mayor of Chicago ever belonging to the American Federation of Labor—and Thompson was a rich man's son! A fortuitous discovery, for right then Big Bill was pounding away on the thesis that "Bill Dever is the silk-stockinged choice. The King likes him—the *nice* people like him—do *you* want a mayor that snubs you that way?" So it was planned that Dever dispatch himself to some tannery, don overalls and be photographed as a Son of Toil. Neat theater. But Dever set his jaw and glared, shaking his head: it was undignified and it was cheap and it gravely misrepresented the truth. His friends finally gave up trying to persuade him and wearily turned their heads to less effective stuff.

Throughout, Dever's attitude was that of a thoroughly civilized man. He refused to dress up in clownish clothes and kick himself in the seat to arouse laughter and sympathy.

While Thompson was passionately shouting of "striking a tender chord in the mother-heart of Chicago," of the "battle of human liberty," of himself as "a red-blooded American whose forefathers helped rock the cradle of liberty," of his crusade against the "poisoning of the educational wells by British-bought propaganda mongers," and similar flamboyant balderdash—Dever was asking the voters of the city to reëlect him because he had provided seats for the school children instead of looting their treasury, because he was attending strictly to business and giving the people honest, efficient administration and not junketing about the country tilting at grotesque windmills

Professor Counts amusingly comments on the sort of appeal Mr. Dever made to the people:

And there is another appeal, if the word is not overstrong, through which Mr. Dever's supporters also apparently hoped to reach the wavering citizen: "Do you want clean, wholesome, adequate schools for your children, and a school board free from politics? Then vote for Mayor Dever." Could words be better chosen to put the ordinary voter to sleep—clean, wholesome, adequate! Consider the word *adequate* in particular. From the standpoint of political agitation it possesses all the qualities of somniferous anodyne. That such an unadorned recital of virtues will not drive loyal supporters away from a candidate is probably true, but that it can scarcely be expected to start a popular movement in his direction would seem to be equally true. It is political agitation of excessively low potential.

In vain did certain of the shrewder members of the Dever clan, Merriam and Igoe and Brennan, for instance, protest against this sterile stuff. Evidently it was the kind of campaign Dever himself wanted to wage.

Dr. Counts summarizes Thompson's seductions succinctly, thus:

Where there was strong discontent, he fed the fires of hate with an ample supply of fuel; where there was moderate discontent, he fanned the smoldering embers into a steady flame; and where there was no discontent he did what he could to kindle it. He found the public school system ready to his hand, and he proceeded to make the most of the good fortune which fate turned his way.

A full-page advertisement in the *Tribune* just before election day embodied the quintessence of his claims. At the top of the page was a large picture of George Washington, with this worthy's advice to his countrymen regarding entangling alliances with European nations. A large caption shrieked from the top: "Why America First?" The answer followed immediately: "Because the American who says 'America Second' speaks the tongue

of Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr." Then ensued a strong hint that insidious enemies of the United States exist in modern times just as in Washington's day, clearly implying that Dever and McAndrew were the present counterparts of Arnold and Burr. The accusers became more explicit:

Never had the slogan "America First" a finer significance than right to-day in Chicago. In the schools of this great city, with one-fortieth of the population of the United States, the children—the future men and women who must carry on—are being taught that the American Revolution was an act of villainy against a benign king—that Washington was an ungrateful rebel—that Von Steuben, Kosciusko, Pulaski and other heroes who came to America to fight with Washington the battle of human liberty—were a lot of undesirables and merit the scorn rather than the gratitude of the nation.

The ideals you were taught to revere—the great Americans you were taught to cherish as examples of self-sacrificing devotion to human liberty—are subtly sneered at and placed in a false light so that your children may *blush* with *shame* when studying the history of their country. Read "A History of the United States" by William Fiske Gordy—"Our United States" by William Backus Guitteau, and Lewis and Rowland's "The Silent Reader"—the textbooks that have been revised and rewritten for the Dever-Merriam-McAndrew School Board, falsified and distorted to glorify England and vilify America—and then you'll understand why America First should stir to action every red-blooded man and woman in Chicago until the city is rid of pro-British rats who are poisoning the wells of historical truth.

The indictment finished, Thompson pledged his enthralled and uneasy readers to replace "pro-English histories" with ones properly American; to teach the school children to love their country; to appoint "a patriotic school board, who will rid the city of Superintendent

McAndrew, the Boss Brennan-Mayor Dever Eastern importation, and his pro-English 'yes' men and women"; to work to the end "that Chicago will be an example of patriotic devotion to American ideals, not a pest-hole of anti-Americanism"; and to make the schools the "nursery of good citizenship."

An historical society of dubious origin and more dubious constituency came forward to testify to the verity of Bill's allegations about the offending textbooks. Upon investigation this "non-partisan" group of citizens and scholars, sixteen in all, was discovered to contain not one historian of any standing. But the effect was instantaneous. It worked beautifully.

As a final tribute to Big Bill's strenuous alarmistics, Professor Counts says:

Whatever else may be said of Mr. Thompson, he has a sense for the dramatic and is a consummate actor. He cut issues out of whole cloth and made them seem important. He appeared before the people of Chicago as a knight in shining armor challenging the powers of darkness. While to many he resembled Sancho Panzo tilting at windmills, to others he was Richard Coeur de Lion doing battle with the infidels.

Most outsiders who didn't watch the Chicago political drama too closely assumed that the windy nonsense about British propaganda in the schools was what decided the electorate between the two candidates. This is not true, for although shibboleths about the future of civilization constituted the bulwark of the Thompson attack, another issue, this time local, was exploited near the end to clinch the struggle definitely. Dever, championing his record in office, despite his many handicaps of personality, stood an excellent chance of beating Willie the King-baiter. But an argument was introduced into the feverish campaign

as a nuance which registered so well that it became *the* issue during the closing week.

It will be remembered that Thompson, because of his manner, avocational proclivities and assertions, was widely regarded as a sporting chap, a "swell fellow." In the two previous campaigns this accrued to his advantage because it was circulated surreptitiously that Chicago would be a "wide open burg" if he was put in office. With the passing of the Volstead Act, vice, mildly speaking, became popular and suddenly much was heard about "personal liberty," that is, the privilege of a man to go to Hell in his own way. So, as an antidote to the Dever-and-Decency slogan, Thompson satirized it with alternately humorous and bitter appeals to the wets. In his unique and colloquial fashion he denounced Mayor Dever as a dry, asserted that he had given specific orders to his policemen to enforce the Prohibition law. Into his discourses he introduced one of his pithy, vivid phrases that got wide publicity, to wit, that if he was chosen mayor "no copper will invade your home and fan your mattress for a hip flask."

This was, in point of fact, just another one of Thompson's trick paintings. Personally, Dever was more of a dripping wet than Thompson was; but he took his oath of office a bit too conscientiously in some particulars; and, naturally, there was the factor of a corrupt police force, ever anxious to persecute men unwise in matters of graft. But Thompson blared to his audiences that their personal liberty was being usurped, that their homes were no longer their castles, and they should rise and smite this tyrant who oppressed them. The idea that sober, upright William Dever was robbing them of their inalienable rights would never have occurred to most people; but Thompson's reminder was just vivid enough and vulgar enough in its

implications to draw thousands of the undecided to his banner.

But two high lights of a fascinating low comedy remain to be divulged, one happening at the very close of the campaign, the other at the beginning. Both are rare and typical.

Haranguing on the McAndrew-British-Dever theme, Thompson had charmingly shouted: "If George comes to Chicago I'll crack him in the snoot," which, pronto, sent dozens of level-headed English journalists headlong into the Freudian bog: that, to them, was the very limit. But a strange thing resulted. The summer previous had seen the Eucharistic Congress, the international conclave of Roman Catholics at Mundelein, Illinois, and many savage anti-papists had been stirred to fearful rage at the spectacle of Mayor Dever kissing the Papal Ring on the finger of Cardinal Bonzano. They snorted impotently at what they klannishly called "truckling to frippery and frump-ery." Hence, when Thompson roared that he would crack George in the snoot, these fellows construed the remark as a threat directed against George, Cardinal Mundelein! Certainly Bill meant George Windsor, but the gents who prance about in white, white nighties, obsessed with other fears, obscenely applauded his courage and resolved to vote for him at the polls. Thus Thompson was secretly believed to be the Enemy of both Roman and British imperialism, and Dever to be the tool of both a King and a Pope!

The other nicety had occurred back in the summer of 1926, when the only adversary Thompson had was Dr. John Dill Robertson, now arrayed against him in the three-cornered contest of the election. About this time, when opposition to Thompson was confused and the only man concentrating on disposing of him was Lundin, a rumor floated the brisk Chicago air that Bill was unwell,

was, in fact, suffering from an esoteric ailment damaging to his reputation. It was said that Lundin and Robertson (who had been Bill's personal physician while he was the city's health commissioner) set the meretricious tale in motion. At any rate, Thompson alleged they did, burst into flame upon first hearing of it and immediately laid plans for revenge. And it was a singularly Thompsonesque revenge, as indicative of his temperament as his cowboy hat, as indicative of his intellectual processes as his speeches. Naturally, he staged a show.

Bill had been in the habit of promoting his interests at noon meetings in the Cort Theater, owned by his friend U. J. ("Sport") Hermann, later appointed on his library board. One day in the spring the signs in front of the Cort carried an unique advertisement, announcing to the amazed passersby that the next noon would bring to the theater a one-act play called "The Rats." Long before twelve the auditorium was packed; by the time Thompson was introduced not even standing room was available.

Big Bill strode to the footlights bearing two strange articles in his hands. The audience gaped, scrutinized closer, then gasped in horrified amazement. For there, on a low table in front of his comfortable girth, were a pair of cages, each having within a large gray rat!

With no preface Bill launched into his little puppet play. The animal to the left he addressed affectionately as "Fred," the other as "Doc." He poked "Fred." "Don't hang your head, Fred. That's better now—always active." He laughed grimly. "Fred, didn't you send me that cable to Honolulu and didn't I come back and save you from the penitentiary? Didn't I get the best lawyers in town—Darrow, Short, Erbstein and O'Donnell—to keep you outa jail? And return from my first vacation with my wife in ten years to testify for you and, as Ben Short said, turn the tide in your favor? I knew a year before

that you were double-crossing me, but I wanted to live up to the last letter of the cowboy code. Don't you think, Fred, in view of all that has happened, that you have earned the name of *rat*?"

Turning to the other cage, Bill said gently: "Doc, didn't the medical profession and others protest against my plan to appoint you health commissioner? Didn't I stand by you in the face of all opposition and give you that position? Don't you think, Doc, that you shouldn't lie about me after what I've done for you? I know what you've been saying. You have circulated the story that I am in bad health and will die soon. Well, Doc, I'm not going to die just to please you and Fred."

He smiled ever so slightly and continued in the same low voice. "Didn't you tell me, Doc, that as you had been in Springfield in the interest of your health bill that you knew more about legislative conditions than I did and that Lundin had double-crossed me and had stirred up opposition and complications purposely with his tax commission bill? Now, Doc, you are the mayoralty candidate of the man you told me was crooked."

The crowd staged a feverish demonstration. When a modicum of quiet had been restored, Big Bill said he would turn the two rats loose into the audience, as an illustration of the menace of "Fred" and "Doc" at liberty. The theater was emptied in a trice, the hub-bub punctuated sporadically with the screams of women and the loud nervous laughter of the stronger sex. Everybody shouted encouragement to Thompson, who stood laughing heartily on the platform.

It was the sensation of the month. The exhibition was vulgarly conceived and executed, but it was dramatic and it was effective. With one stroke Bill had gotten even—and cadged many votes. To be sure, there were some whose squeamishness had been offended; there were sharpers who

thought they detected Bill in an admission of perjury; and there were a few cautious politicians who judged the whole affair unwise and apt to be a boomerang. But it wasn't. It was a huge success.

Fred Lundin's reaction to Big Bill's histrionic indictment of his was characteristic. The reporters found him walking on his farm at Fox Lake. According to the *American*:

He was clad in the picturesque garb of the country squire, the long flowing Windsor tie, with a smile from ear to ear and his blue Viking eyes sparkling behind amber spectacles, as he swept the whole countryside at a glance and pointed to the grandeurs of nature. Ecstatically, even sentimentally, he poured forth a flood of pæans to the Gods of snows, the mantled lake and the maternity of Spring, just reddening the tender shoots of the willows.

"Thompson? Who's he? Look at yonder trees. Politics? Who could think of politics on a morning like this? See the winding shore of the beautiful lake, so peaceful under its white blanket! Thompson? Why speak of such things when the sun shines in such loveliness and friendliness? Isn't it worth a man's life work to stand here on the shores of our sweet lake, soon to carry away the mountain of snow and give us the flowers and the fish and the ducks and call to our little home here the birds from all the earth?"

Thompson continued to be angry at what he considered the caddish trick Lundin and Robertson had played on him. For several months he slapped back at them. Robertson offered a particularly vulnerable target. This charming statement, used frequently in Thompson's speeches, is typical of the form his resentment took:

The doc is slinging mud. I'm not descending to personalities, but let me tell you that if you want to see a nasty sight, watch Doc Robertson eating in a restaurant. Eggs in his whiskers,

soup on his vest: you'd think he got his education driving a garbage wagon!

All this had little effect upon the genial Robertson and the serene Lundin. Doc merely grinned and returned to his examination of microscopic and human organisms, real and political bacteria; the Swede sauntered about his farm communing with the birds, stopping now and again to inspect the tender shoots of the willows, just reddening with the advance of spring.

The campaign progressed to an excited close. The newspapers did their very best for Dever. Every day their straw ballots showed slumps in the Thompson popularity and their editorials tried vainly to buttress the logic of their arguments with the emotional appeal that a Dever bandwagon was traveling down Randolph Street, hell-bent for heaven. But it was no use. The Chicago electorate was moved, frightened, amused, delighted, enthused and finally convinced by Big Bill's overwhelming personality—and it chose him mayor of the city for the third time, by a plurality of over 80,000 above William Dever and with a total ten times that of Dr. Robertson.

NINETEEN

ST. WILLIAM THOMPSON AND SIR WILLIAM McANDREW

THE day after Bill's triumphant reëntury into the city hall the papers sourly paid him the courtesies familiar in our sentimental and chivalrous country. All but the Hearst sheets had been well pleased with Dever and had opposed Thompson's candidacy with frequent squawks and jeers, but as the citizenry had spoken out loudly and decisively to the contrary the editors had to stomach the reality. The *Daily News* epitomized their state of feeling on the matter:

Doubtless Mayor Dever and the other citizens, many thousands of them Republicans, who opposed Mr. Thompson's election as a public duty, will be glad if by his coming administration he proves that his official faults of the past have taught him wisdom. It would be idle to recall threats and promises made by him in the recent campaign that tend to raise doubts on this particular question. Justice requires that the official stature of the mayor-elect be measured only by his future actions; with the slate wiped clean by his present victory he has an untrammelled opportunity to serve his city well or ill henceforth, according to his own deliberate choice. . . .

Mayor Dever loses after a gallant fight, a clean fight. He made it as a faithful servant of the people of Chicago, made it against his personal desire and at a large personal sacrifice. Defeated he remains a winner, for he carries into private life the grateful appreciation of all who have marked his devoted service. Chicago has made remarkable advances during the four years of Dever. To wish Mayor-Elect Thompson an administration equally fruit-

ful in beneficial services for this city, as the *Daily News* now does, is to wish him a conspicuously successful term of office.

This is not pellucid and beautiful prose, but its implications are very plain. And with the *News*, every good newspaper in Chicago signified their regret at Big Bill's election. They went through the conventional gestures of wishing him well, but as their memories of his previous peccadilloes were more vivid than those of the public obligatos of skepticism ran through their posturings of hope and prayer. Quite obviously they intended to keep a close critical eye upon him for four years.

An opportunity to voice shrill protest came immediately, when the list of executive appointments was made public. It became evident that Bill Thompson was the same easy-going, generous fellow he had always been, willing to pay his political debts in the calmly reciprocal manner of all public servants in a democracy, for favors received.

Quickly, and quite naturally, he assembled his old friends about him, that is, those who had been loyal during the dark days of '23, '24, '25 and '26. His closest adviser continued to be County Treasurer George F. Harding, who had made the present glory possible by forcing Bill upon the Crowe-Barrett machine in the 1926 primary. Eugene R. Pike stayed his chum's right bower. Samuel Ettelson soon became the most influential person in the city hall, by resuming his old post as corporation counsel. Richard Wolfe, the author of the astonishing resolution endorsing Big Bill in the shadow of Solomon's Temple, was rewarded with the job of commissioner of public works. Judge Bernard Barasa, who always laughed at the mayor's jokes, was given a nice portion of patronage, this to be distributed among the Italians who had worked so hard for Bill. Charlie Fitzmorris, the police

chief during Thompson's second term, took to himself the comptroller's desk. Faherty got his old position again, the presidency of the board of local improvements. Christian Paschen became building commissioner. Morris Eller, boss of the famous twentieth ward, which included the Maxwell Street neighborhood, supplemented his income from the sanitary board with the returns from his new cutcherry, city collector.

Bob Crowe and Barrett and Galpin, of course, had a great deal to say in the new administration. Crowe, grappling with the task of prosecuting criminals, had his cousin, Mike Hughes, appointed head of the police force; and although the decrease in crime was not readily noticeable, the cousins worked very well together. And Bobbie extended his power further with frequent clutchings of contracts and patronage for those properly loyal to his Irish Majesty.

Bill's family physician, young Arnold Kegel, was smilingly awarded the important and strategic situation of health commissioner, taking Bundeson's place. . . . All the boys were taken care of.

Thompson took the oath of office on April 11, 1927, in the presence of a large crowd in County Clerk Sweitzer's suite. The next day he executed his first major assignment in finished style: he tossed out the ball formally to open the season at Bill Wrigley's Cubs' Park. After the home team had won, Bill expanded to a reporter: "I used to be a football player and I know the value of teamwork. The Cubs have had great stars in the past, but they have not always pulled together as they used to do in the days of Frank Chance. But I see teamwork out there now. It looks like another flag for Chicago. And you can say that that is true in other respects. What we see in the future is a greater and more beautiful Chicago."

Thompson, as after the two previous inaugurations,

had a number of important duties to carry him out of the city before settling down to the grind of directing the machinery of the municipal government. A few days following the ceremony he left with five hundred others for New Orleans. Ostensibly, they were half a thousand rollicking waterway boosters, and possibly this momentous project was mentioned three or four times in the course of the voyage south on the Mississippi, but as the personnel of the junket included every major administration politician it is very likely that the trip was more of a sailing pow-wow, the kind that usually took place at French Lick or West Baden.

Concomitant with the embarkation hilarity of the Thompson party occurred a serious regional tragedy. Miles of territory adjacent to the Mississippi were deluged by the capricious waters, horrifying the rest of America. Amidst the despairing shrieks of the unfortunates two figures arose to assume the mantles of Men of the Hour: Herbert Clark Hoover and William Hale Thompson. The former investigated the causes of the calamity with typical thoroughness; the latter procured more publicity by informing the world of the exact state of affairs. At Memphis Big Bill presented the mayor with a check for \$1,000 to alleviate the suffering thereabouts, made an appropriate speech, and sailed south to New Orleans. En route he saved one of the passengers, an intrepid reporter, from drowning. More speeches ensued at New Orleans. The two guests of honor there were Bill Thompson and ex-Senator William Lorimer. Upon his return to Chicago Bill characterized the results of the trip as "a new awakening—a new union of North and South, a spectacle of Democrats entertaining Republicans in the common cause of doing things for America for mutual benefit." No one smiled.

The malevolent *Tribune*, forgetting the arduous and

fatiguing nature of the mayor's job, constantly criticized Thompson for the frequency of his out-of-town forays. And at the end of the year it published a capitulation of these mild derelictions, Bill's "important journeys":

DATE	DESTINATION	PURPOSE
April 18....	New Orleans	Flood control
May 27....	Phelps, Wisconsin	Hunting
June 9....	Washington, D. C....	Flood control
July 12....	St. Louis	Flood control
July 26....	Mackinac	Vacation
August 17..	Toledo	America First
August 25..	Springfield	State fair
September 6	Eleven cities	Flood control tour
October 2...	Manitowish, Wisconsin	Fishing
October 7...	Huron, S. D.	Hunting
October 30..	Toledo	America First
November 7.	Washington, D. C....	Water meters
December 3.	Washington and Boston	America First

These excursions involved usually from a few days to several weeks each. He set about advertising his country much in the manner that Morris Gest advertises Max Reinhardt, with especial emphasis upon the impresario. He organized the "America First Foundation" for this purpose, and circularized all the mayors to join it, fee ten dollars. Generously he extended the privilege to include everyone possessing love for their fatherland and ten dollars. George F. Getz, a pal of Thompson's, aided him in extirpating anti-Americanism by serving as chairman of the board of directors. The name of Getz carried great weight with cultivated voters about town, for it was he who promoted the Dempsey-Tunney fight. He sold the city coal, also.

But all this did not mean that Thompson failed to find time for ample consideration of the business of office, that

is, the real business of his office. During the summer he concentrated on a problem he had often said was the most grave of any impinging upon him, the condition of the school system. With the assistance of the fawning and adoring Mr. Jack Lewis Coath and a docile city council, the mayor was successful in gaining mastery of the school board before the fall session convened. Thompson's inaugural address had reiterated many of the arguments and promises loading his campaign speeches, and fairly reeked with hatred for poor little King George; clearly Bill was intent on ousting McAndrew, just as in 1919 he had been determined to displace Chadsey.

On the twenty-ninth of August the school board, heavy with a Thompson majority, took formal action against the superintendent. On "charges of insubordination and conduct incompatible and inconsistent with, and in direct violation of, his duties," Mr. McAndrew was peremptorily suspended. The initial hearing was set for one month later. The strategy inherent in this move was simple. As school opened on the sixth of September, Thompson and his confederates had by this stroke prevented McAndrew from assuming his post on time, and by prolonging the suspension until January, when his contract expired, they hoped to dispose of him without his having worked one day of the Thompson incumbency.

The Scot, his dignity ruffled, failed to prove a push-over. A few weeks before his suspension he had gone to the courts to settle an old dispute with the school board, one hinging on interpretation of the Otis Law: hence the technical accusation of insubordination. Apparently it is a misdemeanor in Illinois for a public official to disagree with other public officials on questions of public policy. With appalling lack of humor, McAndrew took the charge of insubordination to heart and retained expert legal counsel to prove to the board its error. His conten-

tions were cogent and proper but the board tacitly shoved them aside and presented a new set of indictments, framed in a bill of sixteen counts. This "placed the issue of the trial not on a basis of insubordination at all, but on the vague and comprehensive charge of incompatibility." The board was, figuratively, accusing McAndrew of being a poor husband and it was suing for divorce.

It commenced quietly enough, but within a few days it descended to the level of riotous farce, with feeling running high and the courtroom packed by the entertained. Mr. Coath presided, munching pretzels continually, pausing in his meals to add spice to the proceedings. The burden of the prosecution was carried by Frank S. Righeimer, one of the school board attorneys and prominent in the past in the Lundin-Thompson machine. The defense was ably handled by Francis X. Busch, Mayor Dever's corporation counsel, and Angus Roy Shannon, a famous legal wit. Mr. McAndrew was not present until late in the festivities.

One of the first blows was struck by the teachers, who relished this opportunity to strike back publicly at a man they had long looked upon as an oppressor. Seventeen of them were presented as witnesses by the prosecution. They said, in various keys and dictions, that Supt. McAndrew had been a "Simon Legree," a "faker" and a "cruel taskmaster," and they cited a mass of evidence to prove it. That these witnesses were satisfactory was indicated by the just Mr. Coath, who with pretzel on high smiled and said in dismissal:

"I cannot but remark on the beautiful sentiment of simplicity, honesty of purpose, and integrity demonstrated here tonight in the hearts of the men and women who testified. It is one of the most gratifying spectacles in the history of my school board experience of six years,

and I thank God for the real, human, honest people in the Chicago public schools."

With that he returned to his dry and crackling meal, the schoolmarms so complimented blushing prettily for the crowd.

After each witness had testified, Attorney Shannon moved that the testimony be stricken from the records as being in no wise germane to the indictment. Chairman Coath indignantly refused in every case.

Thompson and his advisers decided that the most vulnerable point in the McAndrew armor, and that calculated to bring about the most publicity, was his sponsoring of certain textbooks in American history. These were carefully combed for evidence reflecting on their authors' patriotism and McAndrew's and this stuff was introduced into the trial. It fanned the flames remarkably well and precipitated international comment.

One of the star performers in this phase of the doings was Frederick Bausman, former justice of the supreme court of Washington. He was summoned to do yeoman work for Big Bill because of an essay he had written called "Under Which Flag?" appearing in the *American Mercury*. Although he never once mentioned the name of McAndrew, and admitted that he knew nothing of Chicago's textbooks, he was allowed to deliver a long speech attacking England for her propagandistic activities in this country. Mayor Thompson he praised as "one American who will not remain supine under that sort of thing." Bausman went on to score the American Library Association for aiding in the dissemination of subversive literature in the libraries throughout the countryside. Among other naughty pamphlets he mentioned one that included a recommendation of "America" by Dean Inge! He closed in a blaze of fury:

"England has chosen the easiest way to conquer a coun-

try. It is not by cannon, but by *propaganda*! It is the first instance I have known in which a nation was so insidiously attacked!"

Attorney Shannon asked that all of Bausman's testimony be erased from the record, due to its complete irrelevancy to the question under discussion. "Overruled," tersely clicked Chairman Coath defiantly.

A famous personage holding forth before the board was one J. J. Gorman, a politician long connected with the Thompson destiny, formerly a Congressman. This Solon's contribution to general enlightenment took the form of long harangues on the thesis that, historically speaking, the entire city was honeycombed with sedition, libraries and schools alike being tainted. His particular target was Schlesinger's "New Viewpoints of American History," in which the statement is made that George Washington was a rebel, had renounced his country and was hence a traitor.

Professor Charles Merriam's activities in behalf of his king were brought to light on not a few occasions. It was said that

as a part of the propaganda of the English-Speaking Union, Superintendent McAndrew entered into an unlawful conspiracy and confederacy with Prof. Merriam and Prof. Judd to destroy love of America and loyalty to its purposes, reverence to its history and traditions and faith in its destiny in the minds of Chicago school children by urging teachers to take special courses at the University of Chicago, where the text used is Schlesinger's "New Viewpoints in American History," a pro-British, un-American and unpatriotic text, which is replete with false and disloyal statements, and goes so far as to refer to George Washington as a rebel and great disloyalist.

Merriam laughed heartily when reporters told him this. "The whole affair is a prime piece of political humor," he chuckled. "Tell me—does one have to pay for his seat,

or is admission to the big show free?" A moment later he added, more seriously: "The McAndrew trial violates every principle of the square deal. The school board is acting as judge, jury and prosecution. I regard its sessions as ridiculous, as I do the hope that a body, the members of which have already formed their opinions, should give a fair decision."

The next performer on the bill was Frederick Franklin Schrader, editor of the *Progressive*. His chief bugaboo, evidently, was the Cecil Rhodes scholarships, which mean "2000 or 3000 Rhodes graduates in the prime of life scattered over the English world, each impressed with the dream of union of our people." This dreadful possibility had also frightened Judge Bausman. "The work is merrily going on to annex the United States," added Schrader ominously.

Mr. McAndrew was compelled to face the charge of "pacifist" as well. It seems that the Scotchman had refused to concur in a plan to solicit funds for the patching up of the historic vessel, "Old Ironsides." The superintendent had objected to any alms-mongering in the schools, and this was one of the drives coming under his ban. This tid-bit was asserted to be *prima facie* evidence that McAndrew was disloyal and pacifistic. Worse, he had written an article for the *Educational Review* deploring the prevalence of paintings depicting the spirit of carnage and slaughter hanging on school walls, and had suggested their removal. Some teachers testified to the truth of this, Mr. Charles Grant Miller, New York newspaperman, acting as master of ceremonies. Mr. Miller continued his testimony with telling blows at international bankers, the leaders in the work of the Carnegie Foundation, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the late C. H. Levermore, the Rhodes Foundation, the English-Speaking Union—these, the learned Mr. Miller contended, working with certain

historians "as cogs in the great machination to inculcate pro-British ideals in the American children through texts in the public schools." Professor David Saville Muzzey particularly offended Mr. Miller, for this savant's books "create doubt as to the clean-cut and practical idealism of the causes of the revolution."

It was recommended, as an antidote to all this treasonable matter read as evidence, that the Declaration of Independence be read into the records.

Mr. Charles Edward Russell, a writer, was the next important entertainer on the program, and his work moved Chairman Coath to delighted comment. Mr. Russell lectured for three hours on the subject of British propaganda, buttressing the proofs of Schrader, Bausman and Miller admirably. When he finished Coath cackled: "He's got the stuff!" and slapped his thigh resoundingly.

During Russell's session on the stand, directly under a banner inscribed with "America First," Coath nodded often. At the close he was unable to check his own unbiased reflections. Referring to Professor Carlton J. Hayes, he savagely remarked: "He may be a professor at Columbia, but the president of this board says he's a cad!" A few minutes later, when Russell had finished, Coath shook his head even before Attorneys Shannon and Busch could arise to request the erasure of his evidence.

All this nonsense, of course, was very insulting to McAndrew's intelligence, but until now he had patiently listened through it, taking notes to occupy his time. Russell's three-hour war broke the back of his stolidity. The press was shouting that the trial was a burlesque. Finally Mac got mad and walked out of the crowded room in disgust. In leaving he remarked that the hearing was generally regarded as a "travesty on justice," before a "packed jury" and "an admittedly prejudiced judge." Preceding his dramatic exit, Trustee Walter Raymer, a Dever ap-

pointee, had made things hot for Coath for more than twenty minutes, bitterly assailing the chairman for conducting a trial that was preposterous and unfair. Then categorically he refuted many of the main charges against McAndrew.

Prosecutor Righeimer slapped back at once. He reviewed the entire Revolutionary War, recounting the parts played by all the heroes slighted in the cited textbooks, closing with the words: "When a man teaches that the revolutionary soldiers were smugglers, bums, pettifogging lawyers and loafers, the board of education should refuse to be cowed." Then:

RAYMER: You've been looking for a goat. Now you've got one. Go ahead.

RIGHEIMER: You haven't heard all of the evidence yet.

RAYMER: Thank God I didn't have to hear all of it.

It was at this point that McAndrew stalked out, cheered and jeered by the large gallery. At home he told reporters that he wouldn't return until the burlesque ended.

Bausman had been such an excellent witness that the Thompson crowd looked about for more like him. They thought they recognized a potential ally in Henry Louis Mencken, the editor of the magazine in which the Bausman essay had originally been published. The famous critic refused to be commandeered "to help us rid our schools of the influence of King George of England." Mencken commented:

That is certainly a good show Mayor Thompson is running over there in Chicago. I would like very much to go over and see it, but I can't possibly spare the time now. Mayor Thompson said: "My idea was to run McAndrew out on small stuff, such as spitting on the ceiling. But I said No—the issue is America First." Now if they have actually caught McAndrew spitting

on the ceiling, as the mayor intimates, there is nothing pro-British in his make-up. Spitting is a peculiarly American habit.

By this date the trial had attracted wide publicity, editorials flaring forth about it every day somewhere in the world. And as the business was instigated by Mayor Thompson, most of the censoring comment made him the headliner. His curiously forthright and buffoonish campaign had made his name known wherever civilized people congregated, and with his outlandish persecution of McAndrew interest in him sprouted afresh. Each session of the trial so amused the audience that Chairman Coath, lost in pretzel-munching most of the time, had to warn repeatedly that it was "not a vaudeville show." Which goes to show, if anything, that Dr. Coath, whatever his educational propensities, was no judge of vaudeville.

At the beginning the reaction among the editorial writers was mild, sober and analytical. The following paragraph from the *New York World* is typical:

It may be a fair guess to say that the Klan expresses the hysteria of the lower-grade mentalities in the old American stock and that this anti-Britishism expresses the hysteria of the lower-grade mentalities in the newer American stock. The Klan is inspired by the notion that a one hundred per cent American is a descendant of those pioneers who originally came from Great Britain. The Thompson crusade seems to be the obverse of this: its notion is that nobody is a one hundred per cent American who maintains any connection with the old British tradition.

In England, the literary gentlemen were thrown into a terrific furore by all the verbal bombing in Chicago. The London *Nation* viewed with alarm:

If we turn from Mayor Thompson's imbecilities, and from the infantile rubbish offered at the hearing as evidence of the British

conspiracy for the overthrow of the sovereign independence of the United States, we shall find that the attack upon Mr. McAndrew has a quite serious aspect. Again and again during the affair the assertion has been made that underground influences are working for nefarious purposes through the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, the English-Speaking Union, the Pilgrims, the Sulgrave Foundation and kindred bodies. We are apparently driven to accept the fact that there are some millions of Americans who, though shocked by the antics of a Big Bill Thompson, are yet convinced that all the associations for promoting Anglo-American friendship are part of a vast conspiracy for the re-absorption of the United States in the British Empire. . . . There is only one danger to the American tradition and the American spirit. . . . It is the danger lying in the strange American heresy of Know-Nothingism, in the belief that knowledge is evil and free inquiry a thing to be denied.

In Scotland, among the gay and careless students, the reaction was not so somberly philosophic: the youngsters were, as they often are, wiser because less grave. They rechristened Thompson "Big Bull" and bounced him about the streets of Glasgow in effigy. A student impersonating Bill boarded a down river Clyde cattle boat from America. The *Tribune's* Scottish correspondent continues:

After a reception by the students at the quayside, Mayor Thompson's buffoon was carried a mile through the city streets, chewing a huge cigar. He was dressed in typically English fashion of the Pickwickian period.

At Glasgow University, "Big Bull" opened his campaign by burning a copy of the English encyclopedia. In his address he complained of the distorted news appearing in the British press regarding Chicago.

"Why," he exclaimed, "only yesterday I read that there was only one murder a day in normal times in Chicago. That is press dope. During the height of the Christmas rush the murder rate rose to the laudable figure of 44.5 per thousand.

"Our electric chair utilizes so much current that we have had to substitute busses for trams in Chicago. And the Chicago divorce figures are something to be proud of. Our matrimonial maxim is: 'Early and often' or, as they say in the stockyards, 'One good wife deserves another.'"

"Big Bull" then proceeded to the city chambers, where he was received by leading councilors and Arthur Henderson, labor member of parliament, who, although English, was cordially greeted by "Big Bull."

Police took the "mayor" in charge and insisted on registering him as an alien, after which he was mounted in a state carriage, represented by a huge water barrel spurting water front and rear, to drive off English attackers.

Throughout the afternoon "Big Bull" paraded through the streets. To-night he attended a cabaret, and the "rag" was continued into the early morning hours at a students' dance.

Fortunately, most of the American newspapers took the trial in the same hilarious light, poking fun at Bill unmercifully while it ran its gamut of stupidities in high key.

By New Year's Day it was obvious to all that McAndrew would be unsuccessful in retaining his position, although a majority of the board desiring it had not yet been effected by Thompson's ballyhoo and back-stairs maneuvering. The teachers exulted: Legree was to go. Six hundred of them, including many who had testified at the trial, held a little celebration. With not one drop of schnapps as an excuse, they burst into a song of taunting, dedicated, so the singing director courteously shouted, "to the old man with the beard." It was sung to the tune of "School Days":

*School days, school days,
Who would want such school days?
Printin' and checkin' and provin' too,
Hundred per cent or a hullabaloo;*

*Nothin' but average, scale and graph—
 Nothin' to make you want to laugh;
 If I had a million I'd give you half
 To bum with a couple of kids.*

Finally, March twenty-second, the school board had been whipped into shape. It voted, eight to two, to remove McAndrew from the superintendency of the Chicago schools. Among the one hundred per cent Americans who comprised the eight were Theophilus Schmid, Charles J. Vopicka, Walter A. Brandenburg and Oscar Durante. Who says America ain't no melting pot!

McAndrew made several ineffectual attempts to gain redress for the indignities he had suffered, among which was a \$250,000 libel suit against Big Bill. But it was eventually dropped. Ironically enough, the bearded educator then accepted an offer to act as editorial adjunct for a series of textbooks! In other circles than political his reputation hadn't been damaged in the slightest, it seemed.

But the show was not yet over. The eyes of the world had not yet been shunted away from Chicago. Something still more amazing than the McAndrew proceedings was propelled by the indomitable Thompson. Surprised and shocked by the revelations of the trial, especially those reflecting on British-corrupted libraries, Bill caused the Chicago Public Library to be investigated by a committee. This body of bibliophilic snoopers was headed by Mr. U. J. ("Sport") Hermann, owner of the Cort Theatre, man-about-the Sherman House, and friend of the mayor's.

Reporters, hiccoughing gayly, flocked to his side. First, they asked him if there was any room for objection to taking "anti-American" books from the library shelves. Hermann answered unhesitatingly: "Not a bit of it. The library's supported by public taxes and if this thing of

undermining Americanism isn't stopped—why the country'll go to pieces—that's all." When interrogated as to his attitude towards books about Washington that make him less a hero than tradition, Dr. Hermann answered: "Any book that makes less a hero of George Washington I'll take over to the lake shore and burn, by God! Or any making Lincoln less a hero—especially as I'm an Illinois man—or any belittlin' any of our heroes—I'll burn them up." Pressed for his views upon a specific work, Rupert Hughes' biography of Washington, Hermann confessed he hadn't read it. He added, further and defiantly, throwing back his padded shoulders, that he'd be his own judge of the offensive literature. He wasn't going to ask the aid of any professional historian—no, sir. They were an impractical lot, they were. Only the investigating committee and Mayor Thompson.

Hermann's indiscretion caused a loud and angry storm from the newspapers all over the country. Soon he was compelled to back water considerably, but the investigation continued anyway. In the course of its labors it came across a rather startling fact, one which would have made more sensitive souls than Drs. Hermann and Thompson uncomfortable, to wit, that after the Chicago fire of 1871 a host of prominent Britishers had stepped forward to present books to the wasted library. Among these thoughtful contributors were Queen Victoria, Disraeli, Gladstone, Tennyson, Oxford and Cambridge Universities—in fact, almost every well known English writer and institution sent over something. It would have been too cavalier and raw, even for Bill and Sport, to burn this collection as pro-British, so it was passed over with a blush.

Hermann was not allowed to exercise his literary pyromania, a number of taxpayers threatening to use an injunction if he dared to go ahead. So, according to the papers, Sport had his sport anyway: he purchased a copy

of Schlesinger's text and had a private little conflagration.

Clarence Darrow, arriving from abroad about this time, spoke up for the intelligent of the citizenry on the subject of the library fiasco:

It's the craziest thing I ever heard of. How far does Mayor Thompson purpose to go? When he gets through throwing out English books, or rather books written with a bias in favor of England, he can start with an endless chain favoring France, Germany, even the Turk and any other country you can name. In the end he will have nothing left but fairy tales. This thing has its serious side, since it perpetuates the insanity that swept the world as an added curse to the war. We should now be allaying the murderous rancor purposely aroused to inflame people against each other.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, lecturing the members of the N. E. A., got off one of his customary apt phrases about the scandal: "As an American citizen I hang my head in shame to witness the scene that is half *opera bouffe*, half tragedy, now being enacted in Chicago."

Throughout the investigation, Carl B. Roden, the head librarian, kept his fine head, realizing that his beloved Stendhals, Montaignes, Fieldings and Smolletts stood less chance of perishing in a politicians' Roman holiday if he said nothing. Preston Bradley, the liberal minister, demonstrated his intelligence in similar fashion, for, as chairman, infinite tact was needed to restrain these political persons from really damaging invaluable property: the taxpayers' money could be replaced, but many of the books in the library could not. Dr. Bradley arose to the occasion.

The whole "America First," anti-British pish-posh finally petered out. A county campaign was in the offing and, besides, Big Bill was beginning to writhe under the ridicule that pelted him from all sides. It wasn't so bad

if located in Glasgow, but when he was lampooned just a few blocks from his office it got under his skin. A show called "The Scandals of 1927," a travesty on politics, was presented at the City Club. Bill was depicted a modern Nero, fiddling while library books went up in smoke.

A scene depicting the mayor's city hall office in which the mayor's secretary told inquirers where the mayor could be found brought loud applause. "Where is the mayor? How should I know. This is the city hall," was the secretary's answer to one visitor. "He was at Boston last week, Washington the week before, and hunting in northern Wisconsin the week before that. He had to come back the other day to open the jai alai season. He may be in Chicago a day or two during the winter."

Chris Paschen, Michael Faherty, "Sport" Hermann, President Coolidge and Senators William Vare and Frank Smith were other characters in the revue.

All was not comedy, though; some men went to great pains to abuse Bill soberly. The cruelest job was done by Victor S. Yarros, analyzing Thompson for the readers of the *Independent*. Coldly and unequivocally he reviewed Bill's record, ending his essay with these harsh words:

The truth regarding Mr. Thompson can be stated in a few words: he is indolent, ignorant of public issues, inefficient and incompetent as an administrator, incapable of making a respectable argument, reckless in his campaign methods and electioneering oratory, inclined to think evil of those who are not in agreement or sympathy with him, and congenitally demagogical. He can make extremely effective speeches on the lowest of political planes. He can capture audiences and make them feel he is one of them—but there are few thoughtful people in his audiences. His charges against opponents are wild and often preposterous, and it is sometimes felt and said that no sane man would descend to the billingsgate and the depths of absurdity that mark his utterances.

This must have stung Bill a bit, although he probably recovered in a trice when he recalled that Mr. Yarros was connected with the *Daily News*, his ancient enemy and persecutor. So it was with most of the ridicule he got. He steamed like a porpoise when Beverly Nichols' article appeared, and roared that the meticulous little Englishman was a "crook."

But what really cut him to the quick were the jeers and cat-calls of the crowd at Cubs Park. That almost broke Bill's spirit. It has but one parallel in his career: the occasion of his being hissed by his fellow Shriners at Medinah Temple. Bill thought nothing could ever shake the loyal affection of his brother sportsmen, high and low. But even they, preoccupied principally with base-runners and mud-runners, turned on Bill and gave him the merry razz. The library burlesque had alienated his last line of defense. . . . He has not been the same jovial Bill since.

The years 1927 and 1928 have wrought many changes upon Thompson. Unmistakable signs of decay are present. He is mayor of the second city in America, but his plight is not a happy one. His machine is in shreds, his popularity almost gone. Heavy bombardment when it was indignant and from the uplifters has never phased either him or his enthusiasts; but ridicule, prolonged and skillful, has at last taken its toll.

Before the final and definitive glance is cast upon his bowed form, a survey will be taken of his organization, how it slumped into its present nondescript condition, and why. To do this a short history of the relationship of crime and politics in Chicago must be indulged in, for the primary election of 1928 brought about the demise of the famous and apparently unbeatable Crowe-Barrett faction, and forced its iron-jawed boss into retirement. This shelving of State's Attorney Crowe was alleged to be the direct result of a "public upheaval," a "civic awak-

ening"; it was said that people finally grew weary of defending Chicago to outsiders, got tired of inhabiting a city notorious for its lawlessness, and hence tossed its prosecutor into the dump-heap and commenced with a clean deck.

Let us see just how much of this is true.

TWENTY

THE EVOLUTION OF A BAD REPUTATION

PERHAPS the first crime against property in Chicago was committed when the site of Fort Dearborn was filched from the Indians, the first crime of passion when said Indians resented the swindle. But scores of years were to pass undistinguishedly before the eyes of the western world were to be turned upon this city in horrified curiosity at its persistent villainy. In truth, the story of organized mischief in Chicago does not begin grandiosely with the Industrial Revolution, nor even with a sordid deductive account of the social malaises arising out of immigration. It can be oriented, roughly, at a period *circa* 1910.

Big Bill Thompson, running for mayor as an independent candidate, was the recipient of thousands of votes controlled by underworld bosses. How did this happen? There was, indeed, nothing in his past to justify it: he had not risen from the ranks of saloonkeepers, policemen or gamblers, but was, on the contrary, a rich man's son, with few disreputable friends and no connections at all in the tenderloin. How then did he command an overwhelming percentage of its votes?

He personally had nothing to do with it; it had occurred as a direct result of a strenuous campaign of propaganda, conducted by diverse political small fry. These men were those "on the outs" with the prevailing Harrison administration, those with no power but with strong desires to gain the privilege once more of plying their principal trade, which was the levying of revenue

upon all of their constituencies trespassing against the law: operators of gaming houses, "blind pigs," bordellos, "fences," *et cetera*. They seized upon the Thompson candidacy as an opportunity to gain, or in some cases regain, the position of men of affluence and prestige.

The method they used was that of circulating the rumor that Big Bill would countenance a "wide-open town," that under his rule the "fix" would be easy. Now it is well known that those who transgress the statutes are very sensitive to information of this kind, so the tale spread like fire on a prairie, fed by countless imaginative men, until it reached the dimensions of an epic. Furthermore, Bill's personality lent itself readily to such an impression, however false it may have been, for one glance at his jovial face should be enough to dissipate any notions that he might be an uplifter. And then his somewhat festive past, involving as it did acquaintance with every famous cabaret, bar and restaurant in the city, gave added credence and velocity to the flying whisper.

It may be that Fred Lundin had something to do with it. The Swede had, as a rightful heritage of his Lorimer affiliations, many antennæ in the netherworld. But Big Bill himself was surely not at fault. It was the work of the men whose only concern was the obtaining of votes, by any promise, cajolery or chicane possible.

Once Thompson's election had been effected, these wily fellows assumed the dignity of petty oligarchs. Some were aldermen, some were ward committeemen, all were minor functionaries of the faction in office—for they had delivered votes, the meat, bread and whiskey of a political organization. They were the connecting links between crime and politics, the men to approach with everything from a speeding ticket to a warrant for burglary. They knew bondsmen, shady lawyers, wire-pullers, fixers,

judges, police captains. They were the district bosses, indispensable for the criminal to know.

Contrary to popular idea, the higher-ups in a machine seldom make any money by protecting lawbreakers. Their incomes derive from more subtle and respectable doings, to wit, padded appropriations, contracts, patronage, real estate speculation, large graft. It is the ward bosses and the coppers that clean up with the trifling stuff. . . . That was the situation in 1910, the arrangement now and perhaps the way it always will be. But about that year something happened which introduced a new factor in the relationship of criminal and politician, the gang chief; the year 1920 altered the layout even more vitally.

About two decades ago the unionist movement began to assume colossal proportions in the United States. Succumbing slightly to the Marxian *Katzenjammer*, the sweating labor units organized themselves and commenced formidable war with their respective employers. In many trades regimentation was not difficult, for the racial homogeneity in some of the trades facilitated matters greatly for the organizers. In Chicago, for instance, the bulk of the street-cleaners were Italians, the bricklayers and structural-iron workers Irish, the carpenters Swedes and Germans, and so on. The union agitators were, in the main, reasonably idealistic men, actuated by the grim desire to lift their co-workers and themselves out of the sucking rut of *laissez-faire*.

As each successful labor sodality was a blow to their open-shop philosophy, the employers looked about for means to intimidate the workers, seeking to stifle the movement before it got too strong. They retained sluggers, strong-arm men, bruisers, for this purpose. From where were these sluggers recruited? From the heads of Chicago's criminal gangs, of course. Professor Thrasher, who has made a profound study of this urban phenomenon,

estimates that over a thousand gangs exist in Chicago simultaneously. Most of these are, naturally, boys' gangs, but youths grow up and carry into adult life the habits formed in streets and alleys, poolrooms, saloons and club-rooms. In their early teens, untutored by any designing Fagin, they learn to pick pockets, perhaps; then they graduate into occasional stick-ups; often by twenty they are hardened yeggs, some specializing in safe-blowing, some in second-story work, the more refined in various confidence games and gambling; a few degenerate into pimps and peddlers of narcotics. All are taught by their environment that the world is a cruel place for those whose wits are slow and whose hearts are faint.

Once the employers had commandeered gangsters for their dirty work, the unions did likewise. It was force versus force, with the most puissant side winning. After the sluggers got into the unions, and had proven their value, they used every available means to turn about and dominate them. This they have had salutary success in doing, and today almost all the unions in Chicago are ruled by former bruisers.

The relation between the footloose gangster and the politician has been explained above. So, when the gangster metamorphosed into a labor slugger, or rather annexed this activity to his career, he exploited the same connections he had had as an outside criminal. And this time the ward bosses cultivated him assiduously, for the unions had assumed great political importance due to the mobility of delivery of large *blocs* of votes. Hence the tie-up of politics and crime more firmly, through the medium of organized labor.

Barters involving protection and patronage and votes were very beneficial to everybody but the public, and crime flourished in Chicago. The police force, being an

adjunct of politics, was exploited freely in the transactions.

At election time the hoodlums proved invaluable to the political machines, for against their tactics the wishes of the honest citizens were of small moment. Ballot boxes were stolen and stuffed, election clerks and judges were intimidated, merchants were blackmailed for contributions, the gangsters not even hesitating at murder to accomplish their wills.

To cite a notorious example, the forty-second ward had always been solidly Democratic. But when Bob Crowe ran for state's attorney he found an ally in Dion O'Banion, whose pirates so terrorized the storekeepers and lay voters that the ward went Republican by a large margin. O'Banion, it will be recalled, was shot down in November, 1924, in the florist shop he used as a cover-up for his booze-peddling and hi-jacking operations.

Practically all the political factions tacitly employed gangsters to further their ends. And the power of the killers rested not only upon engendered fear but upon real respect. Very often they were philanthropic with their own people, and some were looked up to as the only men of affairs of the neighborhood. Joe Saltis has been extraordinarily munificent with the Poles on the southwest side; Al Capone bestows many favors upon the Italians and Sicilians, who worship him; Moran and O'Banion have patronized the Irish. So, with their labor racketeering, in which many of the prominent hoodlums have become interested of late, and the practical assistance they render on election days, the gangsters are persons of much weight with the political gents. Also, and maybe heading the list of indebtedness, the enormous sums the gang lords are willing to pay to police heads, prosecutors, judges and fixing lawyers break down all resistance.

On one occasion, merely a few words from Joe Saltis

were sufficient to bring about the demotion of Captain John Stege, a police officer Polack Joe didn't like. And it is no secret that Al Capone has reprimanded certain judges in the forthright manner of an irate schoolmaster.

State's Attorney John Wayman was the man largely responsible for the scattering of the old red-light district of Chicago. Previous to his famous drives of 1912, Big Jim Colosimo, Ike Bloom and a few others governed Illicia with steady hands. Colosimo owned the vice syndicate which ran most of the houses of prostitution around the Twenty-second Street region. Annoyed and frightened by blackmailers, Colosimo sent for John Torrio, a man high in his profession and one of the leaders of the Five Points Gang of New York. Al Brown, or Al Capone as he is known, came from the same source a little later at Torrio's request. Torrio, a shrewd and genial fellow, lived to outgrow his patron in power, being the first to extend his bagnio business outside Chicago, after Wayman had made the Twenty-second Street region too hot for comfort and easy profits.

With the advent of Prohibition, all the gangsters rushed to supply the gigantic Chicago demand. Fortunes were made almost overnight, and with millions involved what was a life—or a hundred lives? Within three years the city was divided, like ancient Gaul, into three parts. The south side was ably governed by Torrio and Capone, both of whom saw more money in booze and beer than in girls; the west side was generated by Terry Druggan and Frank Lake and the Genna brothers; the north side was administered by O'Banion and his two brainy aides, Hymie Weiss and Schemer Drucci. The conflicts between these murderous factions arose, naturally, out of greed and the overlapping of interests. But there was a psychological factor in the ferocious enmity of the Irish and the Italians. The latter, from the start, had demonstrated the

inherent amorality most Americans usually associate with the Latin culture, had trafficked generously in women and narcotics, and had kept these pursuits as sidelines even after beer and liquor came to be the more remunerative merchandise. The Irish hoodlums, more sentimental than logical, hated the Italians cordially for their prostitutional flair. Before Prohibition they (the Irish) had made their livings at gambling and theft, after Prohibition confining themselves to brewing, peddling and hi-jacking. With bitter contempt they referred to the Italian gangster as a "guinea McGonigal" and a feud with men of this stamp was entered into with pious glee.

The terrible and fascinating drama of gangdom's wars, killings, tortures, alliances, profits and armistices, beginning with the slaying of Altman by Mossie Enright in the Briggs House and having as its last world-famous episode the mowing-down of seven men in a garage on St. Valentine's Day in the spring of 1929, is a familiar one and shall not concern us here. It has been told by Edward Sullivan in "Rattling the Cup on Chicago's Crime" and by James O'Donnell Bennett in "Chicago Gangland." Suffice to say that, one by one, all the principal Chicago killers have either fled to safer localities or have been murdered. Colosimo, O'Banion, Hymie Weiss, Schemer Drucci, the Gennas, Scalisi and Anselmi, Esposito, Tony Lombardo, Tim Murphy—all have "taken it" as they had so often given it to others. Capone is still czar in Cicero; Bugs Moran, heir to O'Banion and Weiss, still prevails on the north side; Saltis, Druggan, Lake, the McErlanes—are alive but may not be tomorrow. The stakes are too large in Chicago for any one man or faction to hold sway very long. They flower darkly for awhile, then pass out of the picture, melodramatically or quietly.

Prudent and highly moral men, like Bennett of the *Tribune*, are shocked and depressed by the panorama.

But even they admit that brilliant splashes of color have been given the city's annals by the type of men whose proclivities and butcheries they deplore. For instance, Cosmano, waiting to murder Enright at Tim Murphy's command, fell asleep over his weapons. Dion O'Banion, although rough and merciless, had a swagger and *éclat* when he entered a saloon murder-bent that is the quintessence of high histrionics. Any Chicago raconteur can extend the list for hours. A rich vocabulary, the sole language of the hoodlum, has sprung up which should command the attention of scholars. Hymie Weiss invented the ominous phrase, "taken for a ride"; Tim Murphy is given credit for the new usage of the word "racket." Already the Illinois criminal *milieu* has thrown up one fine novel, Burnett's "Little Cæsar," and two first-rate plays, "The Front Page" and "The Racket." Others will follow.

Is Chicago distinct among cities in the matter of crime? To say yes would be going too far. To be sure, it has produced a greater quantity of colorful criminals and crimes and hence has been a target for literary and journalistic arrows, but careful consideration of all relevant factors takes much of the sting from the taunts of other cities. First, a goodly portion of Chicago's gangsters received their training in other places, coming to Chicago after maturity: Capone and Torrio and many of their henchmen came from New York; Scalisi, Anselmi and the Gennas had been notorious in Italy; others came from Detroit, Frisco, St. Louis, Brooklyn. It is perhaps pertinent to remark that there has been no gang in Chicago that has turned out as many successful criminals as has Egan's Rats in St. Louis. Chicago has attracted these fellows because it is the booze and beer depot of the Mississippi Basin, and with the passage of the Jones Law and similar attempts to put teeth in Prohibition the stakes have raised, and with the increase in possible profits come

more and more warfare. This fact was intelligently noted by Lloyd Lewis in his excellent analysis of the situation for the *New Republic*.

But our concern here is with the juxtaposition of politics and crime, and we are wandering far astray. A few instances should be adequate in shedding light on this relationship; the reader can follow through with his own conclusions.

Harry and Alma Guzik ran the Roamer Inn in Posen, a few miles from Chicago. John Torrio was their master. In 1921 they were indicted and convicted for coercing a farm girl into what is quaintly known as "white slavery." Awaiting their appeal before the Illinois Supreme Court, they were pardoned by Governor Len Small, full in the face of vehement protests by a dozen organizations of the uplift. Why did Small jeopardize his reputation so flagrantly, merely to save two brothelkeepers? Because two Torrio confederates, Ben Newmark and Walter Stevens, had been of material assistance to Small in the latter's trial for absconding state funds in Waukegan. Once released, the Guzikis opened a new place immediately.

The case of William McSwiggin attracted more comment. In April, 1926, Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin was killed while in the company of two gangsters, one of whom he had prosecuted just a short time before. No one was ever indicted for the murder, although the inquest brought a good deal of juicy scandal to light. It was revealed that McSwiggin frequently caroused with gangsters and was, in point of fact, the school chum of one of the hoodlums in the "death car."

Capone, drawn into the investigation, denied all knowledge of the crime: "I had nothing to do with the killing of *my friend*, Bill McSwiggin." Harry Eugene Kelly, president of the Union League Club, remarked, apropos of the probe: "State's Attorney Crowe is unfit to conduct

the inquiry into McSwiggin's death because it is mixed up all down the line with politics."

Diamond Joe Esposito owned the Bella Napoli Café. In charming addition he was a labor racketeer, a protector of gamblers, bootleggers and alky cooks who belonged to his ward machine, which was a valuable cog in the bigger machine of Senator Charles S. Deneen. Esposito was famous for his expensive dinners, at which could be seen every major Deneen politician in the county: Litsinger, Haas, Olson, Eberhardt, Sabbath and many others, including often the Senator himself. Diamond Joe was the Deneen-West candidate for county commissioner in 1926 and their presidential elector a little later. Less than a month before the stiffest primary that Chicago politics had ever seen, when the forces of Crowe, Thompson and Small were locking horns with those of Deneen for control of the county and state, Esposito was shot down near his home, fifty-eight bullets being found in his large corpse. It was said that he had double-crossed someone in a booze deal.

The year 1927 marked the demise of William Hale Thompson as a persuasive fact in the minds of the voters. His outlandish campaign against Dever, the most preposterous, perhaps, in American political history, and the gesture of burning pro-British library books called down upon his large head the hee-haws of an entire nation. No politician can survive that. But he had been elected mayor of Chicago before the storm of laughter broke, and mayor he will remain until 1931.

But however much his reputation as a statesman was damaged by his tilting against the British windmill, his political machine continued intact. Men who draw \$5,000 a year for doing nothing are not going to desert the man who made it all possible just because the newspapers ridi-

cule him; the only cataclysm that can ruin a political organization is one involving the snatching of these jobs. And that is what was threatened in 1928. A primary election was imminent, with the fate of Crowe and Small impinging upon it, and Thompson's faction was so closely aligned with that of Crowe, Barrett and Small that their victory meant his survival, their defeat his defeat. One of the questions in this election was who would win the drainage board, with its magnificent patronage tree? Another point to be settled by the voters in April was the dispensation of the gubernatorial chair, with its fine crop of jobs; and the most important issue was that of the state's attorneyship, the seat of criminal prosecution for the city of Chicago and the county of Cook.

Deneen seemed determined this time to seize control of the county. Many failures to do this in the past had irritated him mightily; now, he felt, his chances were of the best to make a clean sweep. His candidate for state's attorney, opposing Robert Crowe, was Circuit Judge John A. Swanson, a man of fine reputation but indifferent vote-getting ability. Edward Litsinger was chosen by his chief to run to succeed himself on the board of review, opposing former Judge Bernard Barasa, the Crowe-Thompson choice. Deneen was unable to decide upon a puppet of his own to run for governor, that is any one who could hope to beat Small, so he struck a bargain with Secretary of State Louis L. Emmerson. This man was the strongest man on the Deneen ticket, for although he had long been a party hack the public liked him immensely, hundreds of thousands of them appreciating the "personal" letter they received from him in answer to requests for automobile licenses.

It was a riotous and obscene campaign from the very beginning. The odds were heavy for the "America First" ticket, particularly in the light of two early Deneen casu-

alties. During the second week of the campaign, County Recorder Joseph Haas died, causing over six hundred jobs to fall into the lap of the Crowe-Thompson-Galpin faction, and depriving Deneen's men of genial Joe's personality. Then Diamond Joe Esposito, the Deneen leader among the Italians, was killed in a private little booze feud, crippling the machine the more. Seemingly, they couldn't shift into high. Meanwhile the other side was knitting its organization together in admirable style, preparing carefully for the last minute drive which would push all its men into the nominations desired.

Then a few things happened which turned the tide in the other direction with startling velocity. A fortnight before primary day two bombs exploded on the south side, one at the home of Senator Deneen and the other, five minutes later, at the home of Judge Swanson. It was a most fortuitous brace of explosions, for the sentimental public arose in a body to denounce the outrage and to extend sympathies to the politicians attacked. To complicate matters further, Crowe, informed of the near-catastrophe, tersely observed: "They did it themselves to gain sympathy."

There is a bare possibility that Crowe was correct, that the bombing was not committed by mysterious Italians, angry at Deneen for the padlocking of their wine-serving restaurants; but the public at large was nettled at the cynicism, and sentiment began to flow away from the America Firsters.

Chief among the campaign lecturers was Edward Litsinger. Until the bombings he had been concentrating on making Bill Thompson's schoolbook twaddle more of a boomerang than it already was: "Crack King Len and Wilhelm der Grosse on the snoot and watch crime go"—was his slogan, and it was drawing blood daily. The bomb-

ings gave him a wonderful opportunity for employing the bitter invective and raillery of which he was a master: "Say it with bombs" became his battle-cry. And the campaign became known up and down the land as Chicago's "pineapple campaign." "Pineapples and Plunder."

Poor Bill Thompson proved to be a feeble adversary for the clever Litsinger. Unable to cope with this new and unexpected situation, he fell back on billingsgate. Hoarsely he shouted: "Ed Litsinger lived back of the gashouse and when he moved to the north side he left his old mother behind!" It so happened that Litsinger's sister was in the large audience hearing this. She jumped up and cried: "Mayor Thompson, you are a liar! My mother died twenty years ago, before my brother moved!" In hysterics she was escorted from the hall. Big Bill continued his tirade, not a little nonplussed.

In a moment there ensued more excitement. A Thompson zealot seized the notes of a *Tribune* reporter and threw them up on the stage, precipitating another riot. As the reporter ducked to a safe corner of the room, Big Bill, red in the face and swearing to himself, shouted: "Tell your boss you work for the dirtiest, lousiest sheet in the country!" The crowd was delighted at the sally.

Litsinger struck back immediately. The next day, before an enormous and expectant audience, he asserted that "Bill Thompson had the carcass of a rhinoceros and the brains of a baboon!" He went on to assail "Barney Pineapple Barasa," Sam Ettelson, "the Insullated lawyer," and the "Gold Dust Triplets, Thompson, Small and Smith," the "Three Must-Get-Theirs." It was low comedy but it panicked the public. Litsinger pegged away in his acidulous fashion for the two weeks left of the campaign. The newspapers were all with him, Arthur Evans lending such aid as this in the *Tribune*:

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With the pineapple as its symbol, the Republican county fight goes to the primaries Tuesday with the whole nation watching the spectacle. All the modern, up-to-date Volsteadian phenomena—bombings, gunnery, booze gang wars and shootings, wet and dry reprisals, and the general permeation of politics by the racketeering motif of gangland—have drawn the eyes of the outside world to what is regarded as something unique in politics. Political correspondents from far and near are trooping in and looking for observation seats in the bombproofs. . . . Reduced to practical essentials, the battle Tuesday takes on the following aspects in the eyes of observers: the Deneenites have the public opinion and the popular uprising, while the Thompson-Crowe-Galpinites have the organization and the jobs.

The public reacted quickly to Mr. Evans' distinction, embodied in the last sentence of the passage quoted above. It didn't want to be exploited by a machine if it knew it. Bob Crowe, in the opinion of most of the voters, was to blame for all the crime of the last eight years, for Chicago's bad reputation abroad. The papers fostered the notion. Let Mr. Evans, one of the best political correspondents in the country, give an inkling of what transpired.

It was an epic in politics. The miracle which the America First machine with its county, city and state patronage said could not come to pass, did come to pass. The uprising actually arose, the revolt was actually registered at the polls, and in the contest between public opinion and the political machine, Chicago cast its largest primary vote since direct primaries were invented.

And the public planted a pineapple of its own under the machine.

Emmerson, with a strong machine of his own and aided by his affiliation with the now popular Deneen outfit, was an easy victor over Len Small. Judge Swanson surprised

every one with his plurality, for when all the ballots were counted it was found that he had almost doubled on Crowe. Litsinger, after his vigorous campaigning for the ticket, buried Barney Barasa. The Deneen men broke even on the sanitary board, a condition more than pleasing to the boss. With other and minor offices Deneen likewise fared better than well.

Best of all, the mighty Bob Crowe was tumbled from his high place. And King Len, for eight years governor of the state, was dethroned. The Thompson-Crowe-Small-Galpin machine was no more. It was in shreds.

In the fall the Hoover landslide did the rest, pushing most of the Deneen men into the coveted offices.

With the new crowd in office, an investigation was commenced to determine the causes of various disturbances on primary day. Not the least of these was the killing of Octavius Granady, a negro lawyer who had dared to oppose Boss Morris Eller for committeeman in his own ward, the twentieth. For this and other violence the ward was dubbed the "Bloody Twentieth." It was a Crowe-Thompson section. Sixty indictments ensued, involving Boss Morris, his son, Judge Emmanuel Eller, State Senator Leonardo and United States Representative Oscar De Preist. Not much has come of it, but no one can deny that the trial dealt the Crowe-Thompson machine a mortal blow.

One by one, Bill Thompson's props have been kicked from under him. He curses sadly into his beer, but there isn't much he can do about it.

TWENTY-ONE

DECAY AND LASSITUDE

QUIT? Resign? Me?" It was Thompson talking, his cowboy hat pushed back on his head. The scene was the mayoral suite in the Sherman House. The reporters were badgering the mayor, weary-eyed and petulant, on the evening of primary day. He had promised, in an impulsive moment at the height of the campaign, to resign if Swanson defeated Crowe. "Well now, let's analyze this situation," continued Hizzoner. "I haven't lost out so much in the election. I've got a majority of the ward committeemen and the sanitary board. You'd think I'd lost the whole fight. Why should I resign?" Shaking his head Big Bill turned towards his room slowly. "But you said you'd get out if Judge Swanson were nominated," persisted the interviewer, mercilessly. "Well, I'll say definitely now, that I'm not getting out. That ought to satisfy the newspapers and give me some peace." He closed the door of his room angrily.

But the papers didn't give him any peace. All summer they heckled him and his administration, constantly reiterating that the people had spoken, that it was up to him to acquiesce, to fire Mike Faherty, whose bond issue had been refused at the polls, and step down. But stubborn Bill hung on, grimly. Finally they ceased talking about him at all.

Nels Anderson, writing in the *Century Magazine* at a time when Big Bill was at the apex of his career, had said: "He reigns like a monarch in a conquered city. It

is a purely emotional relationship, which is the basis of all mass movements." By the spring of 1929 this emotional tie that bound him to the masses and the masses to him had spent itself. Nominally he is the ruler yet, but the city is no longer his chattel. It has passed him by.

Ever optimistic, the public greeted Swanson and Emmerson blithely, as if the millennium had come. Soon it was evident that one set of politicians had been exchanged for another, if better, set. The hoary game of alignments and re-alignments began to be played again. Emmerson, seeking to preserve his machine strength, bargained with Lundin through the Swede's wedge, Secretary of State Stratton. Deneen, forgetting his appointments with the uplifting gentry, set up at his old stand, trading federal for state and county patronage. Litsinger flirted with the newspapers, prettily. State's Attorney Swanson commenced with a bang and hurrah, gathered the best legal talent in the city around him, and looked very much like a winner. But, like Wayman and Hoyne before him, he rapidly learned that uplift is too expensive for practical politics. He had secured the faith of the entire city by clasping to him, as first assistants, grizzled old Frank Loesch and young Dave Stansbury, both of whom sacrificed lucrative law practices to serve their city. But when the sanitary board probes, instigated to further macerate Thompson and his crew, began to embarrass too many people, Loesch was told to go easy and was shorn of his authority. Now he investigates the nation's badness for Dr. Hoover. And in a short while most intelligent citizens realized that John Swanson, although vastly preferable to Crowe, was nevertheless using the state's attorney's office for building up a political machine just as had all his predecessors. When he played Torquemada and scourged Morris Eller, many decent citizens applauded, glad to see a vandal fall; but they could not help but see

that, after all, the persecution of Eller was the purest and the best of politics.

No, the new monarchs are no more idealistic than the old. They are an improvement solely because their definition of what is politically expedient places a higher value upon caution and constant wooing of the public cow. But the principal objective is still, as in the days of Lorimer and Lundin, the extraction of milk, however softly they stroke, however mild their voices.

And what of Bill?

His sycophantic choir has been trimmed to a duet. Where formerly he had been surrounded by a sturdy group of bassos, now, on a throne somewhat moth-eaten and frayed, he has but Lou and Bob—and, alas, they sing “Big Bill the Builder” in trembling falsetto.

The Sherman headquarters are deserted. Over in the Conway Building, in a suite that resembles an up-and-coming law firm rather than the offices of a political faction, the heirs to the Thompson dynasty hold forth. There Bernard W. Snow, George F. Harding, Charles V. Barrett and Edward J. Brundage attempt to gather the vestigial remnants of the old machine for future battles. Reporters, seeking to discover Thompson’s connections with this new alignment, are told that Bill never visits them, that they would prefer that his name was omitted in newspaper mention of the faction. Apparently it is a taint.

The city plunges forward madly, never noticing the chief. It is busily preparing for its World’s Fair in 1933, and all is bustle and excitement. It is tacitly assumed that the men who are engineering this super-project will pick the next mayor—and it is likewise tacitly assumed that they don’t even consider Big Bill. It is a shame, for he would love the rôle. To meet celebrities from all over the world, to speechify roundly, to unveil, to introduce, to expand—ah, that would make Bill truly happy again.

He stands in Chicago today alone—bowed, old, beaten. With all its activity, his life must seem strangely empty to him. His fondest dreams have been unrealized, his prayers of yesteryear return to mock him. He must think the political life a most unsatisfying life, for at sixty he is but a ridiculous memory to most of those who once adored him—and hailed him as saviour.

Bill's not the worst politician Chicago has seen, and time may be more gentle with him than the present thinks. Certainly one thing is true:

That at some remote day, perhaps when Chicago has been inundated from the east by the Reds or from the west by the Yellows, when archeologists sit down to write the final and definitive history of the second city of America in the twentieth century, one page, colored red, white and blue, should be given, freely and generously, to one of the most interesting characters who ever rode its streets—Big Bill Thompson, its cowpuncher mayor.

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